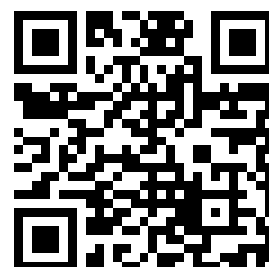


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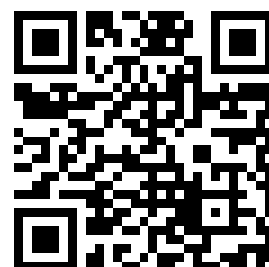


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## MORTE ARTHURE.

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*We certify that the impression of the Alliterative Romance of Morte Arthure has been strictly limited to seventy-five copies, viz. twenty-five copies on thick paper, and fifty copies on thin paper.*

*C. J. Adlard.*

*The present copy is No. 5*

*of those printed on thick paper.*



# **Morte Arthure.**

Yes, dear are the fables of olden time !  
So sweetly witching, so rudely sublime  
Are the strange, wild marvels of olden time.  
For the sage would his mighty tome unfold,  
While heroes, and sages, and monarchs of old,  
And forms of unearthly beauty would pass,  
Beaming in light o'er his charmed glass.

l.e **Morte Arthure.**

---

**THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE**

**OF THE**

**DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.**

**NOW FIRST PRINTED**

***From a Manuscript in Lincoln Cathedral.***

**EDITED BY**

**JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.,**

**HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.B.S.L., ETC. ETC.**

**CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE COMITÉ DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.**

**BRIXTON HILL.**

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**MDCCCXLVII.**

PRINTED BY C. AND J. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

TO THE  
LORD ALBERT DENISON CONYNGHAM, K.C.H. M.P.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

---

DEAR LORD ALBERT,

The editor of the monuments of a bygone age has privileges an author could scarcely exercise without rendering himself liable to a charge of egotism: not only can he offer his own opinion on the contents of his work before it has reached the public censors, but he can appeal to it as worthy of his care and their favourable criticism.

The merits of the noble poem for the first time presented to the student in the following pages are so unquestionable, and its philological curiosity and value so obvious, that an argumentative panegyric is altogether unnecessary. It is a source of great satisfaction to me to be the means of rescuing it from its unmerited obscurity, and more so in having the opportunity of inscribing it in its modern dress to one who will appreciate its literary importance, and whose strenuous exertions in the cause of archæology merit the respect of every antiquary.

I beg to subscribe myself, dear Lord Albert,

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful servant,

J. O. HALLIWELL.

BRIXTON HILL, SURREY;  
*July 2nd, 1847.*

*EF.*  
*1847g*  
MAR 16 1917 383586





## P R E F A C E.

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THE concluding scenes of the eventful life of that hero-king, whose romantic and chivalric exploits, fabled though they be, were cherished for centuries as records of the mighty valour of our ancestors, are nowhere related with so much detail as in the remarkable poem printed in the following pages; and it is singular that it differs in some respects from all other romances on the subject hitherto discovered. Following in the main the account given us in the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, it nevertheless furnishes curious variations in minute particulars, and the whole narrative is amplified with even more than the licence usually taken by the old romancers. The exaggeration of circumstances, and the prolixity with which the most trifling occurrences are treated, may be, perhaps, in some measure considered two of the leading characteristics of early alliterative poetry;

but they are here carried to excess, and present us with one of the most striking examples of that peculiar style, written in a language offering a valuable series of archaisms for philological consideration.

Arthur, having conquered France and several of the principal kingdoms of Europe, holds a feast of the Round Table with extraordinary splendour at Carleon, (Caerleon, the *urbs Legionum*). In the midst of these festivities the astonishment of the guests is raised by the entrance of messengers from Rome, bearing in their hands branches of olive, “as in sygne that hii of pes were.” One of the messengers, saluting Arthur with reverence, delivers to him a letter from “the cenatour of Rome,” which, as altered in our romance to a verbal message, we here give in the language of Robert of Gloucester:—

Lucie, the cenatour of Rome, to Arture the kyng,  
Send, that he ofte served ath, wythoute gretynge :  
Muche me wondreth, and over muche, of thy reverye,  
Of thyn cruel lutherhede, and of thyn robbery.\*

\* Closely following Geoffrey of Monmouth,—“*Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tirannidis protervia. Admiror, inquam, et injuriam, quam Romæ intulisti, recolligens indignor.*” (Rob. Glouc. ap. Hearne, 193.)

And namelyche of thyn unryzt ych abbe gret dedeyn,  
 That thou to the noble stede of Rome dest myd al thy mayn.  
 And that thou nelt hym y-knowe, ne do thyn servage,  
 Ne undurstonde hou luther yt ys to do eny outrage,  
 Other werny out the noble stude that al the world abueth to,  
 Vor thyn auncetres dude al that we the hoteth do.  
 And thou, as in gret despyt of so noble seynorye,  
 Ne at halst noȝt one thy truage, at myd thy reverye  
 Ravysest France and other londes, that by Weste beth echon,  
 That bere truage to Rome, and thoru the ne doth noȝt non.  
 Vor thanne of the gret despyt the noble court of Rome  
 Ryzt wole habbe of the y-wys, that thou hym dest y-lome.  
 Amydde harvest we the setteth day of thys nexte ȝere,  
 At Rome vor to ansuerye, and that thou be thesulf there,  
 We the hoteth, vor to avonge that the court the wole deme.  
 And bote thou do of one thyng nym wel gode ȝeme,  
 That ychylle mysulf the seche out, and thoru suerd restore  
 Al that thy reverye us ath by-nome, and more.

*MS. Harl. Mus. Brit. 201, ff. 59-60. (Vet. 56-57.)*

Arthur, following the ordinary course of romance heroes when interrupted by a bold message or defiance, was furious, and could scarcely contain his anger during the reading of this epistle. His eyes fired with rage, and his whole demeanour was so perfectly frightful and violent, that the terrified spectators shrank from his gaze. If, he exclaimed, any tribute should reach Rome, it should be sealed by the blood of Sir Lucius himself. On a little reflection, however, he determined to seek the assistance and advice of his

counsel, the messengers of Sir Lucius being in the meanwhile treated with the greatest courtesy and liberality. Cador, the Earl of Cornwall, was the first to address the assembly, briefly recommending immediate recourse to arms, not only to punish the cupidity of the Roman emperor, but to prevent a very serious evil he has previously anticipated, that in peace and idleness the martial spirit of the Britons would be enervated and nearly destroyed.

Arthur then addresses the council in an argumentative speech. He not only denied the right of Lucius to demand tribute, but he even adduced arguments to prove that if he could legally\* enforce it, on the other hand he had reasons equally forcible for a right to tribute from Lucius Tiberius; and he was therefore determined to resist the emperor's claim. The next speaker brings the powerful in-

\* "*Quoniam ergo id, quod injustum est, a nobis præsumpsit exigere, consimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ, et qui fortior supervenerit ferat quod habere exoptavit. Nam si, quia Julius Cæsar, ceterique Romani reges, Britanniam olim subjugaverunt, vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit, similiter nunc ego censeo, quod Roma mihi tributum reddere debet, quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt.*" (Galfrid. Monm.)

ducement of an elder prophecy for Arthur's invasion of Rome,—

Nou yt worth jended that Sybyle the sage\* sede byvore,  
That ther ssold of Brutayne thre men be y-bore,  
That ssold wyne the emperye of Rome, and the tueye y-do yt ys,  
As of Bely and Constantyn, and thou art the thrydde y-wys.

And he makes a pleasant ending to his speech, conveying his belief in Arthur's proud destiny, and the very practical testimony that he is really in earnest by at once placing at the sovereign's disposal ten thousand cavalry. This noble offer is speedily imitated, and Arthur rapidly counts his forces at more than a hundred thousand horsemen, according to the Latin chronicler 183,200, besides innumerable infantry.

\* The Queen of Sheba, who is thus mentioned in the romance of Kyng Alisaunder,—

In heore lond is a cité,  
On of the noblest in Christianté ;  
Hit hotith Sabba in langage.  
Thennes cam Sibely Savage,  
Of al theo world theo fairest quene,  
To Jerusalem, Salamon to seone :  
For hire fairhed and for hire love,  
Salamon forsok his God above.

The writer is here describing various countries, and mentions that of Macropy, the Macropii of Pliny.

The assembly, or parliament, is at length dissolved, and the messengers are immediately afterwards dispatched with a haughty defiance to the emperor, who, on his part, is not backward in making preparations for meeting a rival whose power and wealth had been described by his "sandismene" as something extraordinary. Arthur intrusts the government of his dominions during his absence to Mordred, or Modred, "ys syster sone, and Gouvernewaur the quene;" and with as little delay as possible, he embarks at Southampton. During his voyage he was surprised by a dream, briefly mentioned by the chronicler, but described with curious prolixity in the following pages. "At tym of mydnyzt of the nyzt, hym mette a grevous cas," he fancied he perceived a hideous "beore fle in the eyr anhey," making so much noise that the elements were moved; then a dreadful dragon approached from the west to attack it, the latter being victorious; and finally, another dragon from the opposite quarter of the heavens engaged in combat with the first. The dream was speedily and satisfactorily explained by the philoso-

phers, who in those days were necessary attendants on the great. According to their interpretation of the vision with which the king had been visited, the first dragon represented himself, and the bear “som foul geant” he was destined to overcome in combat; the other dragon was the emperor of Rome, who was doomed to bow before the mighty conqueror. Romance writers seldom shock the prejudices of their readers by the non-fulfilment of prophecy, and it is therefore almost unnecessary to remark that the predictions of the “wise men” were literally fulfilled.

The accomplishment of the first portion of the king’s vision followed shortly after his landing on the coast of France:—

Under that ther com word to the kyng Arture,  
 That the meste geant that mon ssolde of y-hure,  
 Out of the lond of Spayne com, and adde y-nome Eleyne,  
 That was so vayr, the kynges nece Howwel of Brutayne,  
 And upe the mount of Seyn Mychel yre lede atte laste,  
 And the kyngztes of the lond sywed after vaste,  
 Ac hii ne myzte nout aȝen hym do: vor wether so hii wende,  
 By water other by londe, anonryȝt he hem ssende  
 Myd gleyve other myd roches, and vewe alyve he let,  
 And some he myd strengthe nom, and al quyc hem fret.

*Harleian MSS. 201, f. 62. (Vet. 59.)*

The king naturally receives this information with the greatest concern, and proceeds impatiently to the giant's retreat, accompanied by Bedwer and Kay. They approach the rock of St. Michael, and observe two fires, one on the large rock and another on "a lasse hul that ther bysyde was ney." A difficulty now appears, arising from the uncertainty of ascertaining at that distance from the rocks the exact abode of the monster. Bedwer is accordingly sent to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the passage by water being apparently the most advisable, he takes a boat and rows towards the lesser hill, on ascending which he was disturbed by the cries and lamentations of a woman, and is somewhat alarmed, concluding the giant himself was at hand. In this conjecture, however, he was mistaken, and having approached the fire, he observes an old woman seated by a newly-formed grave ; but no sooner did she perceive Bedwer, than, uttering a loud cry, she addresses him in a hurried speech, telling him in as few words as possible her own sad history, and recommending his immediate departure, unless he wished to lose his life and



present the giant with a comfortable evening's repast. She was the nurse, or rather governess, of the unfortunate Helen, who had expired in the loathed caresses of the giant, and left them a legacy "to me old werche, to endy hys foule cas." Bedwer hurriedly consoles the old woman, assures her of his protection, and returns to Arthur, who loses no time in devising measures for the destruction of the giant. They ascend the other hill, and discover him busily occupied in dressing entire a large fat hog, through the middle of which he had thrust an iron spit. Arthur approaches the giant alone, the former with a drawn sword, the latter armed with a huge club and shield, and the struggle begins with weighty blows unknown to the present degenerate race of combatants ; but the valiant king, with the aid of his good sword Caliburn,\* proves more than a match for his opponent, whose head is severed from the body, and carried in triumph to Arthur's court.†

\* This celebrated weapon is frequently alluded to. It is mentioned in Rob. Glouc. p. 174, "nas nour no such yc wene."

† In the Chronicle, Arthur is represented as declaring he had never met so valiant and formidable an opponent since his encounter with the giant Rithon on

After the very satisfactory conclusion of this adventure, Arthur proceeds through France with his immense army, and the history gives a very long and somewhat tedious account of the conflicts between him and the emperor. It is unnecessary to follow the narrative through these details, which conclude with a very decisive battle in Arthur's favour, who wins the field, but not without very serious loss, Bedwer, Kay, and many other officers of distinction, being slain. He then proceeds, and is preparing to march to Rome, when his progress is unexpectedly arrested, not by an opposing enemy, but by the intelligence that during his absence from England Mordred had treacherously seized his queen and his crown. Arthur at once returns\* to his dominions,

Mount Aramanus. Rithon had made himself a cloak, furred entirely with the beards of kings, and eagerly desiring that of Arthur, had sent an embassy to demand it, considerably promising to assign it an honourable place in testimony of his valour; but Arthur conquered the giant, and carried off the garment. In our romance the same incident is introduced, but it is transferred to the giant of St. Michael's Mount, and thus made to serve the purposes of another narrative.

\* "*Dimisso Hoelo, duce Armororum, cum exercitu Galliarum, ut partes illas pacificaret, confestim cum insularis tantummodo regibus, eorumque exercitibus, Britanniam remeavit.*" (Galfr. Mon.) Robert of Gloucester says that Arthur "*hopede to wyne Rome, wanne he come eft aȝe.*" (Rob. Gl. ap Hearne, p. 220.) "When this tyding come to king Arthur where he was in Burgony,

engages with Mordred, and after several engagements, in one of which the celebrated Gawaine is slain, he defeats the usurper, and kills him ; but Arthur himself, mortally wounded, is carried off to the Ile of Avalon, bequeathing the crown to Constantine, "the erl Cadores sone of Cornwayne."\*

It will be seen from this brief analysis that the conduct of the story in our alliterative romance does not differ very materially from that related by Geoffrey of Monmouth ; but in comparing the two narratives, the terseness of the one and the amusing amplification of the former will be readily perceived. In fact, we have already detailed the entire plot of the romance, if plot it can be called ; and yet, notwithstanding the sterility of his materials, our author has certainly accomplished the arduous task of maintaining a con-

he was sore anoyed, and betoke Fraunce to Hoel for to kepe, with half of his men, for he said that he wold wende to Britagne, and avenge him upon Mordrede that was his traytour." (*MS. Addit. 10099, f. 47.*)

\* "Sed et inclitus ille Arturus rex lethaliter vulneratus est, qui illinc ad sananda vulnera sua in insula Avallonis advectus, cognato suo Constantino, et filio Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ, diadema Britanniae concessit anno ab incarnatione Domini 542." (*Galfr. Mon. ap. Hearne R. Gl. 223.*) The passage occurs with various readings in *MS. Harl. 3773, f. 47.*

siderable degree of interest as he proceeds with his tale, without the aid of artistic contrivance. Nor can his poetical talents be passed without commendation. Compare this poem with other productions of the same period, and we shall find it far above mediocrity. It would have furnished Warton materials for a most interesting chapter, but the historian of English poetry had never had an opportunity of perusing it. Concealed far away at a time such treasures were not appreciated, it has been left for this late period to witness its appearance in the modern world of letters.

The manuscript which contains the alliterative romance of *Morte Arthure* is a folio volume on paper, transcribed about the year 1440, and preserved in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. It was compiled by Robert Thornton, of East Newton, co. York, and remained in the possession of the Thornton family till the close of the sixteenth century. This person transcribed nearly the whole of the volume, and although he adds at the end of the *Morte Arthure* "writene by Robert of Thorntone," he cannot by this

note be assigned as the author with any degree of certainty, but must rather be merely considered the copyist. The "Gret Gest of Arthure," by Huchowne, mentioned by Wyntown,\* has been conjectured to be the same work; but absolute proof on this point seems to be wanting. A full description of the MS. will be found in the Thornton Romances, 4to. 1844, pp. xxv-xxxvi.

Another romance under the same title, but essentially differing from the present work, is preserved in MS. Harl. 2252. It is principally occupied with the adventures of Sir Lancelot du Lake, and follows the latter part of the French romance of Lancelot in many particulars; but the object of Arthur's expedition abroad is there represented as against Sir Lancelot, and the treachery of Mordred is also related with variations. Ritson was certainly in error in con-

\* In the following passage :

"Men of gud dyscretiowne  
Suld excuse and love Huchowne,  
That cunnand wes in literature;  
He made the Gret Gest of Arthure,  
And the Awntyre of Gawane,  
The Pystyl als of swete Swsane."

jecturing that this romance was a translation from the prose work of the same name, written by Malory, and printed by Caxton.

It is only necessary to remark, in conclusion, that explanations of most of the terms and phrases of any difficulty in the following poem will be found in my 'Dictionary of Archaisms,' the Lincoln manuscript having been carefully perused for that publication, and it was therefore considered that a Glossary would have unnecessarily increased the size of a work already sufficiently extensive. It may be remarked that nearly all alliterative poems of this class occasionally furnish words which defy the researches of the philologist, and the *Morte Arthure* is by no means an exception to the rule; but it will be found on examination that the instances here to be met with are neither numerous nor of great importance. Few readers, with the assistance of the work I have referred to, would find any great difficulty in comprehending the author's meaning, and appreciating his poetical labours.

**H**ere begynnes Morte Arthure.  
**I**n nomine Patris et Filii,  
**E**t Spiritus Sancti.                      **A**men.





**Here begynnes Morte Arthure. In  
nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus  
Sancti. Amen pro charite. Amen.**

Now grett glorious Godd,  
thurgh grace of hym selvene,  
And the precyous prayere  
of hys prys modyr,  
Schelde us ffro schamesdede  
and synfulle werkes,  
And gyffe us grace to gye  
and governe us here,  
In this wrechyd werld,  
thorowe vertous lywynge,  
That we may kayre til hys courte,  
the kyngdome of hevyne,  
Whenne oure saules schalle parte  
and sundyre ffra the body,  
Ewyre to belde and to byde  
in blysse wyth hyme selvene ;

And wysse me to werpe owte  
     some worde at this tyme,  
 That nothyre voyde be ne vayne,  
     bot wyrchip tille hyme selvyne ;  
 Plesande and profitabille  
     to the pople that theme heres.  
 3e that liste has to lyth,  
     or luffes for to here,  
 Off elders of alde tyme  
     and of their awke dedys,  
 How they were lele in their lawe,  
     and lovede God Almyghty,  
 Herkynes me heyndly  
     and holdys 3ow styлле,  
 And I salle telle 3ow a tale,  
     that trewe es and nobylle,  
 Off the ryealle renkys  
     of the rowunde table,  
 That chefe ware of chevalrye  
     and cheftans nobylle,  
 Bathe ware in thire werkes  
     and wyse mene of armes,  
 Doughty in their doynge  
     and dredde ay schame,

Kynde mene and courtays,  
 and couthe of courte thewes ;  
 How they whanne wyth were  
 wyrchippis many,  
 Sloughe Lucyus the lythyre,  
 that lorde was of Rome,  
 And conquestyd that kyngryke  
 thorowe craftys of armes ;  
 Herkenes now hedyrwarde,  
 and herys this storye.  
 Qwenne that the kyng Arthur  
 by conqueste hade wonnyne  
 Castelles and kyngdoms,  
 and contreez many,  
 And he had coverede the coroune  
 of the kyth ryche  
 Of alle that Uter in erthe  
 aughte in his tyme,  
 Orgayle and Orkenay,  
 and alle this owte iles,  
 Irelande uttirly,  
 as occyane rynnys ;  
 Scathylle Scottlande by skylle  
 he skystys as hym lykys,

And Wales of were  
     he wane at hys wille,  
 Bathe fflaundrez and ffraunce  
     fre til hym selvyne ;  
 Holaund and Henawde  
     they helde of hyme bothe,  
 Burgoyne and Brabane,  
     and Bretayne the lesse,  
 Gyane and Gothelande,  
     and Grece the ryche ;  
 Bayone and Burdeux  
     he beldytt fulle faire,  
 Turoyne and Tholus  
     with toures fulle hye ;  
 Off Peyters and of Provynce  
     he was prynce holdyne,  
 Of Valence and Vyenne,  
     off value so noble ;  
 Of Eruge and Anyone,  
     thos erledoms ryche,  
 By conqueste fulle cruelle  
     they knewe hym fore lorde ;  
 Of Naverne and Norwaye,  
     and Normaundye eke,

Of Almayne, of Estriche,  
 and other y-nowe ;  
 Danmarke he dryssede alle  
 by drede of hym selvyne,  
 Fra Swynne unto Swether-wyke,  
 with his swrede kene !  
 Qwenne he thes dedes had done,  
 he doubbyd hys knyghtez,  
 Dyvysyde dowcherys and delte  
 in dyverse remmes ;  
 Mad of his cosyns  
 kyngys ennoyntede,  
 In kyth there they covaitte  
 crounes to bere.  
 Whene he thys rewmes hade redyne  
 and rewlyde the pople,  
 Then rystede that ryalle  
 and helde the Rounde Tabylle ;  
 Suggeourns that sesone  
 to solace hyme selvene,  
 In Gretayne the braddere,  
 as hym beste lykes ;  
 Sythyne wente into Wales  
 with his wyes alle,

Sweys into Swaldye  
     with his snelle houndes,  
 For to hunt at the hartes  
     in thas hye laundes,  
 In Glamorgane with glee,  
     thare gladchipe was evere ;  
 And thare a citee he sette,  
     be assente of his lordys,  
 That Caerlyone was callid,  
     with curius walles,  
 On the riche revare  
     that rynnys so faire,  
 There he myghte semble his sorte  
     to see whenne hym lykyde.  
 Thane aftyre at Carlelele  
     a Cristynmese he haldes,  
 This ilke kyde conquerour,  
     and helde hym for lorde,  
 Wyth Dukez and dusperes  
     of dyvers rewmes,  
 Erles and erchevesqes,  
     and other ynowe,  
 Byschopes and bachelers,  
     and banerettes nobille,

That bowes to his banere,  
     buske whenne hym lykys :  
 Bot on the Cristynmesdaye,  
     whenne they were alle semblyde,  
 That comlyche conquerour  
     commaundez hym selvyne  
 That ylke a lorde sulde lenge,  
     and no lefe take,  
 To the tende day fully  
     ware takyne to the ende.  
 Thus one ryalle araye  
     he helde his rounde table,  
 With semblant and solace,  
     and selcouthe metes ;  
 Whas never syche noblay,  
     in no manys tyme,  
 Mad in mydwynter  
     in tha Weste marchys !  
 Bot on the newzere daye,  
     at the none evyne,  
 As the bolde at the borde  
     was of brede servyde,  
 So come in sodanly  
     a senatour of Rome,

Wyth sextene knyghtes in a soyte  
 sewande hym one.  
 He saluzed the soverayne  
 and the sale aftyr,  
 Ilke a kyng aftyre kyng,  
 and mad his enclines ;  
 Gaynour in hir degre  
 he grette as hym lykyde,  
 And syne agayne to the gome  
 he gaffe up his nedys :  
 “ Sir Lucius Iberius,  
 the Emperour of Rome,  
 Saluz the as sugett,  
 undyre his sele ryche ;  
 It es credens, syr kyng,  
 with cruelle wordez,  
 Trow it for no truffles,  
 his targe es to schewe !  
 Now in this newzers daye  
 with notaries sygne,  
 I make the somouns in sale  
 to sue for thi landys,  
 That on Lammesse daye  
 thare be no lette ffoundene,



That thou bee redy at Rome  
 with alle thi rounde table,  
 Appere in his presens  
 with thy price knyghtez,  
 At pryme of the daye,  
 in payne of 3our lyvys,  
 In the kydd capytoile  
 before the kyng selvyne,  
 Whenne he and his senatours  
 bez sette as them lykes,  
 To ansuere anely why  
 thou occupyes the laundez,  
 That awe homage of alde  
 tille hym and his eldyrs ;  
 Why thou has redyne and raymede,  
 and raunsound the pople,  
 And kyllyde doune his cosyns,  
 kyngys ennoynttyde ;  
 Thare schalle thou gyffe rekkynyng  
 for alle thy round table,  
 Why thou arte rebelle to Rome,  
 and rentez theme wytholdez !  
 3iff thou theis sommons wythsyttē,  
 he sendes thie thies wordes,

He salle the seke over the see  
 wyth sextene kynges,  
 Bryne Bretayne the brade,  
 and bryttyne thy knyghtys,  
 And bring the bouxsomly as a beste  
 with brethe whare hym lykes,  
 That thow ne schalle rowte ne ryste  
 undyr the hevene-ryche,  
 Thofe thow for reddour of Rome  
 ryne to the erthe !  
 ffor if thow flee into Fraunce  
 or ffreselaund owther,  
 Thou salle be feched with force,  
 and oversette fore ever !  
 Thy fadyr mad fewtee,  
 we fynde in oure rollez,  
 In the regestre of Rome,  
 who so ryghte lukez :  
 Withowttyne more trouflyng  
 the trebute we aske,  
 That Julius Cesar wane  
 wyth his jentille knyghttes !"  
 The kyng blyschit one the beryne  
 with his brode eghne,

That fulle brymly for breth  
     brynte as the gledys ;  
 Keste colours as kyng  
     with crouelle lates,  
 Luked as a lyone,  
     and on his lyppe bytes !  
 The Romaines for radnesse  
     ruschte to the erthe,  
 ffore ferdnesse of hys face,  
     as they fey were ;  
 Cowchide as kenetez  
     before the kyng selvyne,  
 Because of his contenaunce  
     confusede theme semede !  
 Thenne coverd up a knyghte,  
     and criede ful lowde,  
 “ Kyng coronned of kynd,  
     curtays and noble,  
 Misdoo no messangere  
     for menske of thi selvyne,  
 Sen we are in thy manrede,  
     and mercy the beseke ;  
 We lenge with syr Lucius,  
     that lorde es of Rome,

That es the mervelousteste mane  
 that on molde lengez ;  
 It es lefulle tille us  
 his likyng tille wyrche ;  
 We come at his commaundment ;  
 have us excusede."  
 Then carpys the conquerour  
 crewelle wordez,—  
 " Haa ! cravaunde knyghte !  
 a cowarde the semez !  
 Thare some segge in this sale,  
 and he ware sare grevede,  
 Thow durste noghte fulle alle Lumberdye  
 luke one hym ones."  
 " Sir," sais the Senatour,  
 " so Crist mott me helpe,  
 The voute of thi vesage  
 has woundyde us alle !  
 Thow arte the lordlyeste lede  
 that ever I one lukyde ;  
 By lukyng, withowttyne lesse,  
 a lyone the semys !"  
 " Thow has me somond," quod the kyng  
 " and said what the lykes ;

Fore sake of thy Soveraynge  
 I suffre the the more ;  
 Sen I coround in kyth  
 wyth crysume enoyntede,  
 Was never creature to me  
 that carpede so large !  
 Bot I salle tak concelle  
 at kynges enoyntede,  
 Off dukes and duspers,  
 and doctours noble,  
 Offe peres of the perlement,  
 prelates and other,  
 Off the richeste renkys  
 of the rounde table ;  
 Thus schalle I take avisement  
 of valiant beryns,  
 Wyrke aftyre the wytte  
 of my wyes knyghttes :  
 To warpe wordez in waste  
 no wyrchip it were,  
 Ne wilfully in this wrethe  
 to wrekene my selvene.  
 Forthi salle thow lenge here,  
 and lugge wyth thise lordes,

This sevenyghte in solace,  
 to suggourne your horses,  
 To see whatte lyfe that wee leede  
 in thees lawe laundes ;  
 ffor by the realtee of Rome,  
 that recheste was evere,  
 He commande syr Cayous,  
 take kepe to thoos lordez,  
 To styghtylle tha steryne mene,  
 as theire statte askys,  
 That they bee herberde in haste  
 in thoos heghe chambres ;  
 Sythin sittandly in sale  
 servyde ther-aftyre ;  
 That they fynd na fawte  
 of fude to thiere horsez,  
 Nowthire weyne ne waxe,  
 ne welthe in this erthe ;  
 Spare for no spycerye,  
 bot spende what the lykys,  
 That there be largeste one lofte,  
 and no lake foundene ;  
 If thu my wyrchip wayte  
 wy be my trouthe,

Thou salle have gersoms fulle grett,  
     that gayne salle the evere !”  
 Now er they herberde in hey,  
     and in oste holdene,  
 Hastyly wyth hende mene,  
     within thees heghe wallez ;  
 In chambyrs with chympnes  
     they chaungene their wedez,  
 And sythyne the chauncelere theme fetchede  
     with chevalrye noble ;  
 Sone the senatour was sett,  
     as hyme wele semyde,  
 At the kynges ownne borde ;  
     twa knyghtes hym servede,  
 Singulere sothely,  
     as Arthure hym selvyne,  
 Richely on the ryghte haunde  
     at the rounde table ;  
 Be resoun that the Romaines  
     whare so ryche holdene,  
 As of the realeste blode  
     that reynede in erthe.  
 There come in at the fyrste course,  
     befor the kyng selvene,

Barehevedys that ware bryghte,  
     burnyste with sylver,  
 Alle with taghte mene and towne  
     in togers fulle ryche,  
 Of saunke realle in suyte,  
     sexty at ones ;  
 fflesch fluriste of fermysone,  
     with frumentee noble,  
 Ther-to wylde to wale,  
     and wynlyche bryddes,  
 Pacokes and plovers  
     in platers of golde,  
 Pygges of porke despyne,  
     that pastured never ;  
 Sythene herons in hedoyne,  
     hyled fulle faire ;  
 Grett swannes fulle swythe  
     in silveryne chargeurs,  
 Tartes of Turkey,  
     taste whanne theme lykys ;  
 Gumbaldes graythely,  
     fulle gracious to taste ;  
 Seyne bowes of wylde bores  
     with the braune lechyde,



Bernakes and botures  
     in baterde dysches,  
 Thareby braunchers in brede  
     bettyr was never,  
 With brestez of barowes,  
     that bryghte ware to schewe,  
 Seyne come ther sewes sere,  
     with solace therafter,  
 Ownd of azure alle over  
     and ardant them semyde,  
 Of ilke a leche the lowe  
     launschide fulle hye,  
 That alle ledes myghte lyke  
     that lukyde theme apone ;  
 Thanne cranes and curlues  
     craftyly rosted,  
 Connygez in cretoyne  
     colourede fulle faire,  
 fesauntez enflureschit  
     in flammande silver,  
 With darielles endordide,  
     and daynteez ynewe ;  
 Thane clarett and Creette,  
     clergyally rennene,

With condethes fulle curious  
     alle of clene silvyre ;  
 Osay and algarde,  
     and other ynewe,  
 Rynisch wyne and Rochelle,  
     richere was never ;  
 Vernage of Venyce,  
     vertuouse and Crete,  
 In faucetez of fyne golde,  
     founde whoso lykes ;  
 The kyngez cope-borde  
     was closed in silver,  
 In grete goblettez overgylte  
     glorious of hewe ;  
 There was a cheeffe buttlere,  
     a chevalere noble,  
 Sir Cayous the curtaise,  
     that of the cowpe servede ;  
 Sexty cowpes of suyte  
     offere the kyng selvyn,  
 Crafty and curious  
     corvene fulle faire,  
 In everilk aperty pyghte  
     with precyous stones,

That nane enpoysone sulde goo  
     prevely ther undyre,  
 Bot the bryght golde for brethe  
     sulde briste al to peces,  
 Or ells the venyme sulde voyde  
     thurghe vertue of the stones.  
 And the conquerour hymselfene,  
     so clenly arayede  
 In colours of clene golde,  
     cleede wyth his knyghttys,  
 Drissid with his dyademe  
     one his deesse ryche,  
 ffore he was demyd the doughtyeste  
     that duellyde in erthe.  
 Thane the conquerour kyndly  
     carpede to those lordes,  
 Rehetede the Romaines  
     with realle speche,  
 “Sirs, bez knyghtly of contenaunce,  
     and comfurthes 3ourselvyn,  
 We knowe noghte in this countre  
     of curious metez ;  
 In thees barayne landez,  
     bredes none other,

ffore-thy wythowttyne feynyng,  
 enforce 3ow the more  
 To feede yow with syche feble  
 as 3e before fynde."  
 "Sir," sais the Senatour,  
 "so Criste motte me helpe !  
 There rygnede never syche realtee  
 within Rome walles !  
 There ne es prelatte ne pape,  
 ne prynce in this erthe,  
 That ne he myghte be wele payede  
 of thees pryce metes !"  
 Aftyre theyre welthe they wesche,  
 and went unto chambyre,  
 This ilke kydde conquerour  
 with knyghtes ynewe ;  
 Sir Gaywayne the worthye  
 Dame Waynour he ledys ;  
 Sir Owghtreth on the tother syde  
 of Turry was lorde.  
 Thane spyces unsparly  
 thay spendyde there-aftyre,  
 Malvesye and muskadelle,  
 thase mervelyous drynkes,

Raykede fulle rathely  
     in rossete cowpes,  
 Tille alle the riche on rawe,  
     Romaines and other.  
 Bot the soveraigne sothely,  
     for solauce of hym selvene,  
 Assignyde to the senatour  
     certaygne lordes,  
 To lede to his leveré,  
     whene he leve askes,  
 With myrthe and with melodye  
     of mynstralsy noble.  
 Thane the conquerour to concelle  
     cayres there aftyre,  
 Wyth lordes of his lygeaunce  
     that to hymselfe langys ;  
 To the geauntes toure  
     jolily he wendes,  
 Wyth justicez and juggez,  
     and gentille knyghtes.  
 Sir Cador of Cornewayle  
     to the kyng carppes,  
 Lughe one hyme luffly  
     with lykande lates ;

“ I thanke Gode of that thraa  
     that us thus thretys !  
 3ow moste be traylede, I trowe,  
     bot 3ife 3e trett bettyre :  
 The lettres of syr Lucius  
     lyghttys myne herte !  
 We hafe as losels liffyde  
     many longe daye,  
 Wyth delyttes in this land  
     with lordchipez many,  
 And forelytenede the loos  
     that we are layttede :  
 I was abaischite, be oure Lorde,  
     of oure beste bernas,  
 Fore gret dule of deffuse  
     of dedez of armes !  
 Now wakkenyse the were !  
     wyrchipide be Cryste !  
 And we salle wynne it agayne  
     be wyghtnesse and strenghe ! ”  
 “ Sir Cador,” quod the kyng,  
     “ thy concelle es noble,  
 Bot thou arte a mervailous mane  
     with thi mery wordez !

ffor thow countez no caas,  
     ne castes no forthire,  
 Bot hurles furthe appone hevede,  
     as thi herte thynkes ;  
 I moste trette of a trew  
     towchande thise nedes,  
 Talke of thies tythdands  
     that tenes myne herte ;  
 Thou sees that the Emperour  
     es angerde a lyttile ;  
 That semes be his sandismene  
     that he es sore grevede ;  
 His senatour has sommonde me,  
     and said what hym lykyde,  
 Hethely in my halle,  
     wyth heynzous wordes,  
 In speche disspysede me,  
     and sparede me lyttile ;  
 I myght noghte speke for spytte,  
     so my herte trymblyde !  
 He askyde me tyrauntly  
     tribute of Rome,  
 That tenefully tynt was  
     in tyme of myne elders ;

There alyenes, in absence  
     of alle mene of armes,  
 Coverd it of commons,  
     as cronicles telles ;  
 I have tide to take  
     tribute of Rome,  
 Myne ancestres ware emperours,  
     and aughte it theme selvene,  
 Belyne and Bremyne, and  
     Bawdewyne the thyarde,  
 They occupyede the empyre  
     aughte score wynttyrs,  
 Ilkane ayere aftyre other,  
     as awlde mene telles ;  
 Thei coverde the capitoile,  
     and keste doune the walles ;  
 Hyngede of their heddys-mene  
     by hundrethes at ones ;  
 Seyne Constantyne, our kynsmane,  
     conquerid it aftyre,  
 That ayere was of Ynglande,  
     and Emperour of Rome,  
 He that conquerid the Crosse  
     be craftez of armes,



That Criste was on crucifiede,  
 that kyng es of hevene :  
 Thus hafe we evydens to aske  
 the Emperour the same,  
 That thus regnez at Rome,  
 whate ryghte that he claymes."  
 Than answerde kyng Aungers  
 to Arthure hym selvyne,  
 "Thow aughte to be overlynge  
 over alle other kynges,  
 ffore wyseste, and worthyeste,  
 and wyghteste of haundes,  
 The knyghtlyeste of counsaile  
 that ever coroun bare ;  
 I dare saye fore Scottlande,  
 that we theme schathe lympe ;  
 Whenne the Romaines regnede,  
 thay raunsomed oure eldyrs,  
 And rade in theire ryotte,  
 and ravyschett oure wyfes,  
 Withowttyne resone or ryghte  
 refte us oure gudes ;  
 And I salle make myne avowe  
 devotly to Criste,

And to the haly vernacle  
 vertuus and noble,  
 Of this grett velany  
 I salle be vengede ones  
 On zone venemis mene,  
 wyth valiant knyghtes !  
 I salle the forthire of defence  
 fosterde y-newe  
 ffifty thowsande mene,  
 wythin two eldes,  
 Of my wage for to wende,  
 whare so the lykes,  
 To fyghte wyth thy ffaa mene,  
 that us unfaire ledes."  
 Thane the burelyche beryne  
 of Bretayne the lyttyle  
 Counsayles syr Arthure,  
 and of hyme besekys  
 To ansuere the alyenes  
 wyth austerene wordes,  
 To entyce the Emperour  
 to take overe the mounttes.  
 He said, " I make myne avowe  
 verreilly to Cryste,

And to the haly vernacle,  
 that voide schalle I nevere,  
 ffor radnesse of na Romaine  
 that regnes in erthe ;  
 Bot ay be redye in araye,  
 and at areste ffoundene,  
 No more dowte the dynte  
 of their derfe wapyns,  
 Than the dewe that es dannke,  
 whenne that it doune ffalles ;  
 Ne no more schone fore the swape  
 of their scharpe suerdde,  
 Then fore the faireste flour  
 thatt on the folde growes !  
 I salle to batelle the brynge,  
 of brenyede knyghtes  
 Thyrtty thosaunde be tale,  
 thryfye in armes,  
 Wythin a monethe daye  
 into whatte marche,  
 That thou wylle sothelye assygne,  
 whenne thy selfe lykes."  
 " A ! A !" sais the Walsche kyng,  
 " wirchipid be Criste !

Now schalle we wreke fulle wele  
 the wrethe of oure elders !  
 In West Walys i-wysse  
 syche woundyrs thay wroghte,  
 That alle for wandrethe may wepe,  
 that one that were thynkes.  
 I salle have the avanttwarde  
 wytterly my selvene,  
 Tylle that I have venquiste  
 the Vicounte of Rome,  
 That wroghte me at Viterbe  
 a velanye ones,  
 As I paste in pylgremage  
 by the Pounte Trëble ;  
 He was in Tuskayne that tyme  
 and tuke of oure knyghttes,  
 Areste theme oonryghttwyslye,  
 and raunsound thame aftyre ;  
 I salle hym surelye ensure,  
 that saghetylle salle we never,  
 Are we sadlye assemble  
 by oure selfene ones,  
 And dele dynttys of dethe  
 with oure derfe wapyns !

And I salte wagge to that were  
 of wyrchipfulle knyghtes,  
 Of Wyghte and of Walschelande,  
 and of the Weste marches,  
 Twa thosande in tale,  
 horsede on stedys,  
 of the wyghteste wyes  
 in alle 3one Weste landys !”  
 Syre Ewane fytz Uryenee  
 thane egerly fraynez,  
 Was cosyne to the conquerour,  
 corageous hym selfene,  
 “ Sir, and we wyste 3our wylle,  
 we walde wirke therafityre ;  
 3if this journee sulde halde,  
 or be aprovede forthyre,  
 To ryde one 3one Romaines  
 and ryott theire landez,  
 We walde schape us therefore  
 to schippe whene 3ow lykys.”  
 “ Cosyne,” quod the conquerour,  
 “ kyndly thou asches ;  
 3ife my concelle accorde  
 to conquere 3one landez,

By the kalendez of Juny  
 we schalle encountre ones,  
 Wyth fulle creuelle knyghtez,  
 so Cryste mot me helpe !  
 Thereto make I myne avowe  
 devottly to Cryste,  
 And to the holy vernacle  
 vertuous and noble,  
 I salle at Lammesse take leve,  
 to lenge at my large  
 In Lorayne or Lumberdye,  
 whethire me leve thynkys ;  
 Merke unto Meloyne,  
 and myne doune the wallez,  
 Bathe of Petyrsande, and of Pys,  
 and of the Pounte Trèble,  
 In the Vale of Viterbe  
 vetaile my knyghttes,  
 Suggourne there sex wokes  
 and solace myselfene ;  
 Send prekers to the price toune,  
 and plaunte there my segge,  
 Bot if thay profre me the pece,  
 be processe of tyme."

“Certys,” sais syr Ewayne,  
 “and I avowe aftyre,  
 And I that hathelle may see  
 ever with myne eghne,  
 That ocupies thine heritage,  
 the empyere of Rome,  
 I salle auntyre me anes  
 hys egle to touche,  
 That borne es in his banere  
 of brighte golde ryche,  
 And raas it frome his riche mene,  
 and ryste it in sondyre,  
 Bot he be redily reschowede  
 with riotous knyghtez ;  
 I salle enforsse zowe in the felde  
 with fresche mene of armes,  
 ffyfty thosande folke  
 apone faire stedys,  
 On thi ffoo mene to foonde  
 there the faire thynkes,  
 In ffraunce or in ffriselande,  
 feghte whenne the lykes !”  
 “By oure Lorde,” quod syr Launcelott,  
 now lyghytys myne herte !

I love Gode of this love  
     this lordes has avoweded !  
 Nowe may lesse mene have leve  
     to say whatt theme lykes,  
 And hase no lettyng be lawe,  
     bot lystynnys thise wordez ;  
 I salle be at journee  
     with gentille knyghtes,  
 On a ramby stede  
     fulle jolyly graythide,  
 Or any journee begane,  
     to juste with hym selfene,  
 Emange alle his geauntez,  
     genyvers and other,  
 Stryke hym styfflye fro his stede,  
     with strenghe of myne handys,  
 ffor alle tha steryne in stour,  
     that in his stale hovys !  
 Be mez retenu arayede,  
     I rekke bott a lyttile  
 To make rowtte into Rome,  
     with ryotous knyghtes !  
 Within a sevenyghte daye,  
     with sex score helmes,



I salle be seene on the see,  
 saile when the lykes."  
 Thane laughes syr Lottez,  
 and alle one lowde meles,  
 " Me likez that syr Lucius  
 launges aftyre sorowe ;  
 Now he wylnez the were,  
 hys wandrethe begynnys,  
 It es owre weredes to wreke  
 the wrethe of oure elders !  
 I make myn avowe to Gode,  
 and to the holy vernacle,  
 And I may se the Romaines,  
 that are so ryche haldene,  
 Arayed in their riotes  
 on a rounde felde,  
 I salle at the reverence  
 of the rounde table  
 Ryde throughte alle the rowtte,  
 rerewarde and other,  
 Redy wayes to make,  
 and renkkes fulle rowme,  
 Rynnande on rede blode,  
 as my stede ruschez !

He that folowes my fare,  
 and fyrste commes aftyre,  
 Salle fynde in my fare waye  
 many ffay levyde !”  
 Thane the conquerour kyndly  
 comforthes these knyghtes,  
 Alowes thame gretly  
 theire lordly avowes,—  
 “ Alweldande Gode,  
 wyrchip 3ow alle !  
 And latte me nevere wantte 3ow,  
 whylls I in werlde regne ;  
 My menske and my manhede  
 3e mayntene in erthe,  
 Myne honour alle utterly  
 in other kyngys landes ;  
 My wele and my wyrchipe,  
 of alle this werlde ryche,  
 3e have knyghtly conqueryde,  
 that to my coroune langes ;  
 Hym thare be ferde for no faees,  
 that swylke a folke ledes,  
 Bot ever ffresche for to fyghte,  
 in felde whenne hym lykes.

I acounte no kynge,  
 that undyr Criste lyffes,  
 Whilles I see 3owe alle sounde,  
 I sette be no more.”  
 Qwhenne they tristily had tretyd,  
 thay trumppede up aftyre,  
 Descendyd doune with a daunce  
 of dukes and erles ;  
 Thane they semblede to sale,  
 and sowpped als swythe,  
 Alle this semly sorte,  
 wyth semblante fulle noble.  
 Thene the roy realle  
 rehetes thes knyghttys,  
 Wyth reverence and ryotte  
 of alle his rounde table,  
 Tille seven dayes was gone :  
 the senatour asks  
 Answer to the Emperour,  
 with austeryne wordez,  
 Aftyre the Epiphanye,  
 whenne the purpos was takyne  
 Of peris of the perlement,  
 prelates and other.

The kyng in his concelle,  
     curtaise and noblee,  
 Utters the alienes,  
     and ansuers hyme selvene :—  
 “Gret wele Lucius, thi lorde,  
     and layne noghte thise wordes ;  
 Ife thow be lygmane lele,  
     late hyme wiet sone  
 I salle at Lammese take leve,  
     and loge at my large  
 In delitte in his laundez,  
     wyth lordes y-nowe ;  
 Regne in my realtee,  
     and ryste whenne me lykes,  
 By the reyvere of Reone  
     halde my rounde table,  
 ffaunge the fermes in fatthe  
     of alle tha faire rewmes,  
 ffor alle the manace of hys myghte,  
     and mawgree his eghne !  
 And merke sythene over the mounttez  
     into his mayne londez,  
 To Meloyne the mervaylous,  
     and myne doune the walles ;

In Lorryne ne in Lumberdye  
 lefe schalle I nowthire  
 Nokyne lede appone liffe,  
 that thare his lawes 3emes ;  
 And turne into Tuschayne,  
 whene me tyme thynkys,  
 Ryde alle thas rowme landes  
 wyth ryotous knyghttes ;  
 Byde hy[m] make reschewes  
 fore menske of hyme selvene,  
 And mette me fore his manhede  
 in thase mayne landes !  
 I salle be foundyne in Fraunce,  
 fraiste whenne hym lykes,  
 The fyrste daye of fever3ere,  
 in thas faire marches !  
 Are I be fechyde wyth force,  
 or forfeite my landes,  
 The flour of his faire folke  
 fulle fay salle be levyde !  
 I salle hym sekyrly ensure,  
 undyre my seele ryche,  
 To seege the cetee of Rome  
 wythin sevene wyntyre,

And that so sekerly ensege  
 apone sere halfes,  
 That many a senatour salle syghe  
 for sake of me one !  
 My sommons er certified,  
 and thow arte fulle servyde  
 Of cundit and credence,  
 kayre whenne the lykes :  
 I salle thi journaye engyste,  
 enjoyne theme my selvene,  
 ffro this place to the porte,  
 there thou salle passe over ;  
 Sevene dayes to Sandewyche,  
 sette at the large,  
 Sixty myle on a daye, the  
 somme es bott lyttile !  
 Thowe moste spede at the spurs,  
 and spare noghte thi fole,  
 Thow weynde by Watlyng-strette,  
 and by no waye elles :  
 Thare thow nyghttes one nyghte,  
 nede moste thou lenge,  
 Be it foreste or felde,  
 found thou no forthire ;

Bynde thy blonke by a buske  
 with thy brydille evene,  
 Lugge thiselfe undyre lynde,  
 as the leefe thynkes,  
 There awes none alyenes  
 to ayere appone nyghttys,  
 With syche a rebawdous rowtte  
 to ryot thy selvene.  
 Thy lycence es lemete  
 in presence of lordys,  
 Be now lathe or lette,  
 ryghte as the thynkes,  
 For bothe thi lyffe and thi lyme  
 lygges ther appone,  
 Thofe syr Lucius had laide  
 the lordchipe of Rome ;  
 ffor be thow foundene a fute  
 withowte the flode merkes,  
 Aftyr the aughtende day,  
 whenne undroune es rungene,  
 Thou salle be hevedede in hye,  
 and with horsse drawen,  
 And seyne heyly be hangede,  
 houndes to gnawene !

The rente ne rede golde,  
     that unto Rome langes,  
 Salle y noghte redily renke,  
     raunsone thyne one !”  
 “ Sir,” sais the senatour,  
     “ so Crist mot me helpe !  
 Might I with wirchip  
     wyne awaye ones,  
 I sulde never fore emperour,  
     that on erthe langes,  
 Ofte unto Arthure  
     ayere one syche nedys !  
 Bot I am sengilly here,  
     with sex sum of knyghtes ;  
 I beseke 3ow, syr,  
     that we may sounde passe :  
 If any unlawefulle lede  
     lette us by the waye,  
 Within thy lycence, lorde,  
     thy loosse es enpeyrede.”  
 “ Care noghte,” quod the kyng,  
     “ thy coundyte es knawene  
 ffro Carlelele to the coste,  
     there thy cogge lengges ;



Thoghe thy cofers ware fulle,  
     cramede with sylver,  
 Thow myghte be sekyre of my sele  
     sexty myle forthire."  
 They enclined to the kyng,  
     and counge thay askede,  
 Cayers owtt of Carelele,  
     catchez one their horsez ;  
 Sir Cadore the curtayes  
     kende theme the wayes,  
 To Catrike theme cunvayede,  
     and to Crist theme bekennyde.  
 So they spede at the spoures,  
     they sprangene their horses,  
 Hyres theme hakenayes  
     hastyly there aftyre ;  
 So fore reddour they redene,  
     and risted theme never,  
 Bot 3if they luggede undire lynd,  
     whills theme lyghte failede ;  
 Bot evere the senatour forsothe  
     soghte at the gayneste,  
 By the sevende day was gone  
     the cetee thai rechide ;

Of alle the glee undire Gode  
     so glade ware they nevere,  
 As of the sounde of the see  
     and Sandwyche belles !  
 Wythowttyne more stowuntyng  
     they schippide their horsez,  
 Wery to the wane see  
     they went alle att ones ;  
 With the mene of the walle  
     they weyde up their ankys,  
 And fleede at the fore flude,  
     in Flaundrez they rowede,  
 And thorughe Flaundres they founde,  
     as theme faire thoghte,  
 Tille Akyne in Almayne,  
     in Arthur landes ;  
 Gosse by the Mount Goddarde  
     fulle grevous wayes,  
 And so into Lumberddye,  
     lykande to schewe ;  
 They turne thurghe Tuskayne,  
     with towres fulle heghe,  
 In pris appairelles theme  
     in precious wedez ;

The sevendaye in suters  
     thay suggourne theire horsez,  
 And sekes the Seyntez of Rome,  
     be assente of knyghtes ;  
 Sythyne prekes to the pales  
     with portes so ryche,  
 Thare syr Lucius lenges  
     with lordes enowe ;  
 Lowttes to hym lufly,  
     and lettres hym bedes  
 Of credence enclosyde,  
     with knyghtlyche wordez.  
 Thenne the emperour was egree,  
     and enkerly fraynes  
 The answer of Arthure ;  
     he askes hyme sone  
 How he arayes the rewme,  
     and rewlys the pople ;  
 3if he be rebelle to Rome,  
     whate ryghte that he claymes :  
 “Thow sulde his ceptre have sesede,  
     and syttyne aboune,  
 ffore reverence and realtee  
     of Rome the noble :

By sertes thow was my sandes,  
 and senatour of Rome,  
 He sulde fore solempnitee  
 hafe servede the hym selvene.”  
 “ That wille he never for no waye  
 of alle this werlde ryche,  
 Bot who may wynne hym of werre,  
 by wyghtnesse of handes ;  
 Many fey schalle be fyrste  
 appone the felde levyde,  
 Are he appere in this place,  
 profre whenne the likes :  
 I saye the syr Arthure  
 es thyne enmye fore ever,  
 And ettelles to bee overlyng  
 of the empyre of Rome,  
 That alle his ancestres aughte,  
 Bot Utere hymselfe.  
 Thy nedes this newe zere,  
 I notified myselfene,  
 Before that noble of name  
 and neyvesome of kynges ;  
 In the moste reale place  
 of the rounde table,

I somounde hyme solempnylye,  
     one seeande his knyghtez ;  
 Sene I was formyde in faythe  
     so ferde was I nevere !  
 In alle the placez ther I passede  
     of pryncez in erthe,  
 I wolde foresake alle my suyte  
     of segnoury of Rome,  
 Or I efte to that soveraygne  
     whare sente one suyche nedes !  
 He may be chosyne cheftayne,  
     cheefe of alle other,  
 Bathe be chauncez of armes  
     and chevallrye noble,  
 ffor whyeseste and worthyeste,  
     and wyghteste of haundez :  
 Of alle the wyes thate I watte  
     in this werlde ryche,  
 The knyghtlyeste creature  
     in Cristyndome haldene,  
 Of kyng or of conquerour,  
     crewnede in erthe,  
 Of countenaunce of corage,  
     of crewelle lates,

The comlyeste of knyghtehode  
 that undyre Cryste lyffes !  
 He maye be spokene in dyspens,  
 despysere of sylvere,  
 That no more of golde gyffes  
 thane of grette stones,  
 No more of wyne thane of watyre,  
 that of the welle rynnys,  
 Ne of welthe of this werlde  
 bot wyrchipe allone.  
 Syche contenaunce was never knowene  
 in no kythe ryche,  
 As was with that counquerour  
 in his courte haldene ;  
 I countede at this Crystynmesse,  
 of kyngez enoynttede,  
 Hole tene at his table,  
 that tyme with hyme selfene ;  
 He wylle werraye i-wysse,  
 be ware 3if the lykes,  
 Wage many wyghtemene,  
 and wache thy marches,  
 That they be redye in araye,  
 and at areste foundyne ;

ffor 3ife he reche unto Rome,  
 he raunsouns it for evere !  
 I rede thow dreste the therfore,  
 and drawe no lytte langere,  
 To sekyre of that sowdeours,  
 and sende to the mowntes ;  
 Be the quartere of this 3ere,  
 and hym quarte staunde,  
 He wylle wyghtlye in a qwhyle  
 one his wayes hye."

" Bee Estyre," sais the Emperour,  
 " I ettylle my selfene,  
 To hostaye in Almayne  
 with armede knyghtez ;  
 Sende freklye into Fraunce,  
 that flour es of rewmes,  
 ffande to fette that freke,  
 and forfette his landez ;  
 ffor I salle sette kepers,  
 fulle covaunde and noble,  
 Many geaunte of geene,  
 justers fulle gude,  
 To mete hym in the mountes,  
 and martyre hys knyghtes,

Stryke theme doune in strates,  
 and struye theme fore evere :  
 There salle appone Godarde  
 a garette be rerede,  
 That schalle be garneschte and kepyde  
 with gude mene of armes,  
 And a bekyne abovene  
 to brynne whenne theme lykys,  
 That nane enmye with hoste  
 salle entre the mountes ;  
 There schalle one mounte Bernarde  
 be beyldede anothere,  
 Buschede with banerettes  
 and bachelers noble :  
 In at the portes of Pavye  
 schalle no prynce passe,  
 Thurghe the perelous places,  
 for my pris knyghtes."  
 Thane syr Lucius lordlyche  
 lettres he sendys  
 Onone into the Oryente,  
 with austeryne knyghtez,  
 Tille Ambyganye and Orcage,  
 and Alysaundyre eke,



To Inde and to Ermonye,  
     as Ewfrates rynnys,  
 To Asye, and to Affrike,  
     and Ewrope the large,  
 To Irritayne and Elamet,  
     and alle thase owte ilez ;  
 To Arraby and Egipt,  
     tille erles and other,  
 That any erthe occupyes  
     in thase Este marches ;  
 Of Damaske and Damyat,  
     and dukes and erles,  
 ffor drede of his daungere  
     they dresside theme sone ;  
 Of Crete and of Capados  
     the honourable kyngys  
 Come at his commandmente,  
     clenly at ones ;  
 To Tartary and Turky,  
     whenne tythynngez es comene,  
 They turne in by Thebay  
     terauntez fulle hugge,  
 The flour of the faire folke,  
     of Amazonnes landes ;

Alle thate ffaillez on the felde  
 be forfette fore evere !  
 Of Babyloyne and Baldake  
 the burlyche knyghtes,  
 Bayous with their baronage  
 bydez no langere ;  
 Of Perce and of Pamphile,  
 and Preter Johne landes,  
 Iche prynce with his powere  
 appertlyche graythede ;  
 The Sowdane of Surrye  
 assemblez his knyghtes,  
 ffra Nylus to Nazarethe,  
 nommers fulle huge ;  
 To Garyere and to Galelé  
 they gedyre alle at ones ;  
 The Sowdanes that ware sekyre  
 sowdeours to Rome,  
 They gadyrede overe the Grekkes see  
 with grevous wapyns,  
 In their grete galays,  
 wyth gleterande scheldez ;  
 The kynge of Cyprys one the see  
 the Sowdane habydes,

With alle the realles of Roodes,  
     arayede with hyme one :  
 They sailede with a syde wynde  
     ovre the salte strandez :  
 Sodaynly the Sarezenes,  
     as theme selfe lykede,  
 Craftyly at Cornett  
     the kynges are aryese,de,  
 ffra the ceté of Rome  
     sexti myle large :  
 Be that the Grekes ware graythede,  
     a fulle gret nombyre,  
 The myghtyeste of Macedone,  
     with men of tha marches,  
 Pulle and Pruyslande  
     presses with other,  
 The lege mene of Lettow  
     with legyons ynewe :  
 Thus they semble in sortes,  
     summes fulle huge,  
 Sowdanes and Sarezenes  
     owt of sere landes,  
 The sowdane of Surry  
     and sextene kynges,

At the cetes of Rome  
 assemblede at ones.  
 Thane yschewes the Emperour  
 armede at ryghtys,  
 Arayed with his Romaines  
 appone ryche stedys ;  
 Sexty geauntes before  
 engenderide with fendez,  
 With weches and warlaws  
 to wacchene his tentys ;  
 Ayware whare he wendes,  
 wyntrez and zeres,  
 Myghte no blonkes theme bere,  
 thos bustous churles,  
 Bot coverde camellez of tosure,  
 enclosyde in maylez ;  
 He ayerez oute with alyenez  
 ostes fulle huge,  
 Ewyne into Almayne,  
 that Arthure hade wonnyne ;  
 Rydes in by the ryvere,  
 and ryottez hyme selvene,  
 And ayeres with a huge wylle  
 alle thas hye landez ;

Alle Westwale of werre  
     he wynnys as hym lykes,  
 Drawes in by Daunby,  
     and dubbez hys knyghtez ;  
 In the contré of Colome  
     castelles enseggez,  
 And suggeournez that sesone  
     wyth Sarazenes y-newe.  
 At the utas of Hillary,  
     Syr Arthure hymselfene  
 In his kydde councele  
     commande the lordes,—  
 “ Kayere to 3our cuntrez,  
     and semble 3our knyghtes,  
 And kepys me at Constantyne  
     clenlyche arayede ;  
 Byddez me at Gareflete  
     apone tha blythe stremes,  
 Baldly within borde  
     with 3owre beste beryns ;  
 I schalle menskfully 3owe mete  
     in thos faire marches.”  
 He sendez furthe sodaynly  
     sergeantes of armes,

To alle hys mariners on rawe,  
 to areste hym schippys ;  
 Wythin sextene dayes  
 hys fleet whas assemblede,  
 At Sandewyche on the see,  
 saile whenne hym lykes.  
 In the palez of zorke  
 a perlement he haldez,  
 With alle the perez of the rewme,  
 prelates and other ;  
 And aftyre the prechyng  
 in presence of lordes,  
 The kyng in his concelle  
 carpys thes wordes,—  
 “ I am in purpos to passe  
 perilous wayes,  
 To kaire with my kene mene,  
 to conquere zone landes,  
 To owtraye myne enmy,  
 zif aventure it schewe,  
 That occupyes myne heritage,  
 the empyre of Rome.  
 I sett zow here a soveraynge,  
 ascente zif zowe lykys,

That es me sybb, my syster sone,  
 Sir Mordrede hym selvene,  
 Salle be my levetennante,  
 with lordchipez y-newe,  
 Of alle my lele lege mene,  
 that my landez zemes."  
 He carpes tille his cosyne thane,  
 in counsaile hym selvene,—  
 " I make the kepare, syr knyghte,  
 of kyngrykes manye,  
 Wardayne wyrchipfulle,  
 to weilde al my landes,  
 That I have wonnene of werre,  
 in alle this werlde ryche ;  
 I wyll that Waynour, my weife,  
 in wyrchipe be holdene,  
 That hire waunte noo wele,  
 ne welthe that hire lykes ;  
 Luke my kydde castells  
 be clenlyche arrayede,  
 There cho maye suggourne hireselfe,  
 wyth semlyche berynes.  
 ffaunde my fforestez be ffrythede,  
 o frenchepe for evere,

That nane werreye my wylde,  
 botte Waynour hir selvene,  
 And that in the sesone whenne grees  
 es assignyde,  
 That cho take hir solauce  
 in certayne tymes :  
 Chauncelere and chambyrleyne  
 chaunge as the lykes,  
 Audytours and offycers  
 ordayne thy selvene,—  
 Bathe jureez, and juggez,  
 and justicez of landes,  
 Luke thow justyfye theme wele,  
 that injurye wyrkes :  
 If me be destaynede to dye  
 at Dryghtynes wylle,  
 I charge the my sektour,  
 cheffe of alle other,  
 To mynystre my mobles,  
 fore mede of my saule,  
 To mendynnantez and mysese  
 in myschefe fallene :  
 Take here my testament,  
 of tresoure fulle huge,



As I trayste appone the,  
 betraye thowe me never !  
 As thow wille answeere before  
 the austeryne jugge,  
 That alle this werlde wynly  
 wysse as hyme lykes,  
 Luke that my laste wyll  
 be lelely perfourmede !  
 Thow has clenly the cure  
 that to my coroune langez,  
 Of alle my werdez wele,  
 and my weyffe eke ;  
 Luke thowe kepe the so clere,  
 there be no cause fondene,  
 Whenne I to contré come,  
 if Cryste wille it thole,  
 And thow have grace gudly  
 to governe thy selvene,  
 I salle coroune the knyghte  
 kyng with my handez.”  
 Than syr Modrede fulle myldly  
 meles hym selvene,  
 Knelyd to the conquerour,  
 and carpes thise wordez,—

“ I be-seke 3ow, syr,  
     as my sybbe lorde,  
 That 3e wille for charyté  
     cheese 3ow another ;  
 ffor if 3e putte me in this plytte,  
     3owre pople es dyssavyde ;  
 To presente a prynce astate  
     my powere es symple :  
 Whenne other of werre wysse  
     are wyrchipide hereaftyre,  
 Thane may I forsothe  
     be sette bott at lyttile.  
 To passe in 3our presance  
     my purpos es takyne,  
 And alle my purveaunce apperte  
     fore my pris knyghtez.”  
 “ Thowe arte my nevewe fulle nere,  
     my nurree of olde,  
 That I have chastyede and chosene,  
     a childe of my chambyre ;  
 ffor the sybredyne of me,  
     foresake noghte this offyce  
 That thow ne wyrk my wille,  
     thow whatte watte it menes.”

Nowe he takez hys leve,  
 and lengez no langere,  
 At lordez, at legemene,  
 that leves hyme byhyndene.  
 And seyne that worthilyche wy  
 went unto chambyre,  
 ffor to comfurthe the qwene,  
 that in care lenges ;  
 Waynour waykly  
 wepande hym kyssiz,  
 Talkez to hym tenderly  
 with teres y-newe,—  
 “ I may wery the wye,  
 that this werre movede,  
 That warnes me wyrchippe  
 of my wedde lorde ;  
 Alle my lykyng of lyfe  
 owte of lande wendez,  
 And I in langour am lefte,  
 leve 3e for evere !  
 Schyne myghte I, dere lufe,  
 dye in 3our armes,  
 Are I this destanye of dule  
 sulde drye by myne one !”

“ Grefe the noghte, Gaynour,  
     fore Goddes lufe of hewene,  
 Ne gruche noghte my ganggyng,  
     it salte to gude turne !  
 Thy wonrydez and thy wepyng  
     woundez myne herte,  
 I may noghte wit of this woo,  
     for alle this werlde ryche ;  
 I have made a kepare,  
     a knyghte of thyn awene,  
 Overlyng of Ynglande  
     undyre thy selvene,  
 And that es syr Mordrede,  
     that thow has mekylle prayse,  
 Salle be thy dictour, my dere,  
     to doo whatte the lykes.”  
 Thane he takes hys leve  
     at ladys in chambyre,  
 Kysside them kyndlyche,  
     and to Criste be-teches ;  
 And then cho swounes fulle swythe,  
     whe[n] he hys swerde aschede,  
 Twys in a swounyng,  
     swette as cho walde !

He pressed to his palfray,  
     in presance of lordes,  
 Prekys of the palez  
     with his prys knyghtes,  
 Wyth a realle rowte  
     of the rounde table ;  
 Soughte towarde Sandewyche,  
     cho sees hyme no more !  
 Thare the grete ware gederyde,  
     wyth galyarde knyghtes,  
 Garneschit over the grene felde  
     and graythelyche arayede ;  
 Dukkes and duzseperes  
     daynttehely rydes,  
 Erlez of Ynglande  
     with archers ynewe :  
 Schirreves scharply  
     schiftys the comouns,  
 Rewlys before the ryche  
     of the rounde table,  
 Assignez ilke a contree  
     to certayne lordes,  
 In the southe one the see banke  
     saile whenne theme lykes

Thane bargez theme buskez,  
 and to the baunke rowes,  
 Bryngez blonkez one bourde,  
 and burlyche helmes ;  
 Trussez in tristly  
 trappyde stedes,  
 Tentez and othire toylez,  
 and targez fulle ryche,  
 Cabanes and clathe sokkes,  
 and coferez fulle noble,  
 Hukes and haknays,  
 and horsez of armez ;  
 Thus they stowe ine the stuffe  
 of fulle steryne knyghtez.  
 Qwenne alle was schyppede that scholde,  
 they schounte no lengere,  
 Bot ventelde theme tyte,  
 as the tyde rynnez ;  
 Coggez and crayers,  
 than crossez thaire mastez,  
 At the commandment of the kynge,  
 uncoverde at ones.  
 Wyghtly one the wale  
 thay wye up thaire ankers,

By wytt of the watyre mene  
 of the wale ythez,  
 ffrekes one the forestayne,  
 fakene their coblez,  
 In floynes and fercestez,  
 and Flemesche schyppes,  
 Tytt saillez to the toppe,  
 and turnez the lufe,  
 Standez appone stere-bourde,  
 sterynly thay songene.  
 The pryce schippe of the porte  
 provene their depnesse,  
 And fondez wyth fulle saile  
 ower the fawe ythez ;  
 Holly withowttyne harme  
 thay hale in bottles,  
 Schipe-mene scharply  
 schotene thaire portez,  
 Launchez lede apon lufe,  
 lacchene ther depez,  
 Lukkes to the lade-sterne  
 whenne the lyghte faillez ;  
 Castez coursez be crafte,  
 whenne the clowde rysez,

With the nedylle and the stone  
 one the nyghte tydez ;  
 For drede of the derke nyghte  
 thay drecchede a lyttille,  
 And alle the steryne of the streme  
 strekyn at onez :  
 The kynge was in a gret cogge,  
 with knyghtez fulle many,  
 In a cabane enclosede,  
 clenlyche arayede ;  
 Within on a ryche bedde  
 rystys a littyllle,  
 And with the swoghe of the see  
 in swefnyng he felle.  
 Hym dremyd of a dragon,  
 dredfulle to beholde,  
 Come dryfande one the depe  
 to drenschen hys pople,  
 Ewene walkande  
 owte of the Weste landez,  
 Wanderande unworthyly  
 overe the wale ythez ;  
 Bothe his hede and hys hals  
 ware halely alle over



Cundyde of azure,  
     enamelde fulle faire :  
 His scoulders ware schalyde  
     alle in clene sylvere,  
 Schreede over alle the schrympe  
     with schrinkande poyntez ;  
 Hys wombe and hys wenges  
     of wondyrfulle hewes,  
 In mervaylous maylys  
     he mountede fulle hye ;  
 Whayme that he towchede  
     he was tynt for ever !  
 Hys feete ware floreschede  
     alle in fyne sabylle,  
 And syche a venymmous flayre  
     flowe fro his lyppez,  
 That the flode of the flawez  
     alle one fyre semyde !  
 Thane come of the oryente,  
     ewyne hyme agaynez,  
 A blake bustous bere  
     abwene in the clowdes,  
 With yche a pawe as a poste,  
     and paumes fulle huge,

With pykes fulle perilous,  
     alle plyande thame semyde,  
 Lothene and lothely,  
     lokkes and other,  
 Alle with lutterde legges,  
     lokerde unfaire ;  
 Filtyrde unfrely  
     wyth fomaunde lyppez,  
 The foulleste of fegure  
     that fourmede was ever !  
 He baltyrde, he bleryde,  
     he braundyschte therafter ;  
 To bataile he bounez hym  
     with bustous clowez :  
 He romede, he rarede,  
     that roggede alle the erthe !  
 So ruydly he rappyd at  
     to ryot hym selvene !  
 Thane the dragone ondraghe  
     dressede hym azaynez,  
 And with hys duttez hym drafte  
     one dreghe by the walkyne :  
 He fares as a fawcone,  
     frekly he strykez ;

Bothe with feete and with fyre  
 he feghttys at ones !  
 The bere in the bataile,  
 the bygger hym semyde,  
 And byttes hym boldlye  
 wyth balefulle tuskez ;  
 Syche buffetez he hym rechez  
 with hys brode klokes,  
 Hys brest and his brathelle  
 whas blodye alle over !  
 He rawmpyde so ruydly  
 that alle the erthe ryfez,  
 Rynnande one reede blode  
 as rayne of the hevene !  
 He hade weryede the worme  
 by wyghtnesse of strenghte,  
 Ne ware it fore the wylde fyre,  
 that he hyme wyth defendez :  
 Thane wandyrz the worme  
 awaye to hys heghttez,  
 Comes glydande fro the clowddez,  
 and cowpez fulle evene ;  
 Towchez hym wyth his talonnez,  
 and terez hys rigg,

Betwyx the tale and the toppe  
 tene fote large !  
 Thus he brittenyd the bere,  
 and broghte hyme olyfe,  
 Lette hym falle in the flode,  
 fleete whare hyme lykes :  
 So they bryng the bolde kyng  
 bynne the schippe burde,  
 That nere he bristez for bale,  
 one bede whare he lyggez.  
 Thane waknez the wyese kyng,  
 wery fore-travaillde,  
 Takes hym two phylozophirs,  
 that folowede hyme ever,  
 In the sevyne scyence  
 the suteleste fondene,  
 The cony[n]geste of clergye  
 undyre Criste knowene ;  
 He tolde theme of hys tourmente,  
 that tyme that he slepede,—  
 “ Drechede with a dragone,  
 and syche a derfe beste,  
 Has mad me fulle wery ;  
 3e telle me my swefene,

Ore I mone swelte as swythe,  
 as wysse me oure Lorde !”  
 “ Sir,” saide they sone thane,  
 thies sagge philosopherse,  
 “ The dragone that thow dremyde of,  
 so dredfulle to schewe,  
 That come dryfande over the deepe,  
 to drynchene thy pople,  
 Sothely and certayne  
 thy selvene it es,  
 That thus saillez over the see  
 with thy sekyre knyghtez :  
 The colurez that ware castyne  
 appone his clere wengez,  
 May be thy kyngrykez alle,  
 that thow has ryghte wonnyne ;  
 And the tachesesede taile,  
 with tonges so huge,  
 Betakyns this faire folke,  
 that in thy fleet wendez.  
 The bere that bryttenede was  
 abowene in the clowdez,  
 Betakyns the tyrauntez  
 that tourmentez thy pople ;

Or elles with some gyaunt  
 some journee salle happyne,  
 In syngulere batelle  
 by 3oure selfe one ;  
 And thow salle hafe the victorie  
 thurghe helpe of oure Lorde,  
 As thow in thy visionne  
 was opynly schewede !  
 Of this dredfulle dreame  
 ne drede the no more,  
 Ne kare noghte, syr conquerour,  
 bot comforth thy selvene ;  
 And thise that saillez over the see,  
 with thy sekyre knyghtez.”  
 With trumpepez thenne trystly,  
 they trisene upe thaire saillez,  
 And rowes over the ryche see,  
 this rowtte alle at onez ;  
 The comely coste of Normandye  
 they cachene fulle evene,  
 And blythely at Barflete  
 theis bolde are arryfedede,  
 And fyndys a flete there  
 of frendez y-newe,

The floure and the faire folke  
 of fyftene rewmez ;  
 ffore kynges and capytaynez  
 kepyde hyme fayre,  
 As he at Carelele comaundyde  
 at Cristymesse hym selvene.  
 Be they had takene the lande,  
 and tentez upe rerede,  
 Comez a templere tyte,  
 and towchide to the kyng,—  
 “ Here es a teraunt besyde  
 that tourmentez thi pople,  
 A grett geaunte of geene,  
 engenderde of fendez ;  
 He has fretyne of folke  
 mo thane fyfe hondrethe,  
 And als fele fawntekyns  
 of freeborne childyre !  
 This has bene his sustynaunce  
 alle this sevene wynttere,  
 And 3ut es that sotte noghte sade,  
 so wele hyme it lykez !  
 In the contree of Constantyne  
 no kynde has he levede,

Withowttyne kydd castelles  
     enclosid wyth walles,  
 That he ne has clenly distroyede  
     alle the knave childyre,  
 And theme caryede to the cragge,  
     and clenly deworyde !  
 The duche of Bretayne  
     to daye has he takyne,  
 Beside Reynes as scho rade  
     with hire ryche knyghttes ;  
 Ledd hyre to the mountayne,  
     thare that lede lengez,  
 To lye by that lady,  
     aye whyls hir lyfe lastez.  
 We folowede o ferrome  
     moo thenne fyfe hundrethe,  
 Of beryns, and of burgeys,  
     and bachelers noble,  
 Bot he coverde the cragge ;  
     cho cryede so lowde,  
 The care of that creatoure  
     cover salle I never !  
 Sche was flour of alle Fraunce,  
     or of fyfe rewmes,



And one of the fayreste  
     that fourmede was evere,  
 The gentileste jowelle  
     a-juggede with lordes,  
 ffro Geene unto Gerone,  
     by Jhesu of hevene !  
 Scho was thy wyfes cosyne,  
     knowe it if the lykez,  
 Comene of the rycheste,  
     that regnez in erthe :  
 As thow arte ryghtwise kyng,  
     rewe on thy pople,  
 And fande for to venge theme,  
     that thus are rebuykyde !”  
 “ Allas !” said syr Arthure,  
     “ so lange have I lyffede,  
 Hade I wytene of this,  
     wele had me chefeld ;  
 Me es noghte fallene faire,  
     bot me es foule happynede,  
 That thus this faire ladye  
     this fende has dystroyede !  
 I had lever thane alle Fraunce,  
     this fyftene wynter

I hade bene before thate freke,  
     a furlange of waye,  
 Whenne he that ladye had laghte  
     and ledde to the montez :  
 I hadde lefte my lyfe  
     are cho hade harme lymppyde !  
 Bot walde thow kene me to the crage,  
     thare that kene lengez,  
 I walde cayre to that coste,  
     and carpe wythe hym selvene,  
 To trete with that tyraunt  
     fore tresone of londes,  
 And take trewe for a tyme,  
     tille it may tyde bettyre."  
 "Sire, see 3e 3one farlande,  
     with 3one two fyrez,  
 Thar filsuez that fonde,  
     fraiste whenne the lykes ?  
 Appone the creste of the cragge,  
     by a colde welle,  
 That enclosez the clyfe  
     with the clere strandez,  
 Ther may thow fynde folke  
     fay wythowttyne nowmer,

Mo florenez in faythe  
     thane Fraunce es in aftyre ;  
 And more tresour untrewely  
     that traytour has getyne,  
 Thane in Troye was as I trowe,  
     that tyme that it was wonne.”  
 Thane romyez the ryche kynge  
     for rewthe of the pople,  
 Raykez ryghte to a tente,  
     and restez no lengere !  
 He welterys, he wristeles,  
     he wryngez hys handez !  
 Thare was no wy of this werlde,  
     that wyste whatt he menede !  
 He calles syr Cayous  
     of the cowpe serfede,  
 And syr Bedvere the bolde,  
     that bare hys brande ryche,—  
 “ Luke 3e aftyre evensang  
     be armyde at-ryghttez,  
 On blonkez by 3one buscayle,  
     by 3one blythe stremez,  
 ffore I wille passe in pilgremage  
     prevely here aftyre,

In the tyme of suppere,  
     whene lordez are sarvede,  
 ffor to sekene a saynte  
     be 3one salte stremes,  
 In Seynt Mighelle mount,  
     there myraclez are schewede.”  
 Aftyre evesange,  
     Sir Arthure hymsefene  
 Wente to hys wardrop,  
     and warpe of hys wedez ;  
 Armede hym in a actone  
     with orfraeez fulle ryche,  
 Aboven one that a jeryne  
     of acres owte over,  
 Aboven that a jesseraunt  
     of jentylle maylez,  
 A jupone of Jerodyne  
     jaggede in schredez ;  
 He brayedez one a bacenett  
     burneschte of sylver,  
 The beste that was in Basille,  
     wyth bordurs ryche ;  
 The creste and the coronalle,  
     enclosed so faire

Wyth clasppis of clere golde,  
     couched wyth stones ;  
 The vesare, the aventaille,  
     enarmede so faire,  
 Voyde with owttyne vice,  
     with wyndowes of sylver ;  
 His gloves gaylyche gilte,  
     and gravene at the hemmez,  
 With grayvez and gobelets,  
     glorious of hewe ;  
 He bracez a brade schelde,  
     and his brande aschez,  
 Bounede hym a broune stede,  
     and one the bente hovys ;  
 He sterte tille his sterep,  
     and stridez one lofte,  
 Streynnez hym stowttly,  
     and sterys hyme faire,  
 Brochez the baye stede,  
     and to the buske rydez,  
 And there hys knyghtes hyme kepede  
     fulle clenlyche arayede :  
 Thane they roode by that ryver,  
     that rynnyd so swythe,

Thare the ryndez overrechez  
 with realle bowghez ;  
 The roo and the rayne-dere  
 reklesse thare rovene,  
 In ranez and in rosers  
 to ryotte thame selvene ;  
 The frithez ware floreschte  
 with flourez fulle many,  
 Wyth fawcones and fesantez  
 of ferlyche hewez ;  
 All the feulez thare fleschez,  
 that flyez with wengez,  
 ffore thare galedede the gowke  
 one grevez fulle lowde,  
 Wyth alkyne gladchipe  
 thay gladdene theme selvene :  
 Of the nyghtgale notez  
 the noisez was swette,  
 They threpide wyth the throstills  
 thre hundreth at ones !  
 That whate swowynges of watyr,  
 and syngynges of byrdez,  
 It myghte salve hyme of sore,  
 that sounde was nevere !

Thane ferkez this folke,  
 and one fotte lyghttez,  
 ffestenez theire faire stede  
 o ferrome bytwene ;  
 And thene the kynge kenely  
 comandyde hys knyghtez  
 ffor to byde with theire blonkez,  
 and bowne no forthyre,—  
 “ ffore I wille seke this seynte  
 by myselfe one,  
 And melle with this mayster mane,  
 that this monte zemez ;  
 And seyne salle 3e offyre,  
 Aythyre aftyre other,  
 Menskfully at Saynt Mighelle  
 fulle myghty with Criste !”  
 The kyng coveris the cragge  
 wyth cloughes fulle hye,  
 To the creste of the clyffe  
 he clymbez one lofte ;  
 Keste upe hys umbrere,  
 and kenly he lukes,  
 Caughte of the colde wynde  
 to comforthe hym selvene ;

Two fyrez he fyndez  
     fflawmande fulle hye,  
 The fourtedele a furlang betwene  
     thus he walkes ;  
 The waye by the welle strandez  
     he wandyrde hym one,  
 To welle of the warlawe,  
     whare that he lengez ;  
 He ferkez to the fyrste fyre,  
     and evene there he fyndez  
 A wery wafulle wedowe,  
     wryngande hire handez,  
 And gretande on a grave  
     grysely teres,  
 Now merkyde one molde,  
     sene myddaye it semede :  
 He saluzede that sorowfulle  
     with sittande wordez,  
 And fraynez aftyre the fende  
     fairely there aftyre :  
 Thane this wafulle wyfe  
     unwynly hym gretez,  
 Coverde up on hire kneess,  
     and clappyde hir handez ;



Said, "carefulle caremane,  
 thow carpez to lowde!  
 May zone warlawe wyt,  
 he worows us alle!  
 Weryd worthe the wyghte ay,  
 that the thy wytt refede,  
 That mase the to wayfe here  
 in thise wylde lakes!  
 I warne the fore wyrchipe,  
 thou wylnez after sorowe!  
 Whedire buskes thou, berne?  
 unblysside thow semes!  
 Wenez thow to brittene hym  
 with thy brande ryche?  
 Ware thow wyghttere thane Wade  
 or Wawayne owthire,  
 Thow wynnys no wyrchipe,  
 I warne the before!  
 Thow saynned the unsekyrly  
 to seke to these mountez,  
 Siche sex ware to symple  
 to semble with hyme one;  
 ffor and thow see hyme with syghte,  
 the servez no herte,

To sayne the sekerly,  
     so semez hym huge !  
 Thow arte frely and faire,  
     and in thy fyrste flourez,  
 Bot thow arte fay be my faythe,  
     and that me forthynkkys !  
 Ware syche fyfty one a felde,  
     or one a faire erthe,  
 The freke walde with hys fyste  
     felle 3ow at ones !  
 Loo ! here, the ducheze dere,  
     to daye was cho takyne,  
 Depe dolvene and dede  
     dyked in molde ;  
 He hade morthirede this mylde  
     be myddaye war rongene,  
 Withowttyne mercy one molde,  
     not watte it ment :  
 He has forsedde hir and fylede,  
     and cho es fay levede ;  
 He slewe hir un-slely,  
     and slitt hir to the navylle !  
 And here have I bawmede hir,  
     and beryede ther aftyr,

ffor bale of the botelesse,  
     blythe be I never !  
 Of alle the frendez cho hade,  
     there folowede none aftyre,  
 Bot I hir foster modyr  
     of fyftene wynter !  
 To ferke of this farlande,  
     fande salle I never,  
 Bot here be foundene on felde,  
     tille I be fay levede !”  
 Thane answers syr Arthure  
     to that alde wyf ;  
 “ I am comyne fra the conquerour,  
     curtaise and gentille,  
 As one of the hathelest  
     of Arthur knyghtez,  
 Messenger to this myx,  
     for mendement of the pople,  
 To mele with this maister mane,  
     that here this mounte zemez ;  
 To trete with this tyraunt  
     for tresour of landez,  
 And take trew for a tyme,  
     to bettyr may worthe.”

“ 3a, thire wordis are bot waste,”  
 quod this wif thane,  
 “ ffor bothe landez and lythes  
 ffulle lyttile by he settes ;  
 Of rentez ne of rede golde  
 rekkez he never,  
 ffor he wille lenge owt of lawe,  
 as hymselfe thynkes,  
 Withowtene licence of lede,  
 as lorde in his awene ;  
 Bot he has a kyrtille one,  
 kepide for hyme selvene,  
 That was sponene in Spayne  
 with specyalle byrdez,  
 And sythyne garnescht in Grece  
 ffulle graythly togedirs,  
 That es hyded alle with hare  
 hally al overe,  
 And bordyrde with the berdez  
 of burlyche kyngez,  
 Crispid and kombide,  
 that kempis may knawe  
 I the kyng by his colour,  
 in kythe there he lengez ;

Here the fermez he fangez  
 of fyftene rewmez,  
 ffor ilke Esterne ewyne,  
 however that it falle ;  
 They send it hyme sothely  
 for saughte of the pople,  
 Sekerly at that sesone,  
 with certayne knyghtez,  
 And he has aschede Arthure  
 alle this sevene wynter,  
 fforthy hurdez he here,  
 to owtraye hys pople,  
 Tille the Bretones kynges  
 have burneschte his lyppys,  
 And sent his berde to that bolde  
 wyth his beste berynes ;  
 Bot thowe hafe broghte that berde,  
 bowne the no forthire,  
 ffor it es butelesse bale,  
 thowe biddez oghte elles ;  
 ffor he has more tresour  
 to take whenne hyme lykez,  
 Than evere aughte Arthure,  
 or any of hys elders ;

If thowe hase broghte the berde,  
     he bese more blythe  
 Thane thowe gafe hym Burgoyne,  
     or Bretayne the more ;  
 Bot luke nowe for charitee,  
     thow chasty thy lyppes,  
 That the no wordez eschape,  
     whate so betydez ;  
 Luke that presante be priste,  
     and presse hym bott lytille,  
 ffor he es at his sowper,  
     he wille be sone grevyde ;  
 And thow my concelle doo,  
     thow doffe of thy clothes,  
 And knele in thy kyrtylle,  
     and calle hym thy lorde ;  
 He sowppes alle this sesone  
     with sevene knave childre,  
 Choppid in a chargour  
     of chalke whytt sylver,  
 With pekille and powdyre  
     of precious spycez,  
 And pyment fulle plentevous  
     of Portyngale wyne ;

Thre balefulle birdez  
     his brochez they turne,  
 That byddez his bedgatt, his  
     byddyng to wyrche ;  
 Siche foure scholde be fay  
     within foure hourez,  
 Are his fylth ware filled,  
     that his flesch 3ernes."  
 "3a, I have broghte the berd," quod he,  
     "the bettyre me lykez ;  
 fforthi wille I boune me,  
     and bere it my selvene ;  
 Bot lefe walde thow lere me  
     whare that lede lengez,  
 I salle alowe the and I liffe,  
     oure Lorde so me helpe !"  
 "fferke fast to the fyre," quod cho,  
     "that flawmez so hye ;  
 Thare fillis that fende hyme,  
     fraist whenne the lykez ;  
 Bot thow moste seke more southe,  
     syddynges a lyttile,  
 ffor he wille hafe sent hymselfe  
     sex myle large."

To the sowre of the reke  
     he soghte at the gayneste,  
 Sayned hym sekerly  
     with certayne wordez,  
 And sydlynges of the segge  
     the syghte had he rechide,  
 How unsemly that sott  
     satt sowpande hym one !  
 He lay levand one lang,  
     bugande unfaire,  
 The thee of a mans lymme  
     lyfte up by the haunche ;  
 His bakke and his bewschers,  
     and his brode lendeze,  
 He bekez by the bale fyre,  
     and breklesse hyme semede ;  
 Thare ware rostez fulle ruyd,  
     and rewfulle bredez,  
 Beerynes and bestaile  
 •     brochede to-gedere ;  
 Cowle fulle cramede  
     of crysenede childeyre,  
 Sum as brede brochede,  
     and bierdez thame tournede.



And thane this comlych kyng,  
 bycause of his pople,  
 His herte bledez for bale,  
 one bent ware he standez !  
 Thane he dressede one his schelde,  
 schuntes no lengere,  
 Braundesche his brighte swerde  
 by the bryghte hiltez,  
 Raykez towarde the renke  
 reghte with a ruyde wille,  
 And hyely hailsez that hulke  
 with hawtayne wordez,—  
 “ Now, alle-weldand Gode, that  
 wurscheppez us alle,  
 Giff the sorowe and syte,  
 sotte there thow lygges,  
 ffor the fulsomeste freke  
 that fourmede was evere !  
 ffoully thow fedys the,  
 the fende have thi saule !  
 Here es cury unclene,  
 carle, be my trowthe,  
 Caffe of creatours alle,  
 thow curssed wriche !

Because that thow killide has  
     thise cresmede childyre,  
 Thow has marters made,  
     and broghte oute of lyfe,  
 That here are brochede one bente,  
     and brittenede with thi handez,  
 I salle merke the thy mede,  
     as thou has myche serfed,  
 Thurghe myghte of Seynt Mighelle,  
     that this monte zemes !  
 And for this faire ladye,  
     that thow has fey levyde,  
 And thus forced one foulde,  
     for fylth of thiselfene !  
 Dresse the now, dogge, sone,  
     the develle have thi saule !  
 ffor thow salle dye this day,  
     thurghe dynt of my handez !”  
 Thane glopned the glotone,  
     and glorede unfaire ;  
 He grevede as a grewhounde,  
     with grysly tuskes ;  
 He gaped, he groned faste,  
     with grucchande latez,

ffor grefe of the gude kyng,  
 that hyme with grame gretez !  
 His fax and his foretoppe  
 was filterede togeders,  
 And owte of his face fome  
 ane halfe fote large ;  
 His frount and his forhevede  
 alle was it over,  
 As the felle of a froske,  
 and fraknede it semede,  
 Huke-nebbyde as a hawke,  
 and a hore berde,  
 And herede to the hole eyghne  
 with hyngande browes ;  
 Harske as a hunde-fisch,  
 hardly who so lukez,  
 So was the hyde of that hulke  
 hally al over !  
 Erne had he fulle huge,  
 and ugly to schewe,  
 With eghne fulle horreble,  
 and ardaunt for sothe ;  
 fflatt mowthede as a fluke,  
 with fleryande lyppys,

And the flesche in his fortethe  
     fowly as a bere :  
 His berde was brothy and blake,  
     that tille his brest rechede,  
 Grassede as a mereswyne,  
     with corkes fulle huge,  
 And alle falterde the flesche  
     in his foule hippys,  
 Ilke wrethe as a wolfe hevede,  
     it wraythe owtt at ones !  
 Bullenekkyde was that bierne,  
     and brade in the scholders,  
 Brok-brestede as a brawne,  
     with Brustils fulle large,  
 Ruyd armes as an ake  
     with rusclede sydes,  
 Lyme and leskes fulle lothyne,  
     leve 3e for sothe :  
 Schovelle-fotede was that schalke,  
     and schaylande hyme semyde,  
 With schankez unschaply,  
     schowande to-gedyrs ;  
 Thykke theefe as a thursse,  
     and thikkere in the hanche,

Gresse growene as a galte,  
 fulle grylych he lukez !  
 Who the lenghe of the lede  
 lelly accountes,  
 ffro the face to the fote,  
 was fyfe fadome lange !  
 Thane stertez he up sturdely  
 one two styffe schankez,  
 And sone he caughte hym a clubb  
 alle of clene yryne !  
 He walde hafe kyllede the kyng  
 with his kene wapene,  
 Bot thurghe the crafte of Cryste  
 3it the carle failede ;  
 The creest and the coronalle,  
 the claspes of sylver,  
 Clenly with his clubb,  
 he crasschede doune at onez !  
 The kyng castes up his schelde,  
 and covers hym faire,  
 And with his burlyche brande  
 a box he hyme reches ;  
 ffulle butt in the frunt  
 the fromonde he hittez,

That the burnyscht blade  
     to the brayne rynnez ;  
 He feyed his fysnamye  
     with his foule hondez,  
 And frappez faste at hys face  
     fersely theraftyre !  
 The kyng chaungez his fote,  
     eschewes a lyttille,  
 Ne had he eschapede that choppe,  
     chevede had evylle ;  
 He folowes in fersly,  
     and festenesse a dynte  
 Hye upe one the hanche,  
     with his harde wapyne,  
 That he hillid the swerde  
     halfe a fote large ;  
 The hott blode of the hulke  
     unto the hilde rynnez,  
 Ewyne into inmette  
     the gyaunt he hyttez,  
 Just to the genitales,  
     and jaggede thame in sondre !  
 Thane he romyede and rarede,  
     and ruydly he strykez

ffulle egerly at Arthur,  
 and one the erthe hittez  
 A swerde lenghe within the swarthe,  
 he swappez at ones,  
 That nere swounes the kyng  
 for swoughe of his dynttez !  
 Bot 3it the kyng sweperly  
 fulle swythe he byswenkez,  
 Swappez in with the swerde,  
 that it the swange brystedd ;  
 Bothe the guttez and the gorre  
 guschez owte at ones,  
 That alle englaymez the gresse,  
 one grounde ther he standez !  
 Thane he castez the clubb,  
 and the kyng hentez,  
 On the creeste of the cragg  
 he caughte hyme in armez,  
 And enclosez hym clenly,  
 to cruschene hys rybbez ;  
 So harde haldez he that hende,  
 that nere his herte brystez !  
 Thane the balefulle bierdez  
 bownez to the erthe,

Kneland and cryande,  
 and clappide theire handez,—  
 “Criste comforte 3one knyghte,  
 and kepe hym fro sorowe,  
 And latte never 3one fende  
 felle hym olyfe!”  
 3itt es the warlow so wyghte,  
 he welters hyme undere,  
 Wrothely thai wrythyne  
 and wrystille to-gederz,  
 With welters and walowes over  
 within thase buskez,  
 Tumbellez and turnes faste,  
 and terez thaire wedez,  
 Untenderly fro the toppe  
 thai tiltine to-gederz ;  
 Whilome Arthure over,  
 and other while undyre,  
 ffro the heghe of the hylle  
 unto the harde roche ;  
 They feyne never are they falle  
 at the flode merkes ;  
 Bot Arthur with ane anlace  
 egerly smyttez,



And hittez ever in the hulke  
 up to the hiltez ;  
 The theeffe at the dede thrawe  
 so throlly hyme thryngez,  
 That three rybbys in his syde  
 he thrystez in sundere !  
 Thenne syr Kayous the kene  
 unto the kyng styrtez,—  
 Said, “allas ! we are lorne,  
 my lorde es confundede,  
 Over fallene with a fende !  
 us es fulle hapnede !  
 We mone be forfekede in faith,  
 and flemyde for ever !”  
 Thay hafe up hys hawberke thane,  
 and handilez ther undyre  
 His hyde and his haunche eke,  
 one heghte to the schuldrez ;  
 His flawnke and his feletez,  
 and his faire sydez,  
 Bothe his bakke and his breste,  
 and his bryghte armez :  
 Thay ware fayne that they fande  
 no flesche entamede,

And for that journee made joye,  
 thir gentille knyghttez ;  
 “Now, certez,” saise Sir Bedwere,  
 “it semez, be my Lorde !  
 He sekez seyntez bot seldene,  
 the sorere he grypez,  
 That thus clekys this corsaunt  
 owte of thir heghe clyffez,  
 To carye forthe sicke a carle  
 at close hym in silvere ;  
 Be Myghelle of syche a makk,  
 I hafe myche wondyre  
 That ever owre soveraygne Lorde  
 suffers hyme in hevene ;  
 And alle seyntez be syche,  
 that servez oure Lorde,  
 I salle never no seynt bee,  
 be my fadyre sawle !”  
 Thane bourdez the bolde kyng  
 at Bedvere wordez,—  
 “This seynt have I soghte,  
 so helpe me owre Lorde !  
 ffor-thy brayd owtte thi brande,  
 and broche hyme to the herte ;

Be sekere of this sergeaunt,  
 he has me sore grevede !  
 I faghte noghte wyth syche a freke  
 this fyftene wyntyrs,  
 Bot in the montez of Araby  
 I mett syche another ;  
 He was the forcyere be ferre  
 that had I nere fundene,  
 Ne had my fortune bene faire,  
 fey had I levede !  
 Anone stryke of his hevede,  
 and stake it there aftyre,  
 Gife it to thy sqwyere,  
 fore he es wele horsede ;  
 Bere it to syr Howelle,  
 that es in harde bandez,  
 And byd hyme herte hym wele,  
 his enmy es destruede !  
 Syne bere it to Bareflete,  
 and brace it in yryne,  
 And sett it on the barbycane,  
 biernes to schewe ;  
 My brande and my brode schelde  
 apone the bent lyggez,

On the creeste of the cragge,  
     thare fyrste we encontrede,  
 And the clubb tharby,  
     alle of clene irene,  
 That many Cristene has kyllde  
     in Constantyne landez ;  
 fferke to the far lande,  
     and fetch me that wapene,  
 And late founde tille oure flete,  
     in flode thare it lengez :  
 If thou wylle any tresour,  
     take whate the lykez ;  
 Have I the kyrtylle and the clubb,  
     I coveite noghte elles !"

Now they caire to the cragge,  
     thise comlyche knyghtez,  
 And broghte hym the brade schelde,  
     and his bryghte wapene,  
 The clubb and the cotte alles,  
     Syr Kayous hym selvene,  
 And kayres with conquèrour,  
     the kynges to schewe ;  
 That in coverte the kyng  
     helde close to hym selvene,

Whilles clene day fro the clowde,  
 clymbyd on lofte.  
 Be that to courte was comene  
 clamour fulle huge,  
 And before the comlyche kyng  
 they knelyd alle at ones,—  
 “Welcome, oure liege lorde,  
 to lang has thow duellyde!  
 Governour undyr Gode,  
 graytheste and noble,  
 To whame grace es graunted,  
 and gyffene at his wille!  
 Now thy comly come  
 has comforthede us alle!  
 Thow has in thy realtee  
 revengyde thy pople!  
 Thurghe helpe of thy hande,  
 thyne enmyse are struyede,  
 That has thy renkes over-ronne,  
 and refte theme their childyre!  
 What never rewme owte of araye  
 so redyly relevede!”  
 Thane the conquerour Cristenly  
 carpez to his pople,

“Thankes Gode,” quod he, “of this grace,  
 and no gome elles,  
 ffor it was never manes dede,  
 bot myghte of Hymselfene,  
 Or myracle of hys modyre,  
 that mylde es tille alle !”  
 He somond than the schippemene  
 scharpely ther aftyre,  
 To schake furthe with the schyre mene  
 to schifte the gudez ;  
 “Alle the myche tresour  
 that traytour had wonnene,  
 To commons of the contré,  
 clergye and other,  
 Luke it be done and delte  
 to my dere pople,  
 That none pleyne of theirre parte,  
 o peyne of 3our lyfez.”  
 He comande hys cosyne,  
 with knyghtlyche wordez,  
 To make a kyrke on the cragg,  
 ther the corse lengez,  
 And a covent therein,  
 Criste for to serfe,

In mynde of that martyre,  
     that in the monte rystez.  
 Qwen Sir Arthure the kyng  
     had kyllled the gyaunt,  
 Than blythely fro Bareflete  
     he buskes one the morne,  
 With his batelle one brede,  
     by tha blythe stremes ;  
 To-warde Castelle Blanke  
     he chesez hym the waye,  
 Thurghe a faire champayne,  
     undyr schalke hyllis ;  
 The kyng fraystez a-furth  
     over the fresche strandez,  
 ffoundez with his faire folke  
     over as hym lykez :  
 ffurthe stepes that steryne,  
     and strekez his tentis  
 One a strenghe by a streme,  
     in thas straytt landez.  
 Onone aftyre myddaye,  
     in the mene-while,  
 Thare comez two messangeres  
     of tha fere marchez,

ffra the marschalle of Fraunce,  
 and menskfully hym gretes,  
 Besoghte hymé of sucour,  
 and saide hym thise wordez,—  
 “ Sir, thi marschalle thi mynistre,  
 thy mercy besekez,  
 Of thy mekille magestee,  
 fore mendement of thi pople,  
 Of thise marchez-mene,  
 that thus are myskaryede,  
 And thus merred amang,  
 naugree theire eghne ;  
 I witter the the emperour  
 es entirde into Fraunce,  
 With ostes of enmys,  
 horrible and huge ;  
 Brynnez in Burgoyne .  
 thy burghes so ryche,  
 And brittenes thi baronage,  
 that bieldez tharein ;  
 He encrochez kenely  
 by craftez of armez,  
 Countrese and castelles  
 that to thy coroun langez ;



Confoundez thy commons,  
     clergy and other ;  
 Bot thow comfurth theme, syr kyng,  
     cover salle they never !  
 He fellez forestez fele,  
     forrayse thi landez,  
 ffrysthez no fraunchez,  
     bot fraisez the pople ;  
 Thus he fellez thi folke,  
     and fangez theire gudez !  
 ffremedly the Franche tung  
     fey es belefede.  
 He drawes into douce Fraunce,  
     as Duchemen tellez,  
 Dresside with his dragouns,  
     dredfulle to schewe ;  
 Alle to dede they dyghte  
     with dynttys of swerddez,  
 Dukez and dusperes,  
     that dreches thare ine ;  
 ffor-thy the lordez of the lande,  
     ladys and other,  
 Prayes the for Petyr luffe,  
     the apostylle of Rome,

Sen thow arte presant in place,  
 that thow wille profyre make  
 To that perilous prynce,  
 be processe of tyme ;  
 He ayers by 3one hilles,  
 3one heghe holtez undyr,  
 Hufes thare with hale strenghe  
 of haythene kyngez ;  
 Helpe nowe for His lufe,  
 that heghe in hevene sittez,  
 And talke tristly to theme,  
 that thus us destroyes !”  
 The kyng biddis syr Boice,  
 “ buske the belyfe !  
 Take with the syr Berille,  
 and Bedwere the ryche,  
 Sir Gawayne and syr Gryme,  
 these galyarde knyghtez,  
 And graythe 3owe to 3one grene wode,  
 and gose over ther nedes ;  
 Saise to syr Lucius,  
 to unlordly he wyrkez,  
 Thus letherly agaynes law  
 to lede my pople ;

I lette hym or oghte lange,  
     zif me the lyffe happene,  
 Or many lyghte salle lawe,  
     that hyme overe lande folowes ;  
 Comande hym kenely  
     wyth crewelle wordez,  
 Cayre owte of my kyngryke  
     with his kydd knyghtez ;  
 In caase that he wille noghte,  
     that cursede wreche,  
 Come for his curtaisie,  
     and countere me ones !  
 Thane salle we rekkene fulle rathe,  
     whatt ryghte that he claymes,  
 Thus to ryot this rewme  
     and raunsone the pople !  
 Thare salle it derely be delte  
     with dynttez of handez :  
 The Dryghttene at Domesdaye  
     dele as hyme lykes !”  
 Now thei graythe theme to goo,  
     theis galyarde knyghttez,  
 Alle gleterande in golde,  
     appone grete stedes,

Towarde the grene wode,  
     that with growndene wapyne,  
 To grete wele the grett lorde,  
     that wolde be grefede sone ;  
 Thise hende hovez on a hille  
     by the holte eynes,  
 Behelde the howsyng fulle hye  
     of Hathene kynges ;  
 They herde in their herbergage  
     hundrethez fulle many,  
 Hornez of olyfantez  
     fulle helych blawene ;  
 Palaisez proudliche pyghte,  
     that palyd ware ryche,  
 Of palle and of purpure,  
     wyth precyous stones ;  
 Pensels and pomelle  
     of ryche prynce armez,  
 Pighte in the playne mede,  
     the pople to schewe :  
 And thane the Romainys so ryche  
     had arayede their tentez  
 On rawe by the ryvere,  
     undyre the round hillez,

The emperour for honour  
     ewyne in the myddes,  
 Wyth egles al over  
     ennelled so faire :  
 And saw hyme and the Sowdane,  
     and senatours many,  
 Seke towarde a sale  
     with sextene kyngez,  
 Syland softly in,  
     swettly by theme selfene,  
 To sowpe withe that soveraygne,  
     fulle selcouthe metez.  
 Nowe they wende over the watyre,  
     thise wyrchipfulle knyghttez,  
 Thurghe the wode to the wone,  
     there the wyese rystez ;  
 Reght as they hade weschene,  
     and went to the table,  
 Sir Wawayne the worthethy  
     unwynly he spekes,—  
 “The myghte and the majestee,  
     that menskes us alle,  
 That was merked and made  
     thurghe the myghte of hymselfene,

Gyffe 3ow sytte in 3our sette,  
 Sowdane and other,  
 That here are semblede in sale,  
 unfawghte mott 3e worthe !  
 And the fals heretyke,  
 that emperour hym callez,  
 That occupyes in erreure  
 the empyre of Rome,  
 Sir Arthur herytage,  
 that honourable kyng,  
 That alle his auncestres aughte  
 bot Utere hyme one,  
 That ilke cursynge that Cayme  
 kaghte for his brothyre,  
 Cleffe one the cukewalde,  
 with croune ther thow lengez,  
 ffor the unlordlyeste lede  
 that I on lukede ever !  
 My lorde mervailles hym mekylle,  
 mane, be my trouthe,  
 Why thow morthires his mene,  
 that no mysse serves,  
 Commons of the contré,  
 clergye and other,

That are noghte coupable therin,  
 ne knawes noght in armez ;  
 ffor-thi the comelyche kynge,  
 curtays and noble,  
 Comandez the kenely  
 to kaire of his landes,  
 Ore elles for thy knyghthede  
 encontre hyme ones !  
 Sen thow covettes the coroune,  
 latte it be declarede !  
 I hafe dyschargide me here,  
 chalange whoo lykez,  
 Before alle thy chevalrye,  
 cheftaynes and other :  
 Schape us an ansuere,  
 and schunte thow no lengere,  
 That we may schifte at the schorte,  
 and schewe to my lorde.”  
 The emperour ansuerde  
 wyth austeryne wordez,  
 “ 3e are with myne enmy,  
 Sir Arthure hyme selvene !  
 It es none honour to me  
 to owttray hys knyghttez,

Thoghe 3e bee irous mene,  
 that ayres one his nede; ;  
 Bot say to thy soveraygne,  
 I send hyme thes wordez,  
 Ne ware it for reverence  
 of my ryche table,  
 Thou sulde repent fulle rathe  
 of thi ruyde wordez !  
 Sicke a rebawde as thowe  
 rebuke any lordez,  
 Wyth theire retenuz arrayede,  
 fulle reale and noble !  
 Here wille I suggourne,  
 whilles me lefe thynkes,  
 And sythene seke in by Sayne  
 with solace theraftere ;  
 Ensegge all tha cetese  
 be the salte strandez,  
 And seyne ryde in by Rone,  
 that rynnnes so faire,  
 And of alle his ryche castelles  
 rusche doune the wallez ;  
 I salle noghte lefe in Paresche,  
 by processe of tyme,



His parte of a pechelyne,  
 prove whenne hyme lykes !”  
 “ Now, certez,” sais syr Wawayne,  
 “ myche wondyre have I,  
 That syche an alfyne as thow  
 dare speke syche wordez !  
 I had lever thenne alle Fraunce,  
 that hevede es of rewmes,  
 ffyghte with the faythefully  
 one felde be oure one.”  
 Thane answers syr Gayous  
 fulle gobbede wordes,  
 Was eme to the emperour,  
 and erle hyme selfene,—  
 “ Evere ware thes Bretons  
 braggers of olde !  
 Loo ! how he brawles hyme  
 for hys bryghte wedes,  
 As he myghte bryttyne us  
 alle with his brande ryche !  
 zitt he berkes myche boste,  
 zone boy there he standes !”  
 Thane grevyde syr Gawayne  
 at his grett wordes,

Graythes towarde the gome  
 with grucchande herte ;  
 With hys stelyne brande  
 he strykes of hys hevede,  
 And sterttes owtte to hys stede,  
 and with his stale wendes !  
 Thurghe the wacches they wente,  
 thes wirchipfulle knyghtez,  
 And fyndez in theire fare waye  
 wondyrlyche many ;  
 Over the watyre they wente  
 by wyghtnesse of horses,  
 And tuke wynde as they walde  
 by the wodde hemes :  
 Thane folous frekly one fote  
 frekkes ynewe,  
 And of the Romainys arrayed  
 appone ryche stedes,  
 Chasede thurghe a champayne  
 oure chevalrous knyghtez,  
 Tille a cheefe forest,  
 one schalke white horses :  
 Bot a freke alle in fyne golde,  
 and fretted in salle,

Come forthermaste on a fresone,  
     in flawmande wedes ;  
 A faire floreschte spere  
     in fewtyre he castes,  
 And folowes faste one owre folke,  
     and freschelye ascryez.  
 Thane syr Gawayne the gude  
     appone a graye stede,  
 He gryppes hym a grete spere,  
     and graythely hyme hittez ;  
 Thurghe the guttez into the gorre  
     he gyrdes hyme ewyne,  
 That the groundene stele  
     glydez to his herte !  
 The gome and the grette horse  
     at the grounde lyggez,  
 ffulle gryselyche gronande,  
     for grefe of his woundez.  
 Thane presez a preker ine  
     fulle proudely arayede,  
 That beres alle of pourpour,  
     palyde with sylver :  
 Byggly on a broune stede  
     he profers fulle large ;

He was a Paynyme of Perse  
 that thus hyme persuede.  
 Sir Boys un-abaiste alle  
 he buskes hyme agaynes,  
 With a bustous launce  
 he berez hyme thurghe,  
 That the breme and the brade schelde  
 appone the bente lyggez !  
 And he bryngez furthe the blade,  
 and bownez to his felowez.  
 Thane syr Foltemour of myghte,  
 a man mekylle praysede,  
 Was movede one his manere,  
 and manacede fulle faste ;  
 He graythes to syr Gawayne  
 graythely to wyrche,  
 ffor grefe of syr Gayous,  
 that es one grounde levede.  
 Thane syr Gawayne was glade ;  
 agayne hyme he rydez,  
 Wyth Galuth his gude swerde  
 graythely hyme hyttez ;  
 The knyghte one the coursere  
 he clevede in sondyre,

Clenlyche fro the croune  
     his corse he dyvysyde,  
 And thus he killez the knyghte  
     with his kydd wapene !  
 Than a ryche mane of Rome  
     relyede to his byerns,—  
 “ It salle repent us fulle sore  
     and we ryde forthire !  
 3one are bolde bosturs,  
     that syche bale wyrkez ;  
 It befelle hym fulle foule,  
     that thame so fyrste namede.”  
 Thane the riche Romainys  
     retournes thaire brydilles  
 To thaire tentis in tene,  
     telles theire lordez  
 How syr Marschalle de Mowne  
     es on the monte lefede,  
 fflore-justyde at that journee,  
     for his grett japez.  
 Bot thare chalez one oure mene  
     chevallrous knyghtez,  
 ffyve thosande folke  
     appone faire stedes,

ffaste to a foreste  
     one a felle watyr,  
 That fillez fro the falow see  
     fyfty myle large.  
 Thare ware Bretons enbuschide,  
     and banarettez noble,  
 Of the chevalrye cheefe  
     of the kyngez chambyre,  
 Seese theme chase oure mene,  
     and changene theire horsez,  
 And choppe doune cheftaynes,  
     that they moste chargyde ;  
 Thane the embuschement of Bretons  
     brake owte at ones,  
 Brothely at banere,  
     and Bedwyne knyghtez,  
 Arrestede of the Romainys,  
     that by the fyrthe rydez,  
 Alle the realeste renkes  
     that to Rome lengez ;  
 Thay iche on the enmyse  
     and egerly strykkys,  
 Erles of Ingland,  
     and Arthure ascryes,

Thrughe brenes and bryghte scheldez,  
 brestez they thyrlle,  
 Bretons of the boldeste  
 with their bryghte swerdez ;  
 Thare was Romainys over redyne,  
 and ruydly wondyde,  
 Arrestede as rebawdez,  
 with ryotous knyghttez !  
 The Romaines owte of araye  
 removede at ones,  
 And rydes awaye in a rowtte,  
 for reddoure it semys !  
 To the senatour Petyr  
 a sandes-mane es commyne,  
 And saide, “ Syr, sekyrly,  
 3our seggez are supprysside ! ”  
 Than tene thowsande mene  
 he semblede at ones,  
 And sett sodanly one oure seggez,  
 by the salte strandez ;  
 Than ware Bretons abaiste,  
 and grevede a lyttille,  
 Bot 3it the banerettez bolde,  
 and bachellers noble,

Brekes that battailles  
 with brestez of stedes ;  
 Sir Boice and his bolde mene  
 myche bale wyrkes !  
 The Romaynes redyes thane,  
 arrayez thame better,  
 And al to-ruscheez oure mene  
 withe theire ryste horsez,  
 Arestede of the richeste  
 of the rounde table,  
 Over-rydez oure rerewarde,  
 and grette rewthe wyrkes !  
 Thane the Bretons on the bente  
 habyddez no lengere,  
 Bot fleede to the foreste,  
 and the feelde levede ;  
 Sir Berylle es borne downe,  
 and syr Boice takene,  
 The beste of oure bolde mene  
 unblythely wondyde ;  
 Bot zitt oure stale one a strenghe  
 stotais a lyttile,  
 Alle to-stonayede with the strokes  
 of tha steryne knyghtez ;



Made sorowe fore theire soveraygne,  
 that so thare was nomene,  
 Besoughte Gode of socure,  
 sende whene hym lykyde !  
 Than commez syr Idrus,  
 armede up at alle ryghttez,  
 Wyth fyve hundrethe mene  
 appone faire stedes,  
 ffrayne faste at oure folke  
 freschely thare aftyre,  
 3if ther frendez ware ferre,  
 that one the felde foundide.  
 Thane sais syr Gawayne,  
 “ so me God helpe !  
 We hafe bene chased to daye,  
 and chullede as hares,  
 Rebuyked with Romaines  
 appone theire ryche stedez,  
 And we lurkede undyr lee  
 as lowrande wreches !  
 I luke never one my lorde  
 the dayes of my lyfe,  
 And we so lytherly hyme helpe,  
 that hyme so wele lykede !”

Thane the Bretons brothely  
     brochez their stede,  
 And boldly in batelle  
     appon the bent rydes ;  
 Alle the ferse mene before  
     frekly ascryes,  
 fferkand in the foreste,  
     to freschene thame selfene ;  
 The Romaines thane redyly  
     arrayes theme bettyre,  
 One rawe on a rowm felde,  
     reghttez their wapyns,  
 By the ryche revare,  
     and rewles the pople ;  
 And with reddour syr Boice  
     es in areste haldene.  
 Now thei semblede unsaughte  
     by the salte strandez ;  
 Gladdly theis sekere mene  
     settys their dynttez,  
 With lufly launce one lofte  
     they luyschene to-gedyres,  
 In Lorayne so lordlye  
     on leppande stedes ;

Thare ware gomes thurghe girde  
 with grundyne wapynes,  
 Grisely gayspand  
 with grucchande lotes !  
 Grete lordes of Greke  
 greffede so hye ;  
 Swyftly with swerdes,  
 they swappene there-aftyre,  
 Swappez doune fulle sweperlye  
 swelltande knynghtez,  
 That alle swelltez one swarthe,  
 that they over swyngene,  
 Se many sweys in swoghe  
 swounande att ones !  
 Syr Gawayne the gracyous  
 fulle graythelye he wyrkkes,  
 The gretteste he gretez  
 wyth gryeslye wondes ;  
 Wyth Galuth he gyrdez doune  
 fulle galyarde knyghtez,  
 ffore greefe of the grett lorde  
 so grymlye he strykez !  
 He rydez furthe ryallye,  
 and redely there aftyre,

Thare this realle renke  
     was in areste haldene ;  
 He ryfez the raunke stele,  
     he ryghttez theire brenez,  
 And reste theme the ryche mane,  
     and rade to his strengthes.  
 The senatour Petur thane  
     persewede hyme aftyre,  
 Thurghe the presse of the peple,  
     wyth his pryce knyghttes ;  
 Appertly fore the prysonere  
     proves his strengthes,  
 Wyth prekers the proudeste  
     that to the presse lengez ;  
 Wrothely one the wrange hande  
     syr Gawayne he strykkes,  
 Wyth a wapene of were  
     unwynely hyme hittez ;  
 The breny one the bakhalfe  
     he brystez in sondyre !  
 Bot zit he broghte forthe syr Boyce,  
     for alle theire bale he biernez !  
 Thane the Bretones boldely braggene  
     theire tromppez,

And fore blysse of syr Boyce  
     was broghte owtte of bandez,  
 Boldely in batelle  
     they bere doune knyghtes ;  
 With brandes of broune stele  
     they brettene maylez ;  
 Thay stekede stedys in stoure  
     with stelene wapyns,  
 And alle stowede wyth strenghe,  
     that stode theme agaynes !  
 Sir Idrus fitz Ewayne  
     thane Arthur ascryeez,  
 Assemblez one the senatour  
     wyth sextene knyghttez,  
 Of the sekereste mene that  
     to oure syde lengede ;  
 Sodaynly in a soppe  
     they sett in att ones,  
 ffoynes faste att the fore breste  
     with flawmande swerdez,  
 And feghttes faste att the fronte  
     freschely thare aftyre ;  
 ffelles fele on the felde  
     appone the ferrere syde,

ffey on the faire felde  
     by tha fresche strandez ;  
 Bot syr Idrus fytz Ewayne  
     anters hyme selvene,  
 And entters in anly,  
     and egyrly strykez,  
 Sekez to the senatour,  
     and sesez his brydille,  
 Unsaughtely he saide hyme  
     these fittande wordez,—  
 “ 3elde the, syr, 3apely,  
     3ife thou thi lyfe 3ernez,  
 ffore gyftez that thow gyffe may,  
     thou 3eme now the selfene ;  
 ffore dredlez dreche thow,  
     or droppe any wylez,  
 Thow salle dy this daye  
     thorow dyntt of my handez !”  
 “ I ascente,” quod the senatour,  
     “ so me Criste helpe !  
 So that I be safe broghte  
     before the kyng selvene ;  
 Raunsone me resonabillye,  
     as I may over reche,

Aftyre my renttez in Rome  
may redyly forthire."

Thane answers syr Idrus  
with austeryne wordez,  
"Thow salle hafe condycyone,  
as the kyng lykes,

Whenne thow comes to the kyth  
there the courte haldez ;

In caase his concelle bee  
to kepe the no langere,  
To be killyde at his commandment  
his knyghttez before."

Thay ledde hym furthe in the rowte,  
and lached ofe his wedes,  
Lefte hym wyth Lyonelle,  
and Lowelle hys brothire,  
O-lawe in the launde thane,  
by the lythe strandez.

Sir Lucius legge-mene  
loste are fore ever !

The senatour Petur  
es prysoner takyne !  
Of Perce and of Porte Jaffe  
fulle many price knyghtez,

And myche pople wyth alle,  
     perischede thame selfene !  
 ffor presse of the passage,  
     they plungeded at onez !  
 Thare myghte mene see Romayne  
     rewfully wondyde,  
 Over-redyne with renkes  
     of the round table !  
 In the raike of the furthe  
     they rightene their brenys,  
 That rane alle one reede blode  
     redylle alle over ;  
 They raughte in the rerewarde  
     fulle ryotous knyghtez,  
 ffor raumsone of rede golde  
     and realle stedys ;  
 Radly relays,  
     and restez their horsez,  
 In rowtte to the ryche kynge  
     they rade al at onez.  
 A knyghte cayrez before,  
     and to the kynge telles,—  
 “ Sir, here commez thy messangerez  
     with myrthez fro the mountez,



Thay hafe bene machede to daye  
 with mene of the marchez,  
 Sore manglede in the marras  
 with mervailous knyghtez !  
 We hafe foughtene in faithe,  
 by 3one fresche strandez,  
 With the frekkeste folke  
 that to thi foo langez ;  
 ffyfty thosaunde one felde  
 of ferse mene of armez,  
 Wyth in a furlange of waye,  
 fay ere by-lefede !  
 We hafe eschewede this chekke,  
 thurghe chance of oure Lorde,  
 Of tha chevalrous mene  
 that chargede thy pople !  
 The cheefe chaunchelere of Rome,  
 a cheftayne fulle noble,  
 Wille aske the chartyre of pesse  
 for charitee hym selfene ;  
 And the senatour Petire  
 to presone es takyne.  
 Of Perse and of Porte Jaffe  
 Paynymmez ynewe

Comez prekande in the presse,  
 with thy prysse knyghttez,  
 With poverte in thi presone  
 their paynez to drye ;  
 I beseke 3ow, sir, say  
 whate 3owe lykes,  
 Whethire 3e suffyre theme saughte,  
 or sone delyverde :  
 3e may have fore the senatour  
 sextie horse chargede  
 Of silver be Seterdaye,  
 fulle sekyrly payede,  
 And for the cheefe chauncelere,  
 the chevalere noble,  
 Charottez chekkefulle  
 charegyde with golde ;  
 The remenaunt of the Romainez  
 be in areste haldene,  
 Tille thiere renttez in Rome  
 be rightewissly knawene.  
 I beseke 3ow, sir, certyfye  
 3one lordez,  
 3if 3e wille send thame over the see,  
 or kepe thame 3our selfene :

Alle 3our sekyre mene forsothe  
 sounde are by-levyde,  
 Save syr Ewayne fytz Henry  
 es in the side wonddede."  
 "Crist be thankyde," quod the kyng,  
 "and hys clere modyre,  
 That 3owe comforthed and helpede  
 be crafte of hyme selfene ;  
 Skilfulle skomfytüre  
 he skifte as hym lykez,  
 Is none so skathlye may skape,  
 ne skewe fro his handes ;  
 Desteny and doughtynes  
 of dedys of armes,  
 Alle es demyd and delte  
 at Dryghtyneze wille !  
 I kwne the thanke for thy come,  
 it comfortes us alle !  
 Sir knyghte," sais the conquerour,  
 "so me Criste helpe !  
 I 3if the for thy thyzandez  
 Tolouse the riche,  
 The tolle and the tachmentez,  
 tavernez and other,

The towne and the tenementez  
 with towrez so hye,  
 That towchez to the temperaltee,  
 whilles my tyme lastez :  
 Bot say to the senatour  
 I sende hyme thes wordez,  
 Thare salle no silver hym save,  
 bot Ewayne recovere ;  
 I had lever see hym synke  
 one the salte strandez,  
 Than the seegge ware seke,  
 that es so sore woundede ;  
 I salle dissevere that sorte,  
 so me Criste helpe !  
 And sett theme fulle solytarie,  
 in sere kynggez landez :  
 Salle he never sownde see  
 his seynowres in Rome,  
 Ne sitt in the assemblé,  
 in syghte wyth his feris ;  
 ffor it comes to no kyng,  
 that conquerour es holdene,  
 To comoun with his captifis  
 fore covatys of silver :

It come never of knyghthede,  
     knaue it 3if hyme lyke,  
 To carpe of coseri,  
     whenne captyfis ere takyne ;  
 It aughte to no presoners  
     to prese no lordez,  
 Ne come in presens of pryncez,  
     whene pertyes are movede :  
 Comaunde 3one constable,  
     the castelle that 3emes,  
 That he be clenlyche kepede,  
     and in close haldene ;  
 He salle have maundement to morne  
     or myddaye be rounge,  
 To what marche thay salle merke,  
     with mangere to lengene.”  
 Thay convaye this captyfe  
     with clene mene of armez,  
 And kend hym to the constable,  
     alles the kynge byddez ;  
 And seyne to Arthure they ayre,  
     and egerly hym towchez  
 The answeere of the emperour,  
     irows of dedez.

Thane syr Arthure one erthe,  
 atheliste of othere,  
 At evene at his awene borde  
 avantid his lordez,—  
 “Me aughte to honour theme in erthe  
 over alle other thynggez,  
 That thus in myne absens  
 awnters theme selfene ;  
 I salle theme luffe whylez I lyffe,  
 so me our Lorde helpe !  
 And gyfe theme landys fulle large,  
 whare theme beste lykes ;  
 Thay salle noghte lesse one this layke,  
 3if me lyfe happene,  
 That thus are lamede for my lufe  
 be this lythe strandez.”  
 Bot in the clere daweyng,  
 the dere kynge hyme selfene  
 Comaundyng syr Cadore  
 with his dere knyghttes,  
 Sir Cleremus, sir Cleremonde,  
 with clene mene of armez,  
 Sir Clowdmur, syr Clegis,  
 to convaye theis lordez ;

Sir Boyce and syr Berelle,  
 with baners displayede,  
 Sir Bawdwyne, syr Bryane,  
 and syr Bedwere the ryche,  
 Sir Raynalde and syr Richere,  
 Rawlaundes chilyre,  
 To ryde with the Romaines  
 in rowte wyth theire feres.  
 “Prekez now prevalye  
 to Parys the ryche,  
 Wyth Petir the pryssonere  
 and his price knyghttez ;  
 Be-teche tham the proveste,  
 in presens of lordez,  
 O payne and o perelle  
 that pendes there too,  
 That they be weisely wachede  
 and in warde holdene,  
 Wardede of warantizez  
 with wyrchipfulle knyghttez ;  
 Wagge hym wyghte mene,  
 and woonde for no silvyre ;  
 I haffe warnede that wy,  
 be ware 3ife hyme lykes !”

Now bownes the Bretones,  
 als the kynge byddez,  
 Buskez theire batelles,  
 theire baners displayez ;  
 Towardez Chartris they chese,  
 these chevalrous knyghttez,  
 And in the champayne lande  
 fulle faire thay eschewedede :  
 ffor the emperour of myghte  
 had ordande hym selfene  
 Sir Utolfe and sir Ewandyre,  
 two honourable kyngez,  
 Erles of the Oriente,  
 with austeryne knyghttez,  
 Of the awntrouseste mene  
 that to his oste lengede,  
 Sir Sextynour of Lyby  
 and Senatours many,  
 The kyng of Surrye hymselfe  
 with Sarazynes y-nowe,  
 The senatour of Sutere  
 wyth sowmes fulle huge,  
 Whas assygnede to that courte  
 be sent of his peres.



Traise to-warde Troys  
     the tresone to wyrke,  
 To hafe be-trappede with a trayne  
     oure traveland knyghttez,  
 That hade persayfede that Peter  
     at Parys sulde lenge,  
 In presonne with the provoste,  
     his paynez to drye.  
 ffor-thi they buskede theme bownne  
     with baners displayede,  
 In the buskayle of his waye,  
     on blonkkes fulle hugge ;  
 Planttez them in the pathe  
     with powere arrayede,  
 To pyke up the presoners  
     fro oure pryse knyghttez.  
 Syr Cadore of Cornewalle  
     comaundez his peris,  
 Sir Clegis, syr Cleremus,  
     syr Cleremownde the noble,  
 “ Here es the close of Clyme  
     with clewes so hye ;  
 Lokez the contree be clere,  
     the corners are large ;

Discoveres now sekerly  
 skrogges and other,  
 That no skathelle in the skroggez  
 skorne us here aftyre ;  
 Loke 3e skyste it so  
 that us no skathe lympe,  
 ffor na skomfitoure in skoulkery  
 is skomfite ever."

Now they hye to the holte,  
 thes harageous knyghttez,  
 To herkene of the hye mene  
 to helpene theis lordez ;  
 ffynde theme helmede hole  
 and horsesyde on stedys,  
 Hovande one the hye waye  
 by the holte hemmes.

With knyghttly contenaunce  
 Sir Clegis hym selfene

Kryes to the companye,  
 and carpes thees wordez,—  
 "Es there any kyde knyghte,  
 kaysere or other,

Wille kyth for his kynges lufe  
 craftes of armes ?

We are comene fro the kyng  
 of this lythe ryche,  
 That knawene es for conquerour,  
 corownde in erthe,  
 His ryche retenuz here alle  
 of his round table,  
 To ryde with that realle  
 in rowtte where hyme lykes ;  
 We seke justynges of werre,  
 3if any wille happyne,  
 Of the jolyeste mene  
 a-juggede be lordes ;  
 If here be any hathelle mane,  
 erle or other,  
 That for the emperour lufe  
 wille awntere hymselfene."  
 And ane erle thane in angerd  
 answeres hym sone,—  
 " Me angers at Arthure,  
 and at his hathelle bierns,  
 That thus in his errour  
 occupyes theis rewmes ;  
 And owtrayes the emperour,  
 his erthely lorde !

The araye and the ryalltez  
 of the rounde table  
 Es wyth rankour rehersed  
 in rewmes fulle many ;  
 Of oure renttez of Rome  
 sythe revelle he haldys,  
 Ne salle 3ife resoune fulle rathe,  
 3if us reghte happene,  
 That many salle repente  
 that in his rowtte rydez,  
 ffor the reklesse roy  
 so rewlez hymselfene !”  
 “ A !” sais syr Clegis thane,  
 “ so me Criste helpe !  
 I knawe be thy carpynges  
 a cowntere the semes !  
 Bot be thou auditoure or erle,  
 or emperour thiselfene,  
 Appone Arthurez byhalve  
 I answeere the sone :  
 The renke so realle,  
 that rewlez us alle,  
 The ryotous mene and the ryche  
 of the rounde table,

He has araysede his accownte,  
 and redde alle his rollez,  
 ffor he wylle gyfe a rekenyng  
 that rewe salle aftyre,  
 That alle the ryche salle repente  
 that to Rome langez,  
 Or the rereage be requit  
 of rentez that he claymez !  
 We crafe of 3our curtaisie  
 three coursez of werre,  
 And claymez of knyghthode,  
 take kepe to 3our selfene !  
 3e do bott trayne us to daye  
 wyth trofeland wordez !  
 Of syche travaylande mene  
 trecherye me thynkes !  
 Sende owte sadly  
 certayne knyghtez,  
 Or say me sekerly sothe,  
 for sake 3if 3owe lykes."  
 Thane sais the kynge of Surry,  
 "Alls save me oure Lorde !  
 3if yow hufe alle the daye,  
 thou bees noghte delyverede,

Bot thow sekerly ensure  
     with certeyne knyghtez,  
 That thi cote and thi breste  
     be knawene with lordez,  
 Of armes of ancestrye  
     entyrde with londez."  
 " Sir kyng," sais syr Clegys,  
     " fulle knyghttly thow askez :  
 I trowe it be for cowardys  
     thow carpes thes wordez !  
 Myne armez are of ancestrye  
     enveryd with lordez,  
 And has in banere bene borne  
     sene syr Brut tyme ;  
 At the cité of Troye  
     that tymme was ensegede,  
 Ofte scene in asawte  
     with certayne knyghttez,  
 ffro the Borghte broghte us  
     and all oure bolde elders,  
 To Bretayne the braddere,  
     within chippe-burdez."  
 " Sir," sais syr Sextenour,  
     " saye what the lykez,

And we salle suffyre the,  
     als us beste semes ;  
 Luke thi troumppez be trussede,  
     and trofulle no lengere,  
 ffor thoghe thou tarye alle the daye,  
     the tyddes no bettyr !  
 ffor there salle never Romaine,  
     that in my rowt rydez,  
 Be with rebawdez rebuykyde,  
     whills I in werlde regne !”  
 Thane syr Clegis to the kyng  
     a lyttile enclinede,  
 Kayres to syr Cadore,  
     and knyghtly hym tellez,—  
 “ We hafe foundene in 3one firthe,  
     floreschede with leves,  
 The flour of the faireste folke  
     that to the foo langez,  
 ffifty thosandez of folke  
     of ferse mene of armez,  
 That faire are fewteride  
     on frounte undyr 3one frebowes ;  
 They are enbuschede one blonkkes,  
     with baners displayede,

In 3one bechene wode  
     appone the waye sydes ;  
 Thay hafe the furthe forsette  
     alle of the faire watyre,  
 That fayfully of force feghte  
     us byhowys ;  
 ffor thus us schappes to daye,  
     schortly to telle,  
 Whedyre we schone or schewe,  
     schyst as the lykes."  
 "Nay," quod Cadore,  
     "so me Criste helpe !  
 It ware schame that we scholde  
     schone for so lytylle !  
 Sir Lancelott salle never laughe,  
     that with the kyng lengez,  
 That I sulde telle my waye  
     forlede appone erthe ;  
 I salle be dede and undone  
     ar I here dreche,  
 ffor drede of any dogge-sonne  
     in 3one dyme schawes !"

Syr Cador thane knyghtly  
     comforthes his pople,



And with corage kene  
     he karpes thes wordes,—  
 “Thynk one the valyaunt prynce  
     that vesettez us ever,  
 With landez and lordscheppez,  
     whare us beste lykes ;  
 That has us ducheres delte,  
     and dubbyde us knyghttez,  
 Gifene us gersoms and golde,  
     and gardwynes many ;  
 Grewhoundes and grett horse,  
     and alkyne gamnes,  
 That gaynez tille any gome,  
     that undyre God benez ;  
 Thynke one riche renoune  
     of the rounde table,  
 And late it never be refte us  
     fore Romaine in erthe ;  
 ffeyne 3ow noghte feyntly,  
     ne frythes no wapyns,  
 Bot luke 3e fyghte faythefully,  
     frekes 3ourselfene ;  
 I walde be wellyde alle qwyke,  
     and quarterde in sondre,

Bot I wyrke my dede,  
     whils I in wrethe lenge."  
 Than this doughtty duke  
     dubbyd his knyghttez;  
 Joneke and Askanere,  
     Aladuke and other,  
 That ayerez were of Esexex,  
     and alle thase este marchez ;  
 Howelle and Hardelfe,  
     happy in armez,  
 Sir Herylle and sir Herygalle,  
     thise harageouse knyghttez :  
 Than the soverayne assignede  
     certayne lordez,  
 Sir Wawayne, syr Uryelle,  
     Sir Bedwere the ryche,  
 Raynallde and Richeere,  
     and Rowlandez childyre,—  
 “Takez kepe one this prynce  
     with 3oure price knyghttez,  
 And 3ife we in the stour  
     withstondene the better,  
 Standez here in this stede,  
     and stirrez no forthire ;

And 3if the chaunce falle  
     that we bee overcharggede,  
 Eschewes to some castelle,  
     and chewyse 3ourselfene ;  
 Or ryde to the riche kyng,  
     3if 3ow roo happyne,  
 And bidde hym come redily  
     to rescewe hys biernez."  
 And than the Bretons brothely  
     enbrassez theire scheldez,  
 Braydez one bacenetez,  
     and buskes theire launcez.  
 Thus he fittez his folke,  
     and to the felde rydez,  
 ffif hundreth one a frounte  
     fewtrede at onez !  
 With trompes thay trine,  
     and trappede stedes,  
 With cornettes and clarions,  
     and clergialle notes ;  
 Schokkes in with a schakke,  
     and schonttez no langere,  
 There schawes ware scheene  
     undyr the schire eynez.

And thane the Romayne rowtte  
 remowes a lyttile,  
 Raykes with a rerewarde  
 thas realle knyghttez ;  
 So raply thay ryde thare,  
 that alle the rowte ryngez,  
 Of ryves and raunke stele,  
 and ryche golde maylez ;  
 Thane schotte owtte of the schawe  
 schiltrounis many,  
 With scharpe wapynes of ware  
 schotande at ones :  
 The kyng of Lebe before  
 the wawarde he ledez,  
 And alle his lele lige mene  
 o laundone ascriez :  
 Thane this cruelle kyng  
 castis in fewtire,  
 Kaghte hym a coverde horse,  
 and his course haldez,  
 Beris to syr Berille,  
 and brathely hym hittes,  
 Throwghe golet and gorgere  
 he hurtez hym ewyne !

The gome and the grette horse  
     at the grounde liggez,  
 And gretez graythely to Gode,  
     and gyffes hym the saule !  
 Thus es Berelle the bolde  
     broghte owtte of lyve,  
 And byddez aftyre Beryelle,  
     that hym beste lykez !  
 And thane syr Cador of Cornewayle  
     es carefulle in herte,  
 Because of his kynyfe mane,  
     that thus es myscaryede ;  
 Umbeclappes the cors,  
     and kyssez hyme ofte,  
 Gerte kepe hym coverte  
     with his clere knyghttez !  
 Thane laughes the Lebe kyng,  
     and alle on lowde meles,—  
 “ 3one lorde es lyghittede !  
     me lykes the bettyre !  
 He salle noghte dere us to daye,  
     the devylle have his bones !”  
 “ 3one kyng,” said Cador,  
     “ karpes fulle large,

Because he killyd this kene ;  
     Criste hafe thi saule !  
 He salle hafe corne bote,  
     so me Criste helpe !  
 Or I kaire of this coste,  
     we salle encontre ones !  
 So may the wynde weile turnne,  
     I quytte hym or ewyn,  
 Sothely hym selfene,  
     or summe of his ferez !"  
 Thane syr Cador the kene  
     knyghttly he wyrkez,  
 Cryez, " A ! Cornewale,"  
     and castez in fewtere,  
 Girdez streke thourghe the stour  
     on a stede ryche !  
 Many steryne mane he steride  
     by strenghe of hym one !  
 Whene his spere was sprongene,  
     he spede hyme fulle 3erne,  
 Swappede owtte with a swerde,  
     that swykede hym never,  
 Wroglite wayes fulle wyde,  
     and wounded knyghttez ;

Wyrkez his in wayfare  
     fulle werkand sydez,  
 And hewes of the hardieste  
     halsez in sondyre,  
 That alle blendez with blode  
     thare his blanke rynnez !  
 So many biernez the bolde  
     broughte owt of lyfe,  
 Titztez tirauntez doune,  
     and temez theire sadilles,  
 And tilez owte of the toile,  
     whenne hyme tyme thynkkez !  
 Thane the Lebe kynge  
     criez fulle lowde  
 One syr Cador the kene,  
     with cruelle wordez,  
 “Thowe hase wyrchipe wonne,  
     and wondyde knyghttez !  
 Thowe wenes fore thi wightenez  
     the werlde es thyn owene !  
 I salle wayte at thyne honnde,  
     wy, be my trowthe !  
 I have warnede the wele,  
     beware 3if the lykez !”

With cornuse and clariones  
     theis newe made knyghttez  
 Lythes unto the crye,  
     and castez in fewtire ;  
 fferkes in one a ffrounte  
     one fferaunte stedez,  
 ffellede at the fyrste come  
     fyfty att ones !  
 Schotte thorowe the schiltrones,  
     and scheverede launcez,  
 Laid doune in the lumppe  
     lordly biernez !  
 And thus nobilly oure newe mene  
     notez theire strenghez.  
 Bot new notte es onone,  
     that noyes me sore ;  
 The kyng of Lebe has laughte  
     a stede that hym lykede,  
 And comes in lordely  
     in lyonez of silvere,  
 Umbelappez the lumpe,  
     and lattes in sondre ;  
 Many lede with his launce  
     the liffe has he refede !



Thus he chaces the childire  
 of the kyngez chambire,  
 And killez in the champanyse  
 chevalrous knyghttez !  
 With a chasyng spere  
 he choppes doune many !  
 Thare was syr Alyduke slayne,  
 and Achinour wondyde,  
 Sir Origg and syr Ermyngalle  
 hewene al to pecez !  
 And ther was Lewlyne laughte,  
 and Lewlyns brothire,  
 With lordez of Lebe, and lede  
 to theire strenghez :  
 Ne hade syr Clegis comene,  
 and Clemente the noble,  
 Oure newe mene hade gone to noghte,  
 and many ma other.  
 Thane sir Cador the kene  
 castez in fewtire  
 A cruelle launce and a kene,  
 and to the kynge rydez,  
 Hittez hym heghe one the helme  
 with his harde wapene,

That alle the hotte blode of hym  
 to his hande rynnez !  
 The hethene harageous kynge  
 appone the hethe lyggez,  
 And of his hertly hurte  
 helyde he never !  
 Thane syr Cador the kene  
 cryez fulle lowde,—  
 “Thow has corne botte, syr kyng,  
 thare God gyfe the sorowe !  
 Thow killyde my cosyne,  
 my kare es the lesse !  
 Kele the nowe in the claye,  
 and comforthe thi selfene !  
 Thow skornede us langere  
 with thi skornefulle wordez,  
 And nowe has thow chevede soo ;  
 it es thyne awene skathe !  
 Holde at thow hente has,  
 it harmez bot lyttile,  
 ffor hethynge es hame holde,  
 use it who so wille.”  
 The kyng of Surry thane  
 es sorowfulle in herte,

ffor sake of this soveraygne,  
     that thus was supprisede ;  
 Semblede his Sarazenes,  
     and senatours manye :  
 Unsaughtly they sette thane  
     appone oure sere knyghttez ;  
 Sir Cador of Cornewaile  
     he cownterez them sone,  
 With his kydde companye  
     clenlyche arrayede ;  
 In the frount of the fyrthe,  
     as the waye forthis,  
 ffyfty thosande of folke  
     was fellide at ones !  
 Thare was at the assemblé  
     certayne knyghttez,  
 Sore wondede sone  
     appone sere halfes ;  
 The sekereste Sarzanez  
     that to that sorte lengede,  
 Behynde the sadylls ware sette  
     sex fotte large ;  
 They scherde in the schiltrone  
     scheldyde knyghttez,

Schalkes they schotte thrughe  
     schrenkande maylez, ...  
 Thurghe brenys browdene  
     brestez they thirlede,  
 Brasers burnyste  
     bristez in sondyre ;  
 Blasons blode  
     and blankes they hewene,  
 With brandez of browne stele  
     brankkand stedeze !  
 The Bretones brothely  
     brittenez so many,  
 The bente and the brode felde  
     all one blode rynnys !  
 Be thane syr Cayous the kene  
     a capitayne has wonnene,  
 Sir Clegis clynges in,  
     and clekes another ;  
 The capitayne of Cordewa,  
     undire the kynge selfene,  
 That was keye of the kythe  
     of alle that coste ryche,  
 Utolfe and Ewandre,  
     Joneke had nommene,

With the erle of Affryke  
 and other grette lordes.  
 The kyng of Surry the kene  
 to syr Cador es zeldene,  
 The Synechalle of Sotere  
 to Segramoure hym selfene.  
 When the chevalrye saw  
 theire cheftanes were nommene,  
 To a cheefe foreste  
 they chesene theire wayes,  
 And felede theme so feynte,  
 they falle in the greves,  
 In the ferynne of the fyrthe,  
 fore ferde of oure pople.  
 Thare myght mene see  
 the ryche ryde in the schawes,  
 To rype upe the Romainez  
 ruydlyche wondyde !  
 Schowttes aftyre mene,  
 harageous knyghttez,  
 Be hundrethez they hewede doune  
 be the holte eynys !  
 Thus oure chevalrous mene  
 chalez the pople ;

To a castelle they eschewed  
 a fewe that eschappede.  
 Thane relyez the renkez  
 of the rounde table,  
 ffor to ryotte the wode,  
 ther the duke restez ;  
 Ransakes the ryndez alle,  
 raughte up their feres,  
 That in the fightyng before  
 fay ware by-levyde.  
 Sir Cador garte chare theym,  
 and covere theme faire,  
 Kariede theme to the kyng  
 with his beste knyghttez ;  
 And passez unto Paresche  
 with presoners hymselfene,  
 Betoke theyme the proveste,  
 pryncez and other ;  
 Tase a sope in the toure,  
 and taryez no langere,  
 Bot tournes tytte to the kynge,  
 and hym wyth tunge telles.  
 "Syr," sais syr Cador,  
 "a caas es befallene ;

We hafe cowntered to day,  
     in 3one coste ryche,  
 With kyngez and kayseres,  
     krouelle and noble,  
 And knyghtes and kene men  
     clenlych arayede !  
 Thay hade at 3one foreste  
     forsette us the wayes,  
 At the furthe in the fyrthe,  
     with ferse mene of armes ;  
 Thare faughtte we in faythe,  
     and foynede with sperys,  
 One felde with thy foo mene,  
     and fellyd theme on lyfe.  
 The kyng of Lebe es laide,  
     and in the felde levyde,  
 And manye of his lege mene  
     that there to hym langede !  
 Other lordez are laughte  
     of uncouthe ledes ;  
 We hafe lede them at lenge,  
     to lyf whilles the lykez.  
 Sir Utere and syr Ewaynedyre,  
     theis honourable knyghttez,

Be an awntere of armes  
     Joneke has nommene,  
 With erlez of the Oryentte,  
     and austerene knyghttez,  
 Of awncestrye the beste mene  
     that to the oste langede ;  
 The senatour Barouns es kaughte  
     with a knyghtte,  
 The capitayne of Cornette,  
     that crewelle es haldene,  
 The syneschalle of Sutore  
     unsaughte wyth thes other,  
 The kyng of Surry hymselfene,  
     and Sarazenes.  
 Bot fay of ours in the felde  
     a fourtene knyghttez,  
 I wille noghte feyne ne forbere,  
     bot faythfully tellene ;  
 Sir Berelle es one,  
     a banerette noble,  
 Was killyde at the fyrste come  
     with a kyng ryche ;  
 Sir Alidoyke of Towelle,  
     with his tende knyghtez,



Emange the Turkys was tynte,  
 and in tyme fondene ;  
 Gude sir Mawrelle of Mauncez,  
 and Mawrene his brother,  
 Sir Meneduke of Mentoche,  
 with mervailous knyghttez.”  
 Thane the worthy kyng wrythes,  
 and wepede with his enghne,  
 Karpes to his cosyne syr Cador  
 theis wordez,—  
 “ Sir Cador, thi corage  
 confunde us alle !  
 Kowardely thow castez owtte  
 alle my beste knyghttez !  
 To putte mene in perille,  
 it es no pryce holdene,  
 Bot the pertyes ware purvayede,  
 and powere arayede ;  
 When they ware stade on a strenghe,  
 thou sulde hafe withstondene,  
 Bot 3if thowe wolde alle my steryne  
 stroye fore the nonys !”  
 “ Sir,” sais syr Cador,  
 “ 3e knowe wele 3ourselfene ;

3e are kyng in this kythe,  
 karpe whatte 3ow lykys!  
 Salle never upbrayde me,  
 that to thi burde langes,  
 That I sulde blynne fore theire boste,  
 thi byddyng to wyrche;  
 Whenne any stirttez to stale,  
 stuffe thame the bettere,  
 Ore thei wille be stonayede,  
 and stroyede in 3one strayte londez.  
 I dide my delygens to daye,  
 I doo me one lordez,  
 And in daungere of dede  
 fore dyverse knyghttez,  
 I hafe no grace to thi gree,  
 bot syche grett wordez;  
 3if I heven my herte,  
 my hape es no bettyre."  
 3ofe syr Arthure ware angerde,  
 he ansuers faire,  
 "Thow has doughttily donne,  
 syr duke, with thi handez,  
 And has donne thy dever  
 with my dere knyghttez;

ffor-thy thow arte demyde,  
     with dukes and erlez,  
 ffor one of the doughtyeste  
     that dubbede was ever !  
 Thare es none ischewe of us,  
     on this erthe sprongene ;  
 Thow arte apparant to be ayere,  
     are one of thi childyre ;  
 Thow arte my sister sone,  
     forsake salle I never !”  
 Thane gerte he in his awenne  
     tente a table be sette,  
 And tryede in with tromppez  
     travaillade biernez ;  
 Serfede them solempnely  
     with selkouthe metez,  
 Swythe semly in syghte  
     with sylverene dischees.  
 Whene the senatours harde saye  
     that it so happenede,  
 They saide to the emperour,  
     “ thi seggez are suppryssede !  
 Sir Arthure, thyne enmy  
     has owterayedede thi lordez,

That rode for the rescowe  
 of 3one riche knyghttez !  
 Thow dosse bot tynnez thi tyme,  
 and turmenttez thi pople ;  
 Thow arte betrayede of thi mene,  
 that moste thow on traystede.  
 That schalle turne the to tene  
 and torfere for ever.”  
 Than the emperour irus  
 was angerde at his herte,  
 ffor oure valyant biernez  
 siche prowesche had wonnene.  
 With kyng and with kaysere  
 to consayle they wende,  
 Soverayngez of Sarazenez,  
 and senatours manye ;  
 Thus he semblez fulle sone  
 certayne lordez,  
 And in the assemble thane  
 he sais them theis wordez,—  
 “ My herte sothely es sette,  
 assente 3if 3owe lykes,  
 To seke into Sexone,  
 with my sekyre knyghttez,

To fyghte with my foo mene,  
     if fortune me happene,  
 3if I may fynde the freke  
     within the foure halvez ;  
 Or entire into Awguste  
     awnters to seke,  
 And byde with my balde mene  
     within the burghe ryche ;  
 Riste us and revelle,  
     and ryotte oure selfene,  
 Lende thare in delytte  
     in lordechippez y-newe,  
 To syr Leo be commen  
     with alle his lele knyghtez,  
 With lordez of Lumberdye,  
     to lette hyme the wayes.  
 Bot owre wyese kyng es warre  
     to wayttene his renkes,  
 And wyesly by the woddez  
     voydez his oste ;  
 Gerte felschene his fyrez,  
     flawmande fulle heghe,  
 Trussen fulle traystely,  
     and treunt there aftyre.

Sethene into Sessoyne,  
     he soughte at the gayneste,  
 And at the surs of the sonne  
     disseverez his knyghttez :  
 fforsette theme the cite  
     appone sere halfez,  
 Sodaynly on iche halfe,  
     with sevene grett stales.  
 Anely in the vale  
     a vawewarde enbusches ;  
 Sir Valyant of Vylaris,  
     with valyant knyghttez,  
 Before the kyngez visage  
     made siche avowez,  
 To venquyse by victorie  
     the vescownte of Rome !  
 ffor-thi the kyng chargez hym,  
     what chaunce so befalle,  
 Cheftayne of the cheekke,  
     with chevalrous knyghttez,  
 And sythyne meles with mouthe,  
     that he moste traistez :  
 Demenys the medylwarde  
     menskfully hyme selfene,

ffittes his fotemene,  
     alles hyme faire thynkkes ;  
 On frounte in the fore breste,  
     the flour of his knyghtez,  
 His archers on aythere halfe  
     he ordaynede theraftyre  
 To schake in a sheltrone,  
     to schotte whenne thame lykez :  
 He arrayed in the rereward  
     fulle rialle knyghtez,  
 With renkkes renownd  
     of the rounde table,  
 Sir Raynalde, sir Richere,  
     that rade was never,  
 The riche Duke of Rowne  
     wyt ryders ynewe ;  
 Sir Cayous, sir Clegis, .  
     and clene mene of armes,  
 The kyng castes to kepe  
     be thaa clere strandes ;  
 Sir Lott and syr Launcelott,  
     thise lordly knyghttez,  
 Salle lenge on his lefte hande,  
     wyth legyones ynewe,

To meve in the morne,  
     while 3if the myste happyne ;  
 Sir Cador of Cornewaile,  
     and his kene knyghtez,  
 To kepe at the Karfuke,  
     to close in ther othere :  
 He plantez in siche placez  
     pryncez and erlez,  
 That no powere sulde passe  
     be no prevé wayes.  
 Bot the emperour onone,  
     with honourable knyghtez  
 and erlez, enteres the vale,  
     awnters to seke,  
 And fyndez sir Arthure  
     with hostez arayede ;  
 And at his in-come,  
     to ekkene his sorowe,  
 Oure burlyche bolde kyng  
     appone the bente howes,  
 With his bataile one brede,  
     and baners displayede.  
 He hade the ceté forsett  
     appone sere halfes,



Bothe the clewez and the clyfez  
     with clene mene of armez ;  
 The mosse and the marrasse,  
     the mounttez so hye,  
 With gret multytude of mene,  
     to marre hym in the wayes.  
 Whenne syr Lucius sees, he sais  
     to his lordez,  
 “This traytour has truaunt  
     this tresone to wyrche !  
 He has the ceté forsett  
     appone sere halfez,  
 Alle the clewez and the cleyffez  
     with clene mene of armez !  
 Here es no waye i-wys,  
     ne no wytt elles,  
 Bot feghte with oure foo-mene,  
     for flee may we never !  
 Thane this ryche mane rathe  
     arayes his byernez,  
 Rowlede his Romainez,  
     and realle knyghtez ;  
 Buschez in the avawmewarde  
     the vescounte of Rome,

ffro Viterbe to Venyse,  
 theis valyante knyghtez :  
 Dresses up dredfully .  
 the dragone of golde,  
 With egles al over,  
 enamelede of sable ;  
 Drawene dreghely the wyne,  
 and drynkyne thareaftere,  
 Dukkez and dusseperez,  
 dubbede knyghtez,  
 ffor dauncesyng of Duche-mene,  
 and dynnyng of pypez,  
 Alle dynned fore dyne  
 that in the dale hovede !”  
 And thane syr Lucius on lowde  
 said lordlyche wordez,  
 “Thynke one the myche renownne  
 of 3our ryche fadyrs ;  
 And the riatours of Rome,  
 that regnede with lordez ;  
 And the renkez over rane alle  
 that regnede in erthe,  
 Encrochede alle Cristyndome  
 be craftes of armes ;

In everiche a viage  
     the victorie was haldene ;  
 In sette alle the Sarazenes  
     within sevene wyntter,  
 The parte ffro the Porte Jaffe  
     to Paradyse zatez !  
 Thoghe a rewme be rebelle,  
     we rekke it bot lyttile '  
 It es resone and righte  
     the renke be restreynede !  
 Do dresse we tharefore,  
     and byde we no langere,  
 ffore dredlesse withowttyne dowtte,  
     the daye schalle be ourez !"  
 Whenne theise wordez was saide,  
     the Walsche kyng hym selfene  
 Was warre of this wyderwyne,  
     that werrayed his knyghttez :  
 Brothely in the vale  
     with voyce he ascryez,—  
 “ Viscownte of Valewnce,  
     envyous of dedys,  
 The vassallage of Viterbe  
     to daye schalle be revengede !

Unvenquiste for this place  
 voyde schalle I never!"  
 Thane the vyscownte valiante,  
 with a voyse noble,  
 Avoyedyde the avawewarde,  
 enverounde his horse ;  
 He drissede in a derfe schelde,  
 endenttyd with sable,  
 With a dragone engowschede,  
 dredfulle to schewe,  
 Devorande a dolphyne  
 with dolefulle lates,  
 In seyne that oure soveraygne  
 sulde be distroyede,  
 And alle done of dawez  
 with dynttez of swreddez,  
 ffor thare es noghte bot dede  
 thare the dragone es raissede !  
 Thane the comlyche kyng  
 castez in fewtyre,  
 With a crewelle launce  
 cowpez fulle evene  
 Abowne the spayre a spanne,  
 emange the schortte rybbys,

That the splent and the spleene  
     on the spere lengez !  
 The blode sprete owtte,  
     and sprede as the horse spryngez,  
 And he sproulez fulle spakely,  
     bot spekes he no more !  
 And thus has syr Valyant  
     haldene his avowez,  
 And venqwyste the viscownte,  
     thate victor was haldene !  
 Thane syr Ewayne syr Fytz Uriene  
     fulle enkerlye rydez  
 Onone to the emperour  
     his egle to towche ;  
 Thrughe his brode bataile  
     he buskes belyfe,  
 Braydez owt his brande  
     with a blyth chere,  
 Roverssede it redelye,  
     and awaye rydys ;  
 fferkez in with the fewle  
     in his faire handez,  
 And ffittez in freely  
     one ffrounte with his feris.

Now buskez syr Launcelot,  
 and braydez fulle evene  
 To syr Lucius the lorde,  
 and lothelye hym hyttez ;  
 Thurghe pawnce and platez  
 he percede the maylez,  
 That the prowde penselle  
 in his pawnche lengez !  
 The hede haylede owtt behynde  
 ane halfe fote large,  
 Thurghe hawberke and hanche,  
 with the harde wapyne !  
 The stede and the steryne mane  
 strykes to the grownde,  
 Strake downe a standerde,  
 and to his stale wendez !  
 “ Me lykez wele,” sais syr Loth,  
 “ 3one lordez are delyverede !  
 The lott lengez nowe on me,  
 with leve of my lorde :  
 To day salle my name be laide,  
 and my life aftyre,  
 Bot some leppe fro the lyfe,  
 that one 3one lawnde hovez !”

Thane strekez the steryne,  
     and streynys his brydylle,  
 Strykez into the stowre  
     on a stede ryche,  
 Enjoynede with a geaunt,  
     and jaggede hym thorowe!  
 Jolyly this gentille for-justede  
     another,  
 Wroghte wayes fulle wyde,  
     werrayande knyghtez,  
 And wondes alle wathely,  
     that in the waye stondez!  
 ffygghtez with alle the ffrappe  
     a furlange of waye,  
 ffelled fele appone felde  
     with his faire wapene,  
 Venqwiste and has the victorie  
     of valyaunt knyghtez,  
 And alle enverounde the vale,  
     and voyde whenne hym likede!  
 Thane bowmene of Bretayne  
     brothely ther aftyre  
 Bekerde with bregaundez of ferre  
     in tha laundez,

With flonez fleterede thay flitt  
     fulle frescly ther frekez,  
 ffichene with fetheris  
     thurghe the fyne maylez :  
 Sithe flyttyng es foule  
     that so the flesche derys,  
 That flowe o ferrome  
     in flawnkkes of stede ;  
 Dartes the Duche-mene  
     daltene azaynes,  
 With derfe dynttez of dede,  
     dagges thurghe scheldez ;  
 Qwarelles qwayntly  
     swappez thorowe knýghtez  
 With iryne so wekyrly,  
     that wynche they never !  
 So they schérenkene fore schotte  
     of the scharppe arowes,  
 That all the scheltrone schonte,  
     and schoderide at ones !  
 Thane riche stedes rependez,  
     and rasches one armes ;  
 The hale howndrethe one hye  
     appone heyghe lygges,



Bot zitte the hathelieste on hy,  
     haythene and other,  
 All hoursches over hede  
     harmes to wyrke !  
 And all theis geauntez before,  
     engenderide with fendez,  
 Joynez on sir Jenitalle,  
     and gentille knyghtez,  
 With clubbez of clene stele  
     clenkkede in helmes,  
 Graschede doune crestez,  
     and craschede braynez ;  
 Kyledede couzers  
     and coverde stedes,  
 Choppode thurghe chevalers  
     one chalke-whyte stede !  
 Was never stele ne stede  
     myghte stande them azaynez,  
 Bot stonays and strykez doune,  
     that in the stale hovys !  
 Tille the conquerour come  
     with his kene knyghttez,  
 With crowelle contenaunce  
     he cryede fulle lowde,—

“ I wende no Bretones walde bee  
     basschede for so lyttile,  
 And fore bare-legyde boyes,  
     that one the bente hovys !”  
 He clekys owtte Collbrande  
     fulle clenlyche burneschte,  
 Graythes hyme to Golapas,  
     that grevyde moste ;  
 Kuttis hyme evene by the knees  
     clenly in sondyre !  
 “ Come downe,” quod the kyng,  
     “ and karpe to thy ferys !  
 Thowe arte to hye by the halfe,  
     I hete the in trouthe !  
 Thow salle be handsomere hye,  
     with the helpe of my Lorde !”  
 With that stelene brande  
     he strake ofe his hede !  
 Sterynly in that stoure  
     he strykes another !  
 Thus he sette on sevene  
     with his sekyre knyghttez :  
 Whylles sixty ware servede soo,  
     ne sessede they never !

And thus at the joyenyge  
     the geauntez are dystroyede,  
 And at that journey for-justede  
     with gentille lordez.  
 Than the Romaynes, and the renkkes  
     of the rounde table,  
 Rewles them in arraye,  
     rerewarde ande other,  
 With wyghte wapynez of werre,  
     thay wroghtene one helmes,  
 Rittez with rennke stele  
     fulle ryalle maylez ;  
 Bot they fut theme fayre,  
     thes frekk byernez,  
 ffewters in freely one  
     fferaunte stedes,  
 ffoynes fulle felly  
     with flyschande speris,  
 ffretene of orfrayes  
     feste appone scheldez.  
 So fele fay es in fyghte  
     appone the felde levyde,  
 That iche a furthe in the firthe  
     of rede blode rynnys !

By that swyftely one swarthe  
     the swelle es bylevede,  
 Swerdez swangene in two,  
     sweltand knyghtez  
 Lyes wyde opyne welterande  
     on walopande stede; ;  
 Wondes of wale mene  
     werkande sydys,  
 ffacez fetteled unfaire  
     in filterede lakes,  
 Alle craysed for-trodyne  
     with trappede stede; ,  
 The faireste fygured folde  
     that fygurede was ever,  
 Alles ferre alles a furlang  
     a thosande at ones !  
 Be than the Romainez  
     ware rebuykyde a lyttille,  
 With-drawes theyme drerely,  
     and dreches no lengare ;  
 Oure prynce with his powere  
     persewes theyme aftyre,  
 Prekez one the proudeste  
     with his price knyghttez.

Sir Kayous, sir Clegis,  
 with clene mene of armez,  
 Enconters theme at the clyffe  
 with clene mene of armez ;  
 ffygghtes faste in the fyrth,  
 frythes no wapene,  
 ffelled at the firste come  
 fyfe hundrethe at ones !  
 And when they fand theym foresett  
 with oure fers knyghtez,  
 ffewe mene agayne fele,  
 mot fyche theyme bettyre ;  
 ffeghttez with alle the frappe,  
 foynes with speres,  
 And faughte with the frekkeste  
 that to Fraunce langez.  
 Bot sir Kayous the kene  
 castis in fewtyre,  
 Chasez one a coursere,  
 and to a kyng rydys ;  
 With a launce of Lettowe  
 he thirleth his sydez,  
 That the lyver and the lunggez  
 on the launce lengez !

The schafte scodyrde and schott  
     in the schire byerne,  
 And soughte thorowowte the schelde,  
     and in the schalke rystez !  
 Bot Kayous at the income  
     was kepyd unfayre  
 With a cowarde knyghte  
     of the kythe ryche ;  
 At the turnyng that tyme  
     the traytours hym hitte  
 In thorowe the felettes,  
     and in the flawnke aftyre,  
 That the boustous launce  
     the bewelles attamede,  
 That braste at the brawlyng,  
     and brake in the myddys !  
 Sir Kayous knewe wele,  
     be that kyde wounde,  
 That he was dede of the dynte,  
     and done owte of lyfe !  
 Than he raykes in arraye  
     and one rawe rydez,  
 One this ryalle  
     his dede to revenge ;

“Kepe the, cowarde,”  
 and calles hym sone,  
 Cleves hyme wyth his clere brande  
 clenliche in sondire !  
 “Hadde thow wele delte  
 thy dynt with thi handes,  
 I hade forgeffene the my dede,  
 be Crist now of hewyne !”  
 He weyndes to the wyese kyng,  
 and wynly hym gretes,—  
 “I am wathely woundide,  
 waresche mone I never !  
 Wirke nowe thi wirchipe,  
 as the worlde askes,  
 And brynge me to beryelle,  
 byd I no more !  
 Grete wele my ladye, the qwene,  
 zife the werlde happyne,  
 And alle the burliche birdes  
 that to hir boure lengez ;  
 And my worthily weife,  
 that wrethide me never,  
 Bid hire fore hir wyrchipe  
 wirke for my saulle !”

The kyngez confessour come,  
     with Criste in his handes,  
 ffor to comforte the knyghte,  
     kende hyme the wordes ;  
 The knyghte coueride on his knees  
     with a kaunt herte,  
 And caughte his Creatoure,  
     that comfurthes us alle !  
 Thane remmes the riche kynge  
     fore rewthe at his herte,  
 Rydes into rowte  
     his dede to revenge ;  
 Presede into the plumpe,  
     and with a prynce metes,  
 That was ayere of Egipt  
     in thos este marches ;  
 Cleves hym with Collbrande  
     clenlyche in sondyre !  
 He broches evene thorowe the byerne,  
     and the sadille bristes,  
 And at the bake of the blonke  
     the bewelles entamede !  
 Manly in his malycoly  
     he metes another,



The medille of that myghtty,  
     that hyme myche grevede ;  
 He merkes thurghe the maylez  
     the myddes in sondyre,  
 That the myddys of the mane  
     on the mounte fallez,  
 The tother halfe of the haunche  
     on the horse levyde !  
 Of that hurte, alls I hope,  
     heles he never !  
 He schotte thorowe the schiltrones  
     with his scharpe wapene,  
 Schalkez he schrede thurghe,  
     and schrenkede maylez ;  
 Baneres he bare downne,  
     bryttenede scheldes,  
 Brothely with browne stele  
     his brethe he thare wrekes :  
 Wrothely he wryththis  
     by wyghtnesse of strenghe,  
 Woundes those whydyrewyns,  
     werrayed knyghttes,  
 Threppede thorowe the thykkys  
     thryttene sythis,

Thryngez throly in the thrange,  
 and chis evene aftyre !  
 Thane sir Gawayne the gude,  
 with wyrchipfulle knyghttez,  
 Wendez in the avawewarde  
 be tha wodde hemmys ;  
 Was warre of syr Lucius,  
 one launde there he hovys,  
 With lordez and ligge mene,  
 that to hymeselfe lengede.  
 Thane the emperour enkerly  
 askes hym sonne,  
 “ What wille thow, Gawayne,  
 wyrke with thi wapyne ?  
 I watte be thi waveryng,  
 thow willnez aftyre sorowe ;  
 I salle be wrokyne on thi wrethe,  
 fore alle thi grete wordez ! ”  
 He laughte owtte a lange swerde,  
 and luyschede one ffaste,  
 And syr Lyonelle in the launde  
 lordely hym strykes,  
 Hittes hym on the hede,  
 that the helme bristis ;

Hurttes his herne-pane  
     an haunde-brede large !  
 Thus he layes one the lumppe,  
     and lordlye theme served,  
 Wondide worthily  
     wirchipfulle knyghttez !  
 ffighttez with Florent,  
     that beste es of swerdez,  
 Tille the fomande blode  
     tille his fyste rynnnes !  
 Thane the Romainys relevyde,  
     that are ware rebuykkyde,  
 And alle to-rattysoure mene  
     with theire riste horsses ;  
 ffore they see thaire cheftayne  
     be chauffede so sore,  
 They chasse and choppe doune  
     oure chevalrous knyghttes !  
 Sir Bedwere was borne thurghe,  
     and his breste thyrllede  
 With a burlyche braunde,  
     brode at the hiltes ;  
 The ryalle raunke stele  
     to his hertte rynnys,

And he rusches to the erthe,  
 rewthe es the more !  
 Thane the conquerour tuke kepe,  
 and come with his strengthes  
 To reschewe the ryche mene  
 of the rounde table,  
 To owtraye the emperour,  
 3if auntire it schewe,  
 Ewyne to the egle,  
 and Arthure askryes.  
 The emperour thane egerly  
 at Arthure he strykez,  
 Awkwarde on the umbrere,  
 and egerly hym hittez !  
 The nakyde swerde at the nese  
 noyes hym sare,  
 The blode of bolde kyng  
 over the breste rynnys,  
 Beblede at the brode schelde  
 and the bryghte mayles !  
 Oure bolde kyng bowes the blonke  
 be the bryghte brydylle,  
 With his burlyche brande  
 a buffette hym reches,

Thourghe the brene and the breste  
 with his bryghte wapyne,  
 O-slante doune fro the slote  
 he slyttes at ones !  
 Thus endys the emperour  
 of Arthure hondes,  
 And all his austeryne oste  
 thare-of ware affrayede !  
 Now they ferke to the fyrthe,  
 a fewe that are levede,  
 ffor ferdnesse of oure folke,  
 by the fresche strandez ;  
 The floure of oure ferse mene  
 one fferant stede  
 ffolowes frekly on the frekes,  
 thate ffrayed was never.  
 Thane the kyde conquerour  
 cryes fulle lowde,—  
 “ Cosyne of Cornewaile,  
 take kepe to thiselfene,  
 That no captayne be kepyde  
 for none silver,  
 Or syr Kayous dede  
 be cruelly vengede !”

“Nay,” sais syr Cador,  
 “so me Criste helpe !  
 Thare ne es kaysere ne kyng,  
 that undire Criste rygnnes,  
 That I ne schalle kille colde dede  
 be crafte of my handez !”  
 Thare myghte mene see chiftaynes,  
 on chalke whitte stedez,  
 Choppe doune in the chaas  
 chevalrye noble ;  
 Romaines the rycheste  
 and ryalle kynges,  
 Braste with ranke stele  
 theire rybbys in sondyre !  
 Grayves fore-brustene  
 thurghe burneste helmes,  
 With brandez for-brittenede  
 one brede in the laundez ;  
 They hewede doune haythene mene  
 with hiltede swerdez,  
 Be hole hundrethez on hye,  
 by the holte eynyes !  
 Thare myghte no silver theym save,  
 ne socoure theire lyves,

Sowdane ne Sarazene,  
     ne senatour of Rome !  
 Thane relevis the renkes  
     of the rounde table  
 Be the riche revare,  
     that rynnys so faire ;  
 Lugegez thaym luflye  
     by tha lyghte strandez,  
 Alle on lawe in the lawnde,  
     that lordlyche byernes :  
 Thay kaire to the karyage,  
     and tuke whate them likes,  
 Kamelles and sekadrisses,  
     and cofirs fulle riche,  
 Hekes and hakkenays,  
     and horses of armes,  
 Howsyng and herbergage  
     of heythene kyngez ;  
 They drewe owt of dromondaries  
     dyverse lordes,  
 Moyllez mylke whitte,  
     and mervailous bestez,  
 Elfaydes, and Arrabys,  
     and olifauntez noble,

Ther are of the Oryent,  
     with honourable kynges.  
 Bot syr Arthure onone  
     ayeres ther aftyre  
 Ewyne to the emperour,  
     with honourable kyngis ;  
 Laughte hym upe fulle lovelyly  
     with lordliche knyghttez,  
 And ledde hyme to the layere,  
     thare the kyng lygges.  
 Thane harawdez heghely,  
     at heste of the lordes,  
 Hunttes upe the haythenmene,  
     that on heghte lygges,  
 The Sowdane of Surry,  
     and certayne kynges,  
 Sexty of the cheefe  
     senatours of Rome ;  
 Thane they bussches and bawmede  
     thaire honourliche kynges,  
 Sewed theme in sendelle  
     sexti faulde aftire,  
 Lappede them in lede,  
     lesse that they schulde



Chawnge or chawffe,  
     zif thay myghte escheffe ;  
 Closed in kystys clene  
     unto Rome,  
 With their baners abowne,  
     their bagis there-undyre,  
 In whate countre thay kaire  
     that knyghttes myghte knawe  
 Iche kyng be his colours,  
     in kyth whare lengede.  
 Onone one the secounde daye,  
     sone by the morne,  
 Twa senatours ther come,  
     and certayne knyghttez,  
 Hodles fro the hethe,  
     over the holte eynes,  
 Barefote over the bente,  
     with brondes so ryche,  
 Bowes to the bolde kyng,  
     and biddis hym the hiltes,  
 Whethire he wille hang theym or hedde,  
     or halde theyme on lyfe :  
 Knelyde before the conquerour  
     in kyrtilles allone ;

With carefulle contenaunce  
 thay karpide these wordes,—  
 “Twa senatours we are,  
 thi subgettez of Rome,  
 That has savede oure lyfe  
 by theise salte strandys;  
 Hyd us in the heghe wode,  
 thurghe the helpyng of Criste!  
 Besekes the of socoure,  
 as soveraygne and lorde!  
 Grante us lyffe and lyme  
 with leberalle herte,  
 ffor his luffe that the lente  
 this lordchipe in erthe!”  
 “I graunte,” quod gude kyng,  
 “thurghe grace of myselfene,  
 I giffe 3owe lyffe and lyme,  
 and leve for to passe,  
 So 3e doo my message  
 menskefully at Rome,  
 That ilke charge that I 3ow 3iffe here  
 before my cheefe knyghttez.”  
 “3is,” sais the senatours,  
 “that salle we ensure,

Sekerly be oure trowhes  
 thi sayenges to fulfille ;  
 We salle lett for no lede  
 that lyffes in erthe,  
 ffore pape ne for potestate,  
 ne prynce so noble,  
 'That ne salle lelely in lande  
 thi letteres pronounce,  
 ffor duke ne for dussepere,  
 to dye in the payne !"  
 Thane the banerettez of Bretayne  
 broghte thame to tentes ;  
 There barbours ware bownne,  
 with basyns one lofte,  
 With warme watire i-wys  
 they wette theme fulle sone ;  
 They schovene thes schalkes  
 scharpely ther-aftyre,  
 To rekkene theis Romaines  
 recreaunt and zoldene ;  
 ffor-thy schove they theme to schewe,  
 for skomfitte of Rome.  
 They coupylde the kystys  
 on kamelles be-lyve,

On asses and arrabyes,  
     theis honourable kynges :  
 The emperoure for honoure,  
     alle by hym one,  
 Evene appone ane olyfaunte,  
     hys egle owtt overe ;  
 Be-kende theme the captyfis  
     the kynge dide hymselfene,  
 And alle byfore his kene mene  
     karpede thees wordes,—  
 “ Here are the kystis,” quod the kyng,  
     “ kaire over the mownttez ;  
 Mette fulle monee  
     that 3e have mekylle 3ernede,  
 The taxe and the trebutte  
     of tene schore wyntteres,  
 That was tenefully tynte  
     in tyme of oure elders :  
 Saye to the senatoure,  
     the ceté that 3emes,  
 That I sende hym the somme,  
     assaye how hyme likes !  
 Bott byde theme nevere be so bolde,  
     whylles my blode regnes,

Efte for to brawlle theme  
 for my brode landez,  
 Ne to aske trybut ne taxe  
 be nakyne tytle,  
 Bot syche tresoure as this,  
 whilles my tyme lastez.”  
 Nowe they raike to Rome  
 the redyeste wayes,  
 Knylles in the capatoylle,  
 and comowns assembles,  
 Soverayngez and senatours,  
 the ceté that zemes ;  
 Be-kende theme the caryage,  
 kystis and other,  
 Alls the conquerour comaunde  
 with cruelle wordes.  
 “ We hafe trystily trayvelled  
 this tributte to feche,  
 The taxe and the trewage  
 of fowre score wynteris,  
 Of Englande, of Irelande  
 and alle thir owtt illes,  
 That Arthure in the occedente  
 occupyes att ones :

He byddis 3ow nevere be so bolde,  
 whills his blode regnes,  
 To brawle 3owe fore Bretayne  
 ne his brode landes,  
 Ne aske hyme trebute ne taxe  
 be nonkyns title,  
 Bot syche tresoure as this,  
 whills his tyme lastis.  
 We haffe foughttene in ffrance,  
 and us es foule happenede,  
 And alle oure myche faire folke  
 faye are by-levede !  
 Eschappide there ne chevallrye,  
 ne cheftaynes nother,  
 Bott choppede downne in the chasse,  
 syche chawnce es befallene !  
 We rede 3e store 3owe of stone,  
 and stuffene 3our walles:  
 3ow wakkens wandrethe and werre ;  
 beware, 3if 3ow lykes !"  
 In the kalendez of Maye  
 this caas es be-fallene :  
 The roy ryalle renownde,  
 with his rownde table,

One the coste of Constantyne  
 by the clere strandez,  
 Has the Romaines ryche  
 rebuykede for ever !  
 Whene he hade foughttene in Fraunce,  
 and the felde wonnene,  
 And fersely his foomene  
 fellde owtte of lyfe,  
 He bydes for the beryenge  
 of his bolde knyghtez,  
 That in batelle with brandez  
 ware broughte owte of lyfe.  
 He beryes at Bayone  
 syr Bedwere the ryche ;  
 The cors of Kayone the kene  
 at Came es belevefede,  
 Koveride with a crystalle  
 clenly alle over ;  
 His fadyre conqueride that kyth  
 knyghtly with hondes :  
 Seyne in Burgoyne he bade  
 to bery mo knyghttez,  
 Sir Berade and Bawdwyne,  
 sir Bedwar the ryche,

And syr Cador at Came,  
     as his kynde askes.  
 Thane syr Arthure onone,  
     in the Auguste theraftyre,  
 Enteres to Almayne  
     wyth osten arrayed ;  
 Lengez at Lusscheburghe,  
     to lechene hys knyghttez,  
 With his lele ligge-mene,  
     as lorde in his awene :  
 And one Christofre daye  
     a concelle he haldez,  
 Withe kynges and kaysers,  
     clerkkes and other,  
 Comandez them kenely  
     to caste alle theire wittys,  
 How he may conquere by crafte  
     the kythe that he claymes.  
 Bot the conquerour kene,  
     curtais and noble,  
 Karpes in the concelle  
     theys knyghtly wordez,—  
 “ Here es a knyghte in theis klevys,  
     enclesside with hilles,



That I have cwayte to knawe,  
     because of his wordez,  
 That es Lorayne the lele,  
     I kepe noghte to layne ;  
 The lordchipe es lovely,  
     as ledes me telles :  
 I wille that Ducherye devyse,  
     and dele as me lykes,  
 And seyne dresse wyth the duke,  
     of destyny suffre :  
 The renke rebelle has bene  
     unto my rownde table,  
 Redy aye with Romaines,  
     and ryotte my landes !  
 We salle rekkene fulle rathe,  
     if resone so happene,  
 Who has ryghte to that rente,  
     by ryche Gode of hevene !  
 Thane wille I by Lumbardye  
     lykande to schawe,  
 Sett lawe in the lande,  
     that laste salle ever.  
 The tyrauntez of Terkayne  
     tempeste a littyll,

Talke with the temperalle,  
     whilles my tyme lastez ;  
 I gyffe my protteccione  
     to alle the pope landez,  
 My ryche penselle of pes  
     my pople to schewe :  
 It es a foly to offende  
     oure fadyr undire Gode,  
 Owther Peter or Paule,  
     tha postles of Rome.  
 3if we spare the spirituell,  
     we spede bot the bettire ;  
 Whilles we have for to speke,  
     spille salle it never !”  
 Now they spede at the spurres,  
     withowttyne speche more,  
 To the Marche of Meyes,  
     theis manliche knyghtez,  
 That es Lorryne alofede,  
     as Londone es here ;  
 Pety of that seyn3owre,  
     that soveraynge es holdene.  
 The kyng ferkes furthe  
     on a faire stede,

With ferreraunde ferawnte,  
     and other foure knyghtez ;  
 Abowte the cete tha sevene,  
     they soughte at the nextte,  
 To seke theme a sekyre place  
     to sett withe engeynes ;  
 Thane they beneyde in burghe  
     bowes of vyse,  
 Bekyrs at the bolde kyng  
     with boustouse lates,  
 All-blawsters at Arthure  
     egerly schottes,  
 ffor to hurte hyme or his horse  
     with that hard wapene :  
 The kynge schonte for no schotte,  
     ne no schelde askys,  
 Bot schewes hym scharpely  
     in his schene wedys ;  
 Lenges all at laysere,  
     and lokes one the wallys,  
 Whare they ware laweste  
     the ledes to assaille.  
 “ Sir,” said syr fferere,  
     “ a ffoly thowe wirkkes,

Thus nakede in thy noblaye  
     to neghe to the walles,  
 Sengely in thy surcotte,  
     this ceté to reche,  
 And schewe the within,  
     there to schende us alle.  
 Hye us hastyllye heyne,  
     or we mone fulle happene,  
 ffor hitt they the or thy horse,  
     it harmes for ever !”  
 “ Ife thow be ferde,” quod the kyng,  
     “ I rede thow ryde utterre,  
 Lesse that they rywe the  
     with their rownd wapyne !  
 Thow arte bot a fawntkyne,  
     ne ferly me thynkkys !  
 Thou wille be flayed for a flye  
     that one thy flesche lyghttes !  
 I ame nothyng agaste,  
     so me Gode helpe !  
 Thof sicke gadlynges be grevede,  
     it greves me bot lyttile !  
 Thay wyne no wirchipe of me,  
     bot wastys their takle !

They salle wante or I weende,  
 I wagene myne hevede !  
 Salle never harlott have happe,  
 thorowe helpe of my Lorde,  
 To kylle a crownde kyng  
 with krysme enoynttede !”  
 Thane come the herbarjours,  
 harageous knyghtez,  
 The hale batelles one hye  
 harrawnte ther aftyre ;  
 And oure forreours ferse,  
 appone fele halfes,  
 Come flyeande before  
 one ferawnt stedes ;  
 fferkande in arraye  
 their ryalle knyghttez,  
 The renkez renownde  
 of the rownnd table :  
 Alle the frekke mene of Fraunce  
 folowede thare aftyre,  
 ffaire fittyde one frownte,  
 and one the felde hovys.  
 Thane the schalkes scharpelye  
 scheftys their horsez,

To schewen them semly  
     in theire scheene wedes ;  
 Buskes in batayle  
     with baners displayede,  
 With brode scheldes enbrassede,  
     and burlyche helmys,  
 With pennons and penselles  
     of ylke prynce armes,  
 Appayrellde with perrye  
     and pretious stones :  
 The lawnces with loraynes,  
     and lemande scheldes,  
 Lyghtenande as the levenyng,  
     and lemand al over.  
 Thane the price mene prekes,  
     and proves theire horsez,  
 Satilles to the ceté  
     appone sere halfes ;  
 Enserches the subbarbes  
     sadly thareafteyre,  
 Discoveris of schotte-mene,  
     and skyrmys a lyttile ;  
 Skayres thaire skottefers,  
     and theire skowtte waches,

Brittenes theire barrers  
     with theire bryghte wapyns ;  
 Bett downe a barbycane,  
     and the brygge wynnys,  
 Ne hade the garnysone bene gude  
     at the grete zates,  
 Thay hade wonne that wone  
     be theire awene strenghe !  
 Thane with-drawes oure mene,  
     and driffes theme bettyre,  
 ffor dred of the drawe-brigge  
     dasschede in sondre ;  
 Hyes to the harbergage,  
     thare the kyng hovys  
 With his battelle one heghe,  
     horsyde on stedys ;  
 Thane was the prynce purvayede,  
     and theire places nommene,  
 Pyghte pavyllyons of palle,  
     and plattes in seegge.  
 Thane lenge they lordly,  
     as theme leefte thoghte,  
 Waches in ylke warde,  
     as to the werre falles,

Settes up sodaynly  
 certayne engynes ;  
 One Sonondaye be the soone  
 has a fleche 3oldene.  
 The kyng calles one Florente,  
 that flour was of knyghttez,—  
 “The Fraunche-mene enfeblesches,  
 ne farly me thynkkys !  
 They are unfondyde folke  
 in tha faire marches,  
 ffor theme wantes the flesche  
 and fude that theme lykes.  
 Here are fforestез faire  
 appone fele halves,  
 And thedyre feemene are fiede  
 with freliche bestes !  
 Thow salle foonde to the felle,  
 and forraye the mountes ;  
 Sir fforawnt and syr Florydas  
 salle folowe thi brydylle ;  
 Us moste with some fresche mene  
 refresche oure pople,  
 That are feedde in the fyrthe  
 with the froyte of the erthe.



Thare salle weende to this viage  
     sir Gawayne hymselfene,  
 Wardayne fulle wyrchipfulle,  
     and so hym wele semes :  
 Sir Wecharde, syr Waltyre,  
     theis wyrchipfulle knyghtes,  
 With alle wyseste mene  
     of the Weste marches :  
 Sir Clegis, syr Clarybalde,  
     syr Clarymownde the noble,  
 The capytayne oo wardyfe  
     clenlyche arrayede.  
 “ Goo now, warne alle the wache,  
     Gawayne and other,  
 And weendes furthe on 3our waye  
     withowttyne moo wordes.”  
 Now ferkes to the fyrthe  
     thees fresche mene of armes,  
 To the felle so fewe,  
     theis fresclyche byernes,  
 Thorowe hopes and hymlande,  
     hillys and other,  
 Holtis and hare woddes  
     with heslyne schawes,

Thorowe marasse and mosse,  
 and montes so heghe ;  
 And in the myste mornyng  
 one a mede falles,  
 Mawene and un-made,  
 maynoyrede bott lyttyle,  
 In swathes sweppene downe  
 fulle of swete floures :  
 Thare unbrydilles theis bolde,  
 and baytes theire horses,  
 To the grygyng of the daye,  
 that byrdes gane synge ;  
 Whylles the surs of the sonne,  
 that sonde es of Cryste,  
 That solaces alle synfulle,  
 that syghte has in erthe.  
 Thane weendes owtt the wardayne,  
 syr Gawayne hymselfene,  
 Alles he that weysse was and wyghte,  
 wondyrs to seke ;  
 Thane was he warre of a wye  
 wondyre wele armyde,  
 Baytand one a wattire banke  
 by the wodde eynis,

Buskede in brenyes  
     bryghte to behalde,  
 Embrassede a brode schelde  
     on a blonke ryche,  
 With birenne ony borne,  
     bot a boye one  
 Hoves by hym on a blonke,  
     and his spere holdes ;  
 He bare gessenande in golde  
     thre grayhondes of sable,  
 With chapes a cheynes  
     of chalke whytte sylver,  
 A charbocle in the cheefe,  
     chawngawnde of hewes,  
 And a cheefe anterous,  
     challange who lykes.  
 Sir Gawayne glystes on the gome  
     with a glade wille !  
 A grete spere fro his grome  
     he grypes in hondes,  
 Gyrdes ewene overe the streme  
     one a stede ryche  
 To that steryne in stour,  
     one strenghe thare he hovys !

Egerly one Inglisce  
 Arthure he askryes,  
 The tother irouslye  
 ansuers hym sone  
 On a launde of Lorrayne  
 with a lowde steven,  
 That ledes myghte lystene  
 the lenghe of a myle !  
 “ Whedyr prykkes thow, pilour,  
 that profers so large ?  
 Here pykes thowe no praye,  
 profire whenne the lykes !  
 Bot thow in this perelle  
 put of the bettire,  
 Thow salle be my presonere,  
 for alle thy prowde lates !”  
 “ Sir,” sais syr Gawayne,  
 “ so me Gode helpe !  
 Siche glaverande gomes  
 greves me bot lyttille !  
 Bot if thowe graythe thy gere,  
 the wille grefe happene,  
 Or thowe goo of this greve,  
 for all thy grete wordes !”

Thane their launces they lachene,  
 theis lordlyche byernez,  
 Laggene with longe speres  
 one lyarde stedes ;  
 Cowpene at awntere  
 be brastes of armes,  
 Till bothe the crowelle speres  
 broustene att ones !  
 Thorowe scheldys they schotte,  
 and scherde thorowe males,  
 Bothe schere thorowe schoulders  
 a schaftmonde large !  
 Thus worthylye thes wyes  
 wondede ere bothene ;  
 Or they wreke theme of wrethe  
 awaye wille they never !  
 Than they raughte in the reyne  
 and agayne rydes,  
 Redely theis rathe mene  
 rusches owtte swordez,  
 Hittes one hellmes  
 fulle hertelyche dynttys,  
 Hewes appone hawberkes  
 with fulle harde wapyns !

ffulle stowttly they stryke  
     thire steryne knyghttes,  
 Stokes at the stomake  
     with stelyne poynttes,  
 ffeghttene and floresche  
     withe flawmande swerdez,  
 Tille the flaws of fyre  
     flawmes one theire helmes.  
 Thane syr Gawayne was grevede,  
     and grythgide fulle sore ;  
 With Galuthe his gude swerde  
     grymlye he strykes !  
 Clefe the knyghttes schelde  
     clenliche in sondre !  
 Who lukes to the lefte syde,  
     whenne his horse launches,  
 With the lyghte of the sonne  
     men myghte see his lyvere !  
 Thane granes the gome  
     fore greefe of his wondys,  
 And gyrdis at syr Gawayne,  
     as he by glentis ;  
 And awkewarde ergerly  
     sore he hym smyttes ;

An alet enamelde  
     he oches in sondire,  
 Bristes the rerebrace  
     with the bronde ryche,  
 Kerves of at the coutere  
     with the clene egge,  
 Anetis the avawmbrace  
     vrayllede with silver !  
 Thorowe a dowble vesture  
     of velvett ryche,  
 With the venymous swerde  
     a vayne has he towchede,  
 That voydes so violently  
     that alle his witte clangede !  
 The vesere, the aventaille,  
     his vesturis ryche,  
 With the valyant blode  
     was verrede alle over !  
 Thane this tyrante tite  
     turnes the brydille,  
 Talkes untendirly,  
     and sais, " Thow arte towchede !  
 Us bus have a blode blande,  
     or thi ble change,

ffor alle the barbours of Bretayne  
 salle noghte thy blode stawnche !  
 ffor he that es blemeste with this brade brande,  
 blyne schalle he never."

"3a," quod syr Gawayne,  
 "thow greves me bot lyttill !

Thowe wenys to glopyne me  
 with thy gret wordez !  
 Thow trowes with thy talkyng  
 that my harte talmes !

Thow betydes torfere  
 or thowe hyene turne,  
 Bot thow telle me tytte,  
 and tarye no lengere,  
 What may staunche this blode  
 that thus faste rynnes."

"3ife I say the sothely,  
 and sekire the my trowthe,

No surggone in Salarne  
 sall save the bettyre ;  
 With-thy that thowe suffre me,  
 for sake of thy Cryste,  
 To schewe schortly my schrifte,  
 and schape for myne ende."



To schewe schortly my schrifte,  
and schape for myne ende."

"3is," quod syr Gawayne,  
"so me God helpe !

I gyfe the grace and graunt,  
thofe thou hafe grefe servede !

With-thy thowe say me sothe  
what thowe here sekas,

Thus sengilly and sulayne  
alle thiselfe one ;

And whate laye thow leves one,  
layne noghte the sothe,

And whate legyaunce,  
and whare thow arte lorde."

"My name es syr Priamus ;  
a prynce es my fadyre,

Praysede in his pertyes  
with provede kynges ;

In Rome thare he regnes  
he es riche haldene ;

He has bene rebelle to Rome,  
and redene their landes,

Werreyand weisely  
wyntters and 3eres,

Be witt and be wyssdome,  
 and be wyghte strenghe,  
 And be wyrchipfulle werre  
 his awene has he wonne.  
 He es of Alexandire blode,  
 overlyng of kynges,  
 The uncle of his ayele,  
 syr Ector of Troye ;  
 And here es the kynredene  
 that I of come,  
 And Judas and Josue,  
 thise gentille knyghtes :  
 I ame apparaunt his ayere,  
 and eldeste of other ;  
 Of Alexandere and Aufrike,  
 and alle tha owte landes,  
 I am in possessione,  
 and plenerly sessede.  
 In alle the price cetees  
 that to the porte langes,  
 I salle hafe trewly  
 the tresour and the londes,  
 And bothe trebute and taxe  
 whilles my tyme lastes ;

I was so hawtayne of herte,  
 whills I at home lengede,  
 I helde nane my hippe heghte  
 undire hevene ryche :  
 ffor-thy was I sente hedire  
 with sevene score knyghttez,  
 To asaye of this werre,  
 be sente of my fadire ;  
 And I am for Cyrus witrye  
 schamely supprisede,  
 And be awntire of armes  
 owtrayed fore evere !  
 Now hafe I taulde the the kyne  
 that I ofe come,  
 Wille thou for knyghthede  
 kene me thy name ?”  
 “ Be Criste,” quod syr Gawayne,  
 “ knyghte was I never !  
 With the kydde conquerour  
 a knafe of his chambyre :  
 Has wroghte in his wardrope  
 wyntters and zeres,  
 One his long armour  
 that hym beste lykid ;

I poyne alle his pavelyouns  
 that to hymselfe pendes,  
 Dyghttes his dowblettez  
 for dukes and erles,  
 Aketouns avenaunt  
 fore Arthure hym selfene,  
 That he usede in werre  
 alle this aughte wyntter !  
 He made me zomane at zole,  
 and gafe me gret gyftes,  
 And c. pound and a horse,  
 and harnayse fulle ryche ;  
 Gife I happe to my hele  
 that hende for to serve,  
 I be holpene in haste,  
 I hette the forsothe !”  
 “ Giffe his knafes be syche,  
 his knyghttez are noble !  
 There es no kyng undire Criste  
 may kempe with hym one !  
 He wille be Alexander ayre,  
 alle the erthe lowttede,  
 Abillere thane ever  
 was syr Ector of Troye.”

“Now fore the krisome that thou kaghte  
 that day thou was crystenede,  
 Whethire thou be knyghte or knaffe,  
 knawe now the sothe :  
 My name es syr Gawayne,  
 I graunt the forsothe,  
 Cosyne to the conquerour,  
 he knowes it hyme selfene ;  
 Kydd in his kalander  
 a knyghte of his chambyre,  
 And rollede the richeste  
 of alle the rounde table !  
 I ame the dussepere and duke  
 he dubbede with his hondes,  
 Deynttely on a daye  
 before his dere knyghtes ;  
 Gruche noghte, gude syr,  
 thofe me this grace happene ;  
 It es the gifte of Gode,  
 the gree es hys awene !”  
 “Petire !” sais Priamus,  
 “now payes me bettire  
 Thane I of Provynce warre prynce,  
 and of Paresche ryche !

fflore me ware lever prevely  
 be prykkyd to the harte,  
 Than ever any prikkere  
 had siche a pryse wonnyne !  
 Bot here es herberde at handes,  
 in 3one huge holtes,  
 Halle bataile one heyghe,  
 take hede 3if the lyke !  
 The duke of Lorryne the derfe,  
 with his dere knyghtes,  
 The doughtyest of Dolfmede,  
 and Duchemene many,  
 The lordes of Lumbardye  
 that leders are haldene,  
 The garnysone of Godard  
 gaylyche arrayede,  
 The wyese of the Westvale,  
 wirchipfulle biernez,  
 Of Sessoyne and Surylande  
 Sarazenes enewe ;  
 They are nowmerde fulle neghe,  
 and namede in rollez  
 Sexty thowsande and tene forsothe  
 of sekyre men of armez ;

Bot 3if thow hye fro this hethe,  
     it harmes us bothe,  
 And bot my hurtes be sone holpene,  
     hole be I never !  
 Tak heede to this hausemene,  
     that he no horne blawe,  
 Are thowe heyly in haste  
     beese hewene al to peces ;  
 ffor they are my retenuz  
     to ryde whare I wylle,  
 Es none redyare renkes  
     regnande in erthe !  
 Be thow raghte with that rowtt,  
     thow rydes no forther,  
 Ne thow bees never rawnsonede  
     for reches in erthe !"  
 Sir Gawayne wente or the wathe come,  
     whare hym beste lykede,  
 With this wortheliche wye,  
     that wondyd was sore ;  
 Merkes to the mountayne  
     there oure mene lenges,  
 Baytaynde theire blonkes ther  
     on the brode mede ;

Lordes lenande lowe  
     one lemand scheldes,  
 With lowde laghttirs one lofte  
     for lykyng of byrdez,  
 Of larkes, of lynkwhyttiez,  
     that lufflyche songene,  
 And some was sleghte one slepe  
     with slaughte of the pople,  
 That sange in the sesone  
     in the schene schawes,  
 So lawe in the lawndez  
     so lykand notes.  
 Thane syr Whycher whas warre  
     thaire wardayne was wondyde,  
 And went to hym wepand,  
     and wryngande his handes ;  
 Sir Wychere, syr Walchere,  
     theis weise mene of armes,  
 Had wondyre of syr Gawayne,  
     and wente hyme agayns ;  
 Mett hym in the mydwaye,  
     and mervaile theme toghte  
 How he maisterede that mane,  
     so myghtty of strenghes !



Be alle the welthe of the werlde,  
 so woo was theme never !  
 “ ffor alle oure wirchipe i-wysse  
 awaye es in erthe ! ”  
 “ Greve 3ow noghte, ” quod Gawayne,  
 “ for Godis luffe of hevene !  
 ffore this es bot gosesemere,  
 and gyffene one erles ;  
 Thoffe my schouldire be schrede,  
 and my schelde thyrllede,  
 And the wielde of myne arme  
 werkkes a littance,  
 This prissonere syr Priamus,  
 that has perilous wondes,  
 Sais that he has salvez  
 salle softene us bothene. ”  
 Thane stirttes to his sterape  
 sterynfulle knyghttez,  
 And he lordely lyghttes  
 and laghte of his brydille,  
 And lete his burlyche blonke  
 baite on the flores ;  
 Braydes of his bacenette  
 and his ryche wedis,

Bownnes to his brode schelde  
 and bowes to the erthe,  
 In alle the bodye of that bolde  
 es no blode leved !  
 Than preses to syr Priamous  
 precious knyghtes,  
 Avyssely of his horse  
 hentis hym in armes ;  
 His helme and his hawberke  
 thay takene of aftyre,  
 And hastily for his hurtte  
 alle his herte chawngyd ;  
 They laide hym downe in the lawndez,  
 and laghte of his wedes,  
 And he levede hym one lange,  
 or how hym beste lykede ;  
 A ffoyle of fyne golde they fande  
 at his gyrdille,  
 That es full of the flour  
 of the foure welle,  
 That flowes owte of Paradice  
 whenne the flode ryses,  
 That myche froyt of fallez,  
 that feede schalle us alle ;

Be it frette on his flesche,  
     thare synnes are entamede,  
 The freke schalle be fische halle  
     within fowre howres.  
 They uncovere that cors  
     with fulle clene hondes ;  
 With clere watire a knyghte  
     clensis theire wondes,  
 Keled theyme kyndly,  
     and comforthed ther hertes.  
 And whene the carffes ware clene,  
     thay clede them azayne ;  
 Barelle ferrers they brochede,  
     and broghte theme the wyne,  
 Bothe brede and brawne,  
     and bredis fulle ryche ;  
 Whenne thay hade etene,  
     anone they armede after.  
 Thane tha awntrende men  
     as armes askryes,  
 With a claryoune clere,  
     thire knyghtez to-gedyre,  
 Callys to concelle,  
     and of this case tellys :—

“3ondyr es a companye  
 of clene mene of armes,  
 The keneste in kontek  
 that undir Criste lenges ;  
 In 3one okene wode  
 an oste are arrayede,  
 Undir-takande mene  
 of theise owte londes ;  
 As sais us syr Priamous,  
 so helpe seynt Peter !”  
 “ Go, mene,” quod Gawayne,  
 “ and grape in 3oure hertez,  
 Who salle graythe to 3one greve  
 to 3one gret lordes ;  
 3if we geitlesse goo home,  
 the kyng wille be grevede,  
 And say we are gadlynges,  
 agaste for a lyttile :  
 We are with syr Florente,  
 as to-daye falles,  
 That es floure of Fraunce,  
 for he fleede never ;  
 He was chosene and chargegide  
 in chambire of the kyng,

Chiftayne of this journee  
 with chevalrye noble ;  
 Whethire he fyghte or he flee,  
 we salle folowe aftyre,  
 ffore alle the fere of 3one folke  
 forsake salle I never !”  
 “ ffadyre,” sais syr Florent,  
 “ fulle faire 3e it telle !  
 Bot I ame bot a fawntkyne,  
 unfraystede in armes ;  
 3if any foly befalle,  
 the fawte salle be owrs,  
 And freindly o Fraunce  
 be flemede for ever !  
 Woundes noghte 3our wirchipe,  
 my witte es bot symple ;  
 3e are owre wardayne i-wysse,  
 wyrke as 3owe lykes !  
 3e are at the ferreste  
 noghte passande fyve hundrethe,  
 And that es fully to fewe  
 to feghte with theme alle,  
 ffore harlottez and hausemene  
 salle helpe bott littille ;

They wille hye theyme hyene  
 for alle theire gret wordes !  
 I rede 3e wyrke aftyre witte,  
 as wyesse men of armes,  
 And warpes wylily awaye,  
 as wirchipfulle knyghtes."  
 " I grawnte," quod syr Gawayne,  
 " so me Gode helpe !  
 Bot here are galyarde gomes  
 that of the gre servis,  
 The kreuelleste knyghttes  
 of the kynges chambyre,  
 That kane carpe with the coppe  
 knyghtly wordes ;  
 We salle prove to daye  
 who salle the prys wyne."  
 Nowe ferriours fers  
 unto the fyrthe rydez,  
 And foungez a faire felde,  
 and on fotte lyghttez ;  
 Prekes aftyre the pray,  
 as pryce mene of armes.  
 fflorent and Floridas,  
 with fyve score knyghttez,

ffolowede in the foreste,  
 and on the way fowndys,  
 fflyngande a faste trott,  
 and on the folke dryffes.  
 Than felewes fast to oure folke  
 wele a fyve hundreth  
 Of freke mene to the fyrthe,  
 appone fresche horses ;  
 One syr Feraunt before,  
 apone a fayre stede,  
 (Was fosterde in Famacoste,  
 the fende was his fadyre)  
 He flenges to syr Florent,  
 and pristly he kryes,—  
 “ Why flees thow, falls knyghte ?  
 the fende hafe thi saule ! ”  
 Thane syr fflorent was fayne,  
 and in fewter castys ;  
 One fawnelle of ffryselande  
 to fferaunt he rydys,  
 And raghte in the reyne  
 on the stede ryche,  
 And rydes to-warde the rowte,  
 restes he no lengere !

ffulle butt in the frounte  
 he flysches hyme evene,  
 And alle dysfegoures his face  
 with his felle wapene !  
 Thurghe his bryghte bacenette  
 his brayne has he towchede,  
 And Brustene his neke-bone,  
 that all his breste stoppede !  
 Thane his cosyne askryede,  
 and cryede fulle lowde,  
 “Thowe has killede colde dede  
 the kynge of alle knyghttes !  
 He has bene fraistede on felde  
 in fyftene rewmes ;  
 He fonde never no freke myghte  
 foghte with hym one !  
 Thow schalle dye for his dede  
 with my derfe wapene,  
 And all the doughtty for dule  
 that in 3one dale hoves !”  
 “ffy,” sais syr fforidas,  
 “thow ffleryande wryche !  
 Thow wenes for to flay us,  
 ffloke-mowthede schrewe !”



Bot ffloridas with a swerde,  
     as he by glenttys,  
 Alle the flesche of the flanke  
     he flappes in sondyre,  
 That alle the filthe of the freke  
     and fele of the guttes  
 ffoloes his fole fotte,  
     whene he furthe rydes !  
 Than rydes a renke  
     to reschewe that byerne,  
 That was Raynalde of the rodes,  
     and rebelle to Criste,  
 Pervertede with Paynynms  
     that Cristene persewes ;  
 Presses in prowldy,  
     as the praye wendes,  
 ffore he hade in Prewsslande  
     myche pryce wonnene ;  
 ffor-thi in presence thare  
     he profers so large !  
 Bot thane a renke, syr Richere  
     of the rounde table,  
 One a ryalle stede  
     rydes hym azaynes ;

Throwe a rownnde rede schelde  
 he ruschede hym sone,  
 That the rosselde spere  
 to his herte rynnies !  
 The renke relys abowte,  
 and rusches to the erthe,  
 Roris fulle ruydlye, bot  
 rade he no more !  
 Now alle that es fere and unfaye  
 of thes fyve hundreth  
 ffalles on syr fflorent,  
 a ffyve score knyghttes ;  
 Betwyx a plasche and a flode,  
 appone a flate lawnde,  
 Oure folke fongene theire felde,  
 and fawghte theme agaynes.  
 Than was lowde appone lofte  
 Lorryne askryede,  
 Whenne ledys with longe speris  
 lasschene to-gedyrs,  
 And Arthure one oure syde,  
 whenne theyme oghte aylede.  
 Than syr fflorent and Floridas  
 in fewtyre they caste,

ffruschene on alle the ffrape,  
 and biernes affrayede;  
 ffellis fyve at the frounte  
 thare they fyrste enteride,  
 And, or they ferke forthire,  
 fele of these othere!  
 Brenyes browddene they briste,  
 brittenede scheldes,  
 Bettes and beres downe  
 the best that theme byddes;  
 Alle that rewlyd in the rowte  
 they rydene awaye,  
 So rewldy they rere  
 theys ryalle knyghttes!  
 When syr Priamous that prince  
 persayvede theire gamene,  
 He hade peté in herte  
 that he ne durste profire;  
 He wente to syr Gawayne,  
 and sais hyme these wordes,—  
 “Thi price mene fore thi praye  
 putt are alle undyre,  
 They are with Sarazenes oversette  
 mo thane sevene hundreth

Of the Sowdanes knyghtes  
 owt of sere londes ;  
 Walde thow suffire me, syr,  
 forsake of thi Criste,  
 With a soppe of thi mene  
 suppowelle theym ones."  
 "I grouche not," quod Gawayne,  
 "the gree es thaire awene !  
 They mone hafe gwerddouns fulle grett,  
 graunt of my lorde !  
 Bot the freke mene of Fraunce  
 fraiste theme selfene,  
 ffrekes faughte noghte theire fille  
 this fyftene wyntter !  
 I wille noghte stire with my stale  
 halfe a stede lenghe,  
 Bot they be stedde with more stuffe  
 thane one zone stede hovys."  
 Thane syr Gawayne was warre  
 withowttyne the wode hemmes,  
 Wyes of the Westfale  
 appone wyght horsez,  
 Walopande wodely,  
 as the waye forthes,

With alle the wapyns i-wys  
     that to the werre longez ;  
 The erle Antele the olde  
     the avawmwarde he buskes,  
 Ayerande one ayther hande  
     heghte thosande knyghtez ;  
 His pelours and pavysers  
     passedde alle nombyre,  
 That ever any prynce lede  
     purvayede in erthe !  
 Than the duke of Lorrayne  
     dresesse thare aftyre,  
 With dowbille of the Duche-mene,  
     that doughtty ware holdene ;  
 Paynymes of Pruyslande,  
     prekkers fulle noble,  
 Come prekkande before  
     with Priamous knyghttez.  
 Than saide the erle Antele  
     to Algere his brother,—  
 “ Me angers earnestly  
     at Arthures knyghtez !  
 Thus enkerly one an oste  
     awnters theme selfene ;

They will be owtttrayedede anone,  
     are undrone rynges,  
 Thus folily one a felde  
     to fyghte with us alle !  
 Bot thay be fesede in faye,  
     ferly me thynkes !  
 Walde they purposse take,  
     and passe one theirre wayes,  
 Prike home to theirre prynce,  
     and theirre pray leve,  
 They myghte lenghene theirre lyefe,  
     and lossene bott littille !  
 It wolde lyghte my herte,  
     so helpe me oure Lorde !"  
 " Sir," sais syr Algere,  
     " thay hafe littille usede  
 To be owtttrayedede withe oste ;  
     me angers the more !  
 The fayreste schalle be fulle feye,  
     that in oure floke ryddez,  
 Alls fewe as they bene,  
     are they the felde leve !"  
 Thane gud Gawayne,  
     gracious and noble,

Alle with glorious gle  
     he gladdis his knyghtes ;  
 “ Gloppyns noghte, gud mene,  
     for gleterande scheldes,  
 3ofe 3one gadlyngez be gaye  
     one 3one gret horses !  
 Banerettez of Bretayne,  
     buskes up 3our hertes !  
 Bees noghte baiste of 3one boyes,  
     ne of thaire bryghte wedis !  
 We salle blenke theire boste  
     for alle theire bolde profire !  
 Als bouxome as birde es  
     in bede to hir lorde,  
 3effe we feghte to daye,  
     the felde schalle be owrs !  
 The fekille faye salle faile,  
     and falssede be distroyede !  
 3one folk is one ffrountere,  
     unfraistede theyme semes ;  
 Thay make faythe and faye  
     to the fend selvene !  
 We salle in this viage  
     victoures be holdene,

And avauntede with voyce  
     of valyant biernez ;  
 Praysede with prynce  
     in presence of lordes,  
 And luffed with ladyes  
     in dyverse londes !  
 Aughte never sicke honoure  
     none of oure elders,  
 Unwyne ne Absolone,  
     ne none of theis other !  
 Whenne we are moste in destresse,  
     Marie we mene,  
 That es oure maisters seyne,  
     that he myche traistez ;  
 Melys of that mylde qwene,  
     that menskes us alle ;  
 Who so meles of that mayde,  
     myskaries he never !"  
 Be these wordes ware saide,  
     they ware noghte ferre behynd  
 Bot the lenghe of a launde,  
     and Lorayne askryes ;  
 Was never sicke a justyng  
     at journe in erthe,



In the vale of Josephate,  
     as gestes us telles,  
 Whenne Julyus and Joatalle  
     ware juggede to dy,  
 As was whenne the ryche mene  
     of the rownde table  
 Ruschede into the rowte  
     one ryalle stedes !  
 ffor so rathely thay rusche  
     with roselde speris,  
 That the raskaille was rade,  
     and rane to the grefes,  
 And karede to that courte  
     as cowardes for ever !  
 “ Peter ! ” sais syr Gawayne,  
     “ this gladdez myne herte !  
 That 3one gedlynges are gone,  
     that made gret nowmbre !  
 I hope that thees harlottez  
     salle harme us bot littille,  
 ffore they wille hyde theme in haste  
     within 3one holte enis !  
 Thay are feware one felde  
     than thay were fyrste nombird,

Be fourtty thousande in faythe,  
 for alle theyre faire hostes."  
 Bot one Jolyan of Jene,  
 a geante fulle howge,  
 Has joned one syr Jerang,  
 a justis of Walis ;  
 Thorowe a jerownde schelde  
 he jogges hym thorowe,  
 And a fyne gesserawnte  
 of gentille mayles !  
 Joynter and gemows  
 he jogges in sondyre !  
 One a jambe stede  
 this jurnee he makes ;  
 Thus es the geante for-juste,  
 that errawnte Jewe,  
 And Gerard es jocunde,  
 and joyes hym the more !  
 Than the genatours of Genne  
 enjoynes att ones,  
 And frykes one the frowntere  
 welle a fyve hundreth ;  
 A freke highte syr ffederike,  
 with fulle fele other,

fferkes on a frusche,  
     and fresclyche askryes  
 To fyghte with oure fforreours,  
     that one felde hovis ;  
 And thane the ryalle renkkes  
     of the rownde table  
 Rade furthe fulle earnestly,  
     and rydis theme agaynes,  
 Mellis with the medille warde,  
     bot they ware ille machede ;  
 Of siche a grett multytude  
     was mervayle to here.  
 Seyne at the assemble  
     the Sarazenes discoveres  
 The soveraynge of Sessoyne,  
     that salvede was never ;  
 Gyawntis for-justede  
     with gentille knyghtes,  
 Thorowe gesserawntes of Jene  
     jaggede to the herte !  
 They hewe thorowe helmes  
     hawtayne biernez,  
 That the hiltede swerdes  
     to thaire hertes rynnys !

Than the renkes renownd  
 of the rownd table  
 Ryffes and ruyssches downe  
 renayede wrechis ;  
 And thus they drevene  
 to the dede dukes and erles,  
 Alle the dreghe of the daye,  
 with dredfulle werkes !  
 Than syr Priamous the prynce,  
 in presens of lordes,  
 Presez to his penowne,  
 and pertly it hentes ;  
 Revertode it redily,  
 and awaye rydys  
 To the ryalle rowte  
 of the rownde table ;  
 And heyly his retenuz  
 raykes hym aftyre,  
 ffor they his resone had rede  
 on his schelde ryche.  
 Owte of the scheltrone they schede,  
 as schepe of a folde,  
 And steris furth to the stowre,  
 and stode be their lorde !

Seyne they sent to the duke,  
 and saide hym thise wordes,—  
 “ We hafe bene thy sowdeours  
 this sex 3ere and more ;  
 We forsake the to daye  
 be serte' of owre lorde !  
 We sewe to oure soveraynge  
 in sere kynges londes ;  
 Us defawtes oure feeze  
 of this foure wyntteres ;  
 Thow arte feeble and false,  
 and noghte bot faire wordes ;  
 Oure wages are werede owte,  
 and thi werre endide,  
 We maye with oure wirchipe  
 weend whethire us lykes ;  
 I red thowe trette of a trewe,  
 and trofle no lengere,  
 Or thow salle tyne of thi tale  
 ten thosande or evene.”  
 “ ffy a debles !” saide the duke,  
 “ the develle have 3our bones !  
 The dawngere of 3on dogges  
 drede schalle I never !

We salle dele this daye;  
 he dedes of armes,  
 My dede and my ducherye,  
 and my dere knyghtes!  
 Sicke sowdeours as ze  
 I sett bot att lyttill;  
 That sodanly in defawte  
 forsakes their lorde!"  
 The duke in his schelde  
 and dresches no lenger;  
 Drawes hym a dromedarie,  
 with dredfulle knyghtez;  
 Graythes to syr Gawayne  
 with fulle gret nowmbyre  
 Of gomes of Gernaide,  
 that grevous are holdene;  
 Thas fresche horseseide mene  
 to the frownt rydes,  
 ffelles of our fforreours  
 be fourtty at ones!  
 They hade foughttene before  
 with a fyve hundrethe;  
 It was no ferly in faythe,  
 thofe they faynt waxene.

Thane syr Gawayne was grefede,  
 and gryppys his spere,  
 And gyrdez in agayne  
 with galyarde knyghttez ;  
 Metes the maches of mees,  
 and melles hym thorowe,  
 As man of this medille erthe,  
 that moste hade grevede :  
 Bot on Chastelayne, a chylde  
 of the kynges chambyre,  
 Was warde to syr Wawayne  
 of the weste marches,  
 Cheses to syr Cheldride,  
 a cheftayne noble,  
 With a chasyng spere  
 he chokkes hym thurghe !  
 This chekke hym eschewede  
 be chauncez of armes ;  
 So thay chase that childe,  
 eschape may he never !  
 Bot one Swyane of Swecy,  
 with a swerde egge,  
 The swyers swyre-bane  
 he swappes in sondyre !

He swounande diede,  
     and on the swarthe lengede,  
 Sweltes ewynne swiftly,  
     and swanke he no more !  
 Than syr Gawayne gretes  
     with his gray eghne ;  
 The guyte was a gude mane,  
     begynnande of armes :  
 ffore the charry childe  
     so his chere chawngide,  
 That the chillande watire  
     one his chekes rynnyde !  
 “ Woo es me,” quod Gawayne,  
     “ that I ne wetene hade ;  
 I salle wage for that wye  
     alle that I welde,  
 Bot I be wrokene on that wye,  
     that thus has hym wondyde !”  
 He dresses hym drerily,  
     and to the duke rydes,  
 Bot one syr Dolphyne the derfe  
     dyghte hym agaynes,  
 And syr Gawayne hym gyrd  
     with a grym launce,



That the groundene spere  
     glade to his herte !  
 And egerly he hente owte,  
     and hurte another,  
 An haythene knyght,  
     Hardolfe, happye in armes ;  
 Sleyghly in at the slotte  
     slyttes hym thorowe,  
 That the slydande spere  
     of his hande sleppes !  
 Thare es slayne in that slope,  
     be elagere of his hondes,  
 Sexty slongene in a slade  
     of sleghe mene of armes !  
 Thofe syr Gawaynne ware wo,  
     he wayttes hym by,  
 And was warre of that wye  
     that the childe wondyde,  
 And with a swerde swiftly  
     he swappes hym thorowe,  
 That he swyftly swelte,  
     and on the erthe swounes !  
 And thane he raykes to the rowte,  
     and ruysches one helmys ;

Riche hawberkes he rente,  
     and rasede schyldes ;  
 Rydes on a rawndoune,  
     and his rayke holdes ;  
 Thorow owte the rerewarde  
     he holdes wayes,  
 And thare raughte in the reyne  
     this ryalle the ryche,  
 And rydez into the rowte  
     of the rownde table.  
 Thane oure chevalrous men  
     changene theire horsez,  
 Chases and choppes downe  
     cheftaynes noble !  
 Hittes fulle hertely  
     on helmes and scheldes,  
 Hurtes and hewes downe  
     haythene knyghtez !  
 Ketelle hattes they cleve  
     evene to the scholdirs !  
 Was never siche a clamour  
     of capitaynes in erthe !  
 Thare was kynges sonnes kaughte,  
     curtays and noble,

And knyghtes of the contre,  
     that knawene was ryche ;  
 Lordes of Lorayne ...  
     and Lumbardye bothene,  
 Laughe was and lede in  
     with oure lele knyghttez ;  
 Thas that chasede that daye,  
     theire chaunce was bettire,  
 Swiche a cheke at a chace  
     eschevede theyme never !  
 When syr fflorent be fyghte  
     had the felde wonene,  
 He fferkes ine before  
     with fyve score knyghttez ;  
 Their prayes and their presoneris  
     passes one aftyre,  
 With pylours, and pavysers,  
     and pryse men of armes.  
 Thane gudly syr Gawayne.  
     gydes his knyghttez,  
 Gas in at the gayneste,  
     as gydes hym telles,  
 ffore greffe of a garysone  
     of fulle gret lordes

Sulde noghte gripe upe  
     his gere, ne swyche grame wurche :  
 ffore-thy they stode at the straytez,  
     and with his stale hovede,  
 Tille his prayes ware paste  
     the pathe that he dredis ;  
 When they the cete myghte see  
     that the kyng seggede,  
 Sothely the same daye was  
     wit asawte wonnene.  
 An hawrawde hyes before,  
     the beste of the lordes,  
 Hom at the herbergage,  
     owt of tha hyghe londes ;  
 Tornys tytte to the tente,  
     and to the kyng telles  
 Alle the tale sothely,  
     and how they hade spede ;—  
 “ Alle thy ferroures are fere,  
     that forrayede withowttyne,  
 Sir fflorent, and syr ffloridas,  
     and alle thy ferse knyghtez :  
 Thay hafe forrayede and foghtene  
     with fulle gret nowmbyre,

And fele of thy foomene  
     has broghte owt of lyffe !  
 Oure wirchipfulle wardayne  
     es wele eschevyde,  
 ffor he has wonne to-daye  
     wirchipe for evere !  
 He has Dolfyne slayne,  
     and the duke takyn !  
 Many dowghty es dede  
     be dynt of his hondes !  
 He has presoners price,  
     pryncez and erles,  
 Of the richeste blode  
     that regnys in erthe !  
 Alle thy chevallrous mene  
     faire are eschewede,  
 Bot a childe Chasteleynne  
     myschance es befallene."  
 "Hawtayne," sais the kyng,  
     "harawde be Criste !  
 Thow has helyd myne herte,  
     I hete the for sothe !  
 I 3ife the in Hamptone  
     a hundreth pownde large."

The kyng than to assawte  
 he sembles his knyghtez,  
 With somercastelle and sowe  
 appone sere halfes ;  
 Skystis his skotiferis,  
 and skayles the wallis,  
 And iche wache has his warde  
 with wiese mene of armes.  
 Thane boldly thay buske,  
 and bendes engynes,  
 Payses in pylotes  
 and proves their castes ;  
 Mynsteris and masondewes  
 they malle to the erthe,  
 Chirches and chapells  
 chalke whitte blawnchede.  
 Stone tepelles fulle styffe  
 in the strete ligges,...  
 Chawmbyrs with chymnes,  
 and many cheefe inns ;  
 Paysede and pelid downe  
 playsterede walles ;  
 The pyne of the pople  
 was pete for to here !

Thane the ducheze hire dyghte  
 with damesels ryche,  
 The cowntas of Crasyne  
 with hir clere maydyns,  
 Knelis downe in the kyrnelles  
 thare the kyng hovede,  
 On a coverede horse  
 comlyli arayede ;  
 They knewe hym by contenance,  
 and criede fulle lowde,—  
 “ Kyng crownede of kynde,  
 take kepe to these wordes !  
 We be-seke 3ow, syr,  
 as soveraynge and lorde,  
 That 3e safe us to daye,  
 for sake of 3oure Criste !  
 Sende us some socoure,  
 and saughte with the pople,  
 Or the cete be sodaynly  
 with assawte wonnene !”  
 He weres his vesere  
 with a vowt noble,  
 With vesage verteuous,  
 this valyant bierne ;

Moles to hir mildly  
 with fulle meke wordes,—  
 “Salle no mysse do 3ow, madame,  
 that to me lenges;  
 I gyf 3ow chartire of pes,  
 and 3oure cheefe maydens,  
 The childire and the chaste mene,  
 the chevalrous knyghtez;  
 The duke es in dawngere,  
 dredis it bott littyll!  
 He salle I dene the fulle wele,  
 dout 3ow noghte elles.”  
 Thane sent he one iche a syde  
 to certayne lordez,  
 ffor to leve the assawte,  
 the cete was 3oldene;  
 With the erle eldeste sone  
 he sent hym the kayes,  
 And seside the same nyghte,  
 be sent of the lordes:  
 The duke to Doveres dyghte,  
 and alle his dere knyghtez,  
 To duelle in dawngere and dole  
 the dayes of hys lyve.



Thare fleede at the ferrere 3ate  
 folke withowttyne nombyre,  
 ffor ferde of syr fflorent  
 and his fers knyghtez ;  
 Voydes the cete  
 and to the wode rynnys,  
 With vetaile, and vesselle,  
 and vestoure so ryche :  
 Thay buske upe a banere  
 abowne the brode 3ates  
 Of syr fflorent in ffay,  
 so fayne was he never !  
 The knyghte hovys on a hylle,  
 beholde to the wallys,  
 And saide, " I see be 3one syngne  
 the cete es oures !"

Sir Arthure enters anone  
 with hostes arayede,  
 Evene at the undrone  
 etles to lenge ;  
 In iche levere on lowde  
 the kynge did crye,  
 Of payne of lyf and ly-  
 and lesynges of londes,

That no lele ligemane  
     that to hym lonngede  
 Sulde lye be no ladysse,  
     ne be no lele maydyns,  
 Ne be no burgesse wyffe,  
     better ne werse ;  
 Ne no biernez myse-bide,  
     that to the burghe longede.  
 When the kyng Arthure  
     hade lely conquerid,  
 And the castelle coverede  
     of the kythe riche,  
 Alle the crowelle and kene,  
     be craftes of armes,  
 Captayns and constables,  
     knewe hym for lorde.  
 He devysede and delte  
     to dyverse lordez,  
 A dower for the duche  
     and hir dere childire ;  
 Wroghte wardaynes by wytte  
     to welde alle the londez,  
 That he had wonnene of werre,  
     thorowe his wise knyghtez.

Thus in Lorayne he lenges  
     as lorde in his awene,  
 Settez lawes in the lande,  
     as hym leefe toghte ;  
 And one the Lammese daye  
     to Lucerne he wendez,  
 Lengez thare at laysere  
     with lykyng i-nowe ;  
 Thare his galays ware graythede,  
     a fulle gret nombyre,  
 Alle gleterand as glase,  
     undire grene hylls,  
 With cabanes coverede  
     for kynges anoyntede,  
 With clothes of clere golde  
     for knyghtez and other ;  
 Sone stowede theire stuffe,  
     and stablede theire horses,  
 Strekes streke over the strem  
     into the strayte londez.  
 Now he moves his myghte  
     with myrthes of herte,  
 Overe mowntes so hye,  
     thase mervailous wayes ;

Gosse in by Goddarde,  
     the garette he wynnys,  
 Graythes the garnisone  
     grisely wondes !  
 Whenne he was passede the heghte,  
     than the kyng hovys  
 With his hole bataylle,  
     behaldande abowte,  
 Lukand one Lumbarddye,  
     and one lowde melys,—  
 “ In zone lykandes londe,  
     lorde be I thynke.”  
 Thane they cayre to Combe,  
     with kyngez anoyntede,  
 That was kyde of the coste,  
     kay of alle other :  
 Sir fflorent and syr ffloridas  
     than fowndes before,  
 With ffreke mene of ffraunce  
     welle a fyve hundreth ;  
 To the cete unsene  
     thay soghte at the gayneste,  
 And sett an enbuschement,  
     als themeselfe lykys ;

Thane ischewis owt of that cete  
 fulle sone be the morne,  
 Slale discoverours,  
 skyftes theire horses ;  
 Than skyftes thes skouerours,  
 and skippes one hylles,  
 Discoveres for skulkers  
 that they no skathe lymppene ;  
 Poveralle and pastorelles  
 passede one aftyre,  
 With porkes to pasture  
 at the price zates ;  
 Boyes in the subarbis  
 bourdene ffulle heghe,  
 At a bare synglere  
 that to the bente rynnys.  
 Thane brekes oure buschement,  
 and the brigge wynnes,  
 Brayedez into the burghe  
 with baners displayede,  
 Stekes and stablis thorowe  
 that them azayne-stondes ;  
 ffowre stretis, or thay stynte,  
 they stroyene fore evere !

Now es the conquerour in combe,  
 and his courte holdes  
 Within the kyde castelle,  
 with kynges enoynttede ;  
 Be consaillez the commons  
 that to the kyth lengez,  
 Comfourthes the carefulle  
 with knyghtly wordez ;  
 Made a captayne kene  
 a knyghte of hys awene,  
 Bot alle the contré and he  
 fulle sone ware accordide.  
 The syre of Melane herde saye  
 the cete was wonnene,  
 And send to Arthure  
 sertayne lordes,  
 Grete sommes of golde,  
 sexti horse chargegid,  
 Besoghte hym as soverayne  
 to socoure the pople,  
 And saide he wolde sothely  
 be sugette for ever,  
 And make hym servece  
 and suytte for his sere londes ;

ffor plesaunce of Pawnce,  
     and of Pownte Tremble,  
 ffor Pyse, and for Pavy,  
     he profers fulle large,  
 Bothe purpur, and palle,  
     and precious stonys,  
 Palfrayes for any prynce,  
     and provede stedes ;  
 And ilke a 3ere for Melane  
     a melione of golde,  
 Mekely at Martynmesse  
     to menske with his hordes ;  
 And ever withowttyne askyng  
     he and his ayers  
 Be homagers to Arthure,  
     whilles his lyffe lastis.  
 The kyng be his concelle  
     a condethe hym sendis,  
 And he es comene to Combe,  
     and knewe hym as lorde.  
 Into Tuskané he tourne,   
     whenne thus wele tymede,  
 Takes townnes fulle tyte  
     with towrres fulle heghe ;

Walles he welte downe,  
 Wondyd knyghtez !  
 Towrres he turnes,  
 and turmentez the pople !  
 Wroghte wedewes fulle wlonke,  
 wrotherayle synges,  
 Ofte wery and wepe,  
 and wryngene their handis !  
 And alle he wastys with werre,  
 thare he awaye rydez !  
 Thaire welthes and their wonnynges,  
 wandrethe he wroghte !  
 Thus they spryngene and sprede,  
 and sparis bot lyttile,  
 Spoylles dispetouslye,  
 and spillis their vynes ;  
 Spendis un-sparely,  
 that sparede was lange,  
 Spedis theme to spolett  
 with speris inewe !  
 ffro Spayne into Spruyslande  
 the worde of hyme sprynges,  
 And spekynges of his spencis,  
 disspite es fulle hugge !



Towarde Viterbe this valyant  
     avires the reynes ;  
 Avissely in that vale  
     he vetailles his biernez,  
 With vernage, and other wyne,  
     and venysone bakene ;  
 And one the vicounte londes  
     he visez to lenge.  
 Vertely the avawmwarde  
     voydez theire horsez ;  
 In the Vertennone vale,  
     the vines imangez,  
 Thare suggeournes this soverayne,  
     with solace in herte,  
 To see whenne the senatours  
     sent any wordes ;  
 Revelle with riche wyne,  
     riotes hym selfene,  
 This roy with his ryalle mene  
     of the rownde table,  
 With myrthis, and melodye,  
     and many kyne gamnes ;  
 Was never meriere men  
     made on this erthe !

Bot one a Saterdaye at none,  
     a sevenyghte thare aftyre,  
 The konyngeste cardynalle  
     that to the courte lengede  
 Knelis to the conquerour,  
     and karpes thire wordes,—  
 Prayes hym for the pes,  
     and profyrs fulle large,  
 To hafe pete of the Pope,  
     that put was at-undere ;  
 Besoghte hym of surrawns,  
     for sake of oure Lorde,  
 Bot a sevenyghte daye  
     to thay ware alle semblede,  
 And they schulde sekerlye hym see  
     the Sonondaye theraftyre,  
 In the cete of Rome,  
     as soveraynge and lorde ;  
 And crowne hym kyndly  
     with krysomede hondes,  
 With his ceptre,  
     as soveraynge and lorde :  
 Of this undyrtakyng  
     ostage are comyne,

Of ayers fulle avenaunt  
     awughte score childrenne,  
 In toges of tarsse  
     fulle richelye attyryde,  
 And betuke theme the kynge,  
     and his clere knyghttes.  
 When they had tretide thiere trewe,  
     with trowmpynge thereafter  
 They tryne unto a tente,  
     whare tables whare raysede ;  
 The kynge hyme selfene es sette,  
     and certayne lordes,  
 Undyre a sylure of sylke  
     sawghte at the burdez :  
 Alle the senatours are sette  
     sere be thame one,  
 Serfed solemply  
     with selcouthe metes :  
 The kyng myghty of myrthe,  
     with his mylde wordes,  
 Rehetez the Romainez  
     at his riche table,  
 Comforthes the cardynalle  
     so kynghtly hyme selvene ;

And this roye ryalle,  
     as romawns us tellis,  
 Reverence the Romayns  
     in his riche table ;  
 The tawghte mene and the conynge,  
     whenne theme tyme thoghte,  
 Tas theire lefe at the kynges,  
     and tornede agayne ;  
 To the cete that nyghte  
     thaye soughte at the gayneste,  
 And thus the ostage of Rome  
     with Arthure es levede.  
 Than this roy royalle  
     rehersys theis wordes,—  
 “ Now may we revelle and riste,  
     fore Rome es oure awene !  
 Make oure ostage at ese,  
     thise avenaunt chilydrene,  
 And luk 3e hondene them alle  
     that in myne oste lengez ;  
 The emperour of Almayne,  
     and alle theis este marches,  
 We salle be overlynge of alle  
     that one the erthe lengez !

We wille by the crosse dayes  
 encroche theis londez,  
 And at the Crystynmesse daye  
 be crownned ther aftyre ;  
 Ryngne in my ryalltes,  
 and holde my rownde table,  
 Withe the rentes of Rome,  
 as me beste lykes :  
 Syne graythe over the grette see  
 with gud mene of armes,  
 To revenge the renke  
 that one the rode dyede !”  
 Thane this comlyche kynge,  
 as cronycles tellys,  
 Bownnys brathely to bede  
 with a blythe herte ;  
 Of he slynges with sleghte,  
 and slakes gyrdille,  
 And fore slewthe of slomowre  
 on a slepe fallis.  
 Bot be ane aftyre mydnyghte  
 alle his mode changede ;  
 He mett in the morne while  
 fulle mervaylous dremes !

And whenne his dredefulle drem  
     whas drefene to the ende,  
 The kynge dares for dowte  
     dye as he scholde ;  
 Sendes aftyre phylosophers,  
     and his affraye telles,—  
 “ Sene I was formede in fayth,  
     so ferde whas I never !  
 ffor-thy rawnsakes redyly,  
     and rede me my swefennys,  
 And I salle redily and ryghte  
     rehersene the sothe :  
 Methoughte I was in a wode  
     willed myne one,  
 That I ne wiste no waye  
     whedire that I scholde,  
 ffore wolvez, and whilde swynne,  
     and wykkyde bestez,  
 Walkede in that wasternne,  
     wathes to seche ;  
 Thare lyouns fulle lothely  
     lykkyde theire tuskes,  
 Alle fore lapyng of blude  
     of my lele knyghtez !

Thurghe that foreste I fiede,  
 thare floures whare heghe,  
 ffor to fele me for ferde  
 of tha foule thynges ;  
 Merkede to a medowe  
 with montayngnes enclosyde,  
 The meryeste of medill erthe  
 that mene myghte beholde !  
 The close was in compas  
 castyne alle abowte,  
 With claver and clereworte  
 clede evene over ;  
 The vale was evene rownde  
 with vynes of silver,  
 Alle with grapis of golde,  
 gretter ware never !  
 Enhorilde with arborye  
 and alkyns trees,  
 Erberis fulle honeste,  
 and byrdez there undyre ;  
 Alle froytez foddennid was  
 that floreschede in erthe,  
 ffaire frithed in frawnke  
 appone tha free bowes ;

Whas thare no downkyng of dewe  
 that oghte dere scholde,  
 With the drowghte of the daye  
 alle drye ware the flores!  
 Than discendis in the dale,  
 downe fra the clowddez,  
 A duches dere-worthily dyghte  
 in dyaperde wedis,  
 In a surcott of sylke  
 full selkouthely hewede,  
 Alle with loyotour overlaide  
 lowe to the hemmes,  
 And with ladily lappes  
 the lenghe of a zerde,  
 And alle redily reversside  
 with rebanes of golde,  
 Bruchez and besauntez,  
 and other bryghte stonys,  
 With hir bake and hir breste  
 was brochede alle over,  
 With kelle and with corenalle  
 clenliche arrayede,  
 And that so comly of colour  
 one knowene was never!



Abowte cho whirllide a whele  
 with hir whitte hondez,  
 Overwhelme alle qwayntely  
 the whele as cho scholde ;  
 The rowelle whas rede golde  
 with ryalle stonys,  
 Raylide with reched  
 and rubyes inewe ;  
 The spekes was splentide alle  
 with speltis of silver,  
 The space of a spere lenghe  
 springande fulle faire ;  
 There one was a chayere  
 of chalke-whyte silver,  
 And chekyrde with charbocle  
 chawngynge of hewes ;  
 Appone the compas ther clewide  
 kyngis one rawe,  
 With corowns of clere golde  
 that krakede in sondire :  
 Sex was of that setille  
 fulle sodaynliche fallene,  
 Ilke a segge by hyme selfe,  
 and saide theis wordez,—

· That ever I regnede one thir rog,  
     me rewes it ever !  
 Was never roye so riche  
     that regnede in erthe !  
 Whene I rode in my rowte,  
     roughte I noghte elles,  
 Bot revaye, and revelle,  
     and rawnsone the pople !  
 And thus I drife forthe my dayes,  
     whilles I dreghe myghte,  
 And there-fore derflyche I am  
     dampnede for ever !'  
 The laste was a litylle mane  
     that laide was benethe,  
 His leskes laye alle lene  
     and latheliche to schewe,  
 The lokkes lyarde and longe  
     the lenghe of a 3erde,  
 His lire and his lyghame  
     lamede fulle sore ;  
 The two eyne of the byeryne  
     was brighttere thane silver,  
 The tother was 3alowere  
     thenne the 3olke of a naye,—

‘ I was lorde,’ quod the lede,  
 ‘ of londes inewe,  
 And alle ledis me lowttede  
 that lengede in erthe ;  
 And nowe es lefte me no lappe  
 my lygham to hele,  
 Bot lightly now am I loste,  
 leve iche mane the sothe !’  
 The secunde syr forsothe  
 that sewede theme aftyre,  
 Was sekerare to my sighte,  
 and saddare in armes ;  
 Ofte he syghede unsownde,  
 and said theis wordes,—  
 ‘ On 3one see hafe I sittene,  
 as soverayne and lorde,  
 And ladys me lovede  
 to lappe in theyre armes ;  
 And nowe my lordchippes are loste,  
 and laide for ever !’  
 The thirde thorowely was throo,  
 and thikke in the schuldyrs,  
 A thra man to thrette of,  
 there thretty ware gaderide ;

His dyademe was droppede downe,  
 dubbyde with stonys,  
 Endente alle with diamawndis,  
 and dighte for the nonis ;  
 ‘ I was dredde in my dayes,’ he said,  
 ‘ in dyverse rewmes,  
 And now dampnede to the dede,  
 and dole es the more !’  
 The fourte was a faire mane,  
 and fersely in armes,  
 The fayreste of fegure  
 that fourmede was ever !  
 ‘ I was frekke in my faithe,’  
 he said, ‘ whille I one fowlde regnede,  
 ffamows in fferre londis,  
 and floure of alle kynges ;  
 Now es my face defadide,  
 and foule es me hapnede,  
 ffor I am fallene fro ferre,  
 and frendles by-levyde !’  
 The fifte was a faire mane  
 thane fele of thies other,  
 A fforsely mane and a ferse,  
 with fomand hippis ;

He fongede faste one the feleyghes,  
 and fayled his armes,  
 Bot 3it he failede and felle  
 a fyfty fote large ;  
 Bot 3it he sprange and sprete,  
 and spraddene his armes,  
 And one the spere lenghe spekes,  
 he spekes thire wordes—  
 ‘ I was in Surrye a syr,  
 and sett be myne one,  
 As soverayne and seyngnour  
 of sere kynges londis ;  
 Now of my solace I am  
 fulle sodanly fallene,  
 And forsake of my syne,  
 3one cete es me rewede !’  
 The sexte hade a sawtere  
 semliche bowndene,  
 With a surepel of silke  
 sewede fulle faire,  
 A harpe and a hande-slynge  
 with harde flynte stones ;  
 What harmes he has hente  
 he halowes fulle sone,--

‘ I was demede in my dayes,’ he said,  
   ‘ of dedis of armes  
 One of the doughtyeste  
   that duelled in erthe ;  
 Bot I was merride one molde  
   in my moſte ſtrengthethis,  
 With this maydene ſo mylde,  
   that mofes us alle.’  
 Two kynges ware clymbande,  
   and claverande one heghe,  
 The creſte of the compas  
   they covette fulle 3erne ;  
 ‘ This chaire of charbokle,’ they ſaid,  
   ‘ we chalange here aftyre,  
 As two of the cheffeste  
   chosene in erthe !’  
 The childire ware chalke-whitte,  
   chekys and other,  
 Bot the chayere abownne  
   chevede they never :  
 The forthirmaste was freely  
   with a frount large,  
 The faireſte of fyſsnanny  
   that fourmede was ever ;

And he was buskede in a blee  
     of a blewe noble,  
 With flourdelice of golde  
     floreschede al over ;  
 The tother was cledde in a cote  
     alle of clene silver,  
 With a comliche crosse  
     corvene of golde,  
 ffowre crosselettes krafty  
     by the crosse riftes,  
 And ther-by knewe I the kyng,  
     that crystnede hyme semyde.  
 Thane I went to that wlonke,  
     and winly hire gretis,  
 And cho said, ' welcome i-wis !  
     wele arte thow fowndene ;  
 The aughte to wirchipe my wille,  
     and thow wele cowthe,  
 Of alle the valyant men  
     that ever was in erthe ;  
 ffore alle thy wirchipe in werre  
     by me has thow wonnene,  
 I hafe bene frendely freke,  
     and fremmede tille other ;

That has thow fowndene in faithe,  
 and fele of thi biernez,  
 ffore I fellid downe syr Frolle  
 with frowarde knyghtes ;  
 ffore-thi the fruytes of Fraunce  
 are freely thynne awene.  
 Thow salle the chayere escheve,  
 I chese the myselfene,  
 Before alle the cheftaynes  
 chosene in this erthe.'  
 Scho lifte me up lightly  
 with hir lene hondes,  
 And sette me softly in the see,  
 the septre me rechede ;  
 Craftely with a kambe  
 cho kembede myne hevede,  
 That the krispane kroke  
 to my crownne raughte ;  
 Dressid one me a diademe,  
 that dighte was fulle faire,  
 And syne profres me a pome, pighte  
 fulle of faire stonys,  
 Enamelde with azoure,  
 the erth there one depayntide,



Selkylde with the salte see  
 appone sere halfes,  
 In sygne that I sothely  
 was soverayne in erthe :  
 Than broght cho me a brande  
 with fulle bryghte hiltes,  
 And bade me brawdysche the blade,  
 ' the brande es myne awene :  
 Many swayne with the swynge  
 has the swlte levede ;  
 ffor whilles thow swanke with the swerde,  
 it swykkede the never.'  
 Than raykes cho with roo,  
 and riste whenne hir likede,  
 To the ryndes of the wode,  
 richere was never ;  
 Was no pomarie so pighte  
 of pryncez in erthe,  
 Ne nonne apparaylle so prowde,  
 bot paradys one.  
 Scho bad the bowes scholde bewe downe,  
 and bryng to my hondes  
 Of the beste that they bare  
 one brawnches so heghe ;

Than they heldede to hir heste  
     alle holly at ones,  
 The hegheste of iche a hirste,  
     I hette 3ow forsothe :  
 Scho bade me fyrthe noghte the fruyte,  
     bot fonde whilles me likede,  
 ‘ffonde of the fyneste,  
     thow freliche byerne,  
 And reche to the ripeste,  
     and ryotte thy selvene !  
 Rifte, thow ryalle roye,  
     for Rome es thyn awene !  
 And I salle redily rolle the roo  
     at the gayneste,  
 And reche the riche wyne  
     in rynsede coupes.’  
 Thane cho wente to the welle  
     by the wode enis,  
 That all wellyde of wyne,  
     and wondirliche rynnes ;  
 Kaughte up a coppe-fulle,  
     and coverde it faire ;  
 Scho bad me dereliche drawe,  
     and drynke to hir selfene :

And thus cho lede me abowte  
 the lenghe of an owre,  
 With alle likyng and luffe,  
 that any lede scholde ;  
 Bot at the myddaye fulle ewyne  
 all hir mode chaungede,  
 And mad myche manace  
 with mervayllous wordez ;  
 Whenne I cryede appon hire,  
 cho kest downe hir browes,  
 ‘ Kyng, thow karpes for noghte,  
 be Criste that me made !  
 ffor thow salle lose this layke,  
 and thi lyfe aftyre !  
 Thow has lyffede in delytte  
 and lordchippes inewe !’  
 Abowte scho whirles the whele,  
 and whirles me undire,  
 Tille alle my qwarters that whille  
 whare qwaste al to peces !  
 And with that chayere my chyne  
 was chopped in sondire !  
 And I hafe cheveride for chele,  
 sen me this chance happenede.

Than wakkenyde I i-wys,  
 alle wery for-dremyde,  
 And now wate thow my woo,  
 worde as the lykes."  
 "ffreke," sais the philosophre,  
 "thy fortune es passede!  
 ffor thow salle fynd hir thi foo,  
 frayste whenne the lykes!  
 Thow arte at the hegheste,  
 I hette the forsothe!  
 Chalange nowe when thow wille,  
 thow chevys no more!  
 Thow has schedde myche blode,  
 and schalkes distroyede,  
 Sakeles in cirquytrie,  
 in sere kynges landis;  
 Schryfe the of thy schame,  
 and schape for thyne ende!  
 Thow has a schewynge, syr kynge,  
 take kepe 3if the lyke!  
 ffor thow salle fersely falle  
 within fyve wynters!  
 ffownde abbayes in ffraunce,  
 the froytez are theyne awene,

ffore ffroille, and for fferawnt,  
 and for thir ferse knyghttis,  
 That thow fremydly in ffraunce  
 has faye belevede ;  
 Take kepe zitte of other kynges,  
 and kaste in thyne herte,  
 That were conquerours kydde,  
 and crownede in erthe ;  
 The eldeste was Alexandere,  
 that alle the erthe lowttede ;  
 The tother Ector of Troye,  
 the chevalrous gume ;  
 The thirde Julyus Cesare,  
 that geant was holdene,  
 In iche jorne jentille,  
 ajuggede with lordes ;  
 The ferthe was syr Judas,  
 a justere fulle nobille,  
 The maysterfulle Makabee,  
 the myghttyeste of strenglies ;  
 The fyfte was Josue,  
 that joly mane of armes,  
 That in Jerusalem oste  
 fulle myche joye lymppede ;

The sexte was David the dere,  
     demyd with kynges  
 One of the doughtyeste  
     that dubbede was ever,  
 ffor he slewe with a slynge,  
     be sleyghte of his handis,  
 Golyas the grette gome,  
     grymmeste in erthe ;  
 Syne endittede in his dayes  
     alle the dere psalmes,  
 That in the sawtire ere sette  
     with selcouthe wordes ;  
 The two clymbande kynges,  
     I knawe it forsothe,  
 Salle Karolus be callide,  
     the kyng sone of Fraunce ;  
 He salle be crowelle and kene,  
     and conquerour holdene,  
 Covere be conqueste  
     contres ynewe ;  
 He salle encroche the crowne  
     that Crist bare hym selfene,  
 And that lifeliche launce,  
     that lepe to his herte,

When he was crucyfiede on crose,  
 and alle the kene naylis,  
 Knyghtly he salle conquere  
 to Cristyne men hondes :  
 The tother salle be Godfraye,  
 that Gode schalle revenge  
 One the Gud Frydaye  
 with galyarde knyghtes ;  
 He salle of Lorryne be lorde,  
 be leefse of his fadire,  
 And syne in Jerusalem  
 myche joye happyne,  
 ffor he salle cover the crosse  
 be craftes of armes,  
 And synne be corownde kynge,  
 with krysome enoynttede ;  
 Salle no duke in his dayes  
 siche destanye happyne,  
 Ne siche myschefe dreghe,  
 whenne trowthe salle be tryede !  
 ffore-thy ffortune the fetches  
 to fulfille the nowmbyre,  
 Alles nynne of the nobileste  
 namede in erthe ;

This salle in romance be redde  
 with ryalle knyghttes,  
 Rekkenede and renownde  
 with ryotous kynges,  
 And demyd one domesdaye,  
 for dedis of armes,  
 ffor the doughtyeste that ever  
 was duelland in erthe :  
 So many clerkis and kynges  
 salle karpe of 3oure dedis,  
 And kepe 3oure conquestez  
 in cronycle for ever !  
 Bot the wolfes in the wode,  
 and the whilde bestes,  
 Are some wikkyd mene  
 that werrayes thy rewmes,  
 Es entirde in thyne absence  
 to werraye thy pople,  
 And alyenys and osten  
 of uncouthe landis :  
 Thow getis tydandis I trowe,  
 within tene dayes,  
 That some torfere es tydde,  
 sene thow fro home turnede ;



I rede thow rekkyne and reherse  
 un-resonable dedis,  
 Ore the repenttes fulle rathe  
 alle thi rewthe werkes !  
 Mane, amende thy mode,  
 or thow myshappene,  
 And mekely aske mercy  
 for mede of thy saule !”  
 Thane rysez the riche kyng,  
 and rawghte one his wedys,  
 A reedde actone of Rosse,  
 the richeste of floures,  
 A pesane, and a paunsone,  
 and a pris girdille ;  
 And one he henttis a hode  
 of scharlette fulle riche,  
 A pavys pillione hatt,  
 that pighte was fulle faire  
 With perry of the oryent,  
 and precyous stones ;  
 His gloves gayliche gilte,  
 and gravene by the hemmys,  
 With graynes of rubyes  
 fulle gracious to schewe :

His hede grehownde, and his bronde,  
 ande no byerne elles,  
 And bownnes over a brode mede,  
 with breth at his herte ;  
 ffurth he stalkis a stye  
 by tha stille enys,  
 Stotays at a hey strette,  
 studyande hyme one ;  
 Att the surs of the sonne,  
 he sees there commande,  
 Raykande to Romewarde  
 the redyeste wayes,  
 A renke in a rownde cloke,  
 with righte rowmme clothes,  
 With hatte, and with heyghe schone  
 homely and rownde ;  
 With flatte ferthynges the freke  
 was floreschede alle over,  
 Many schredys and schragges  
 at his skyrttes hynnges,  
 With scrippe, ande with slawyne,  
 and skalopis i-newe,  
 Both pyke and palme,  
 alles pilgram hym scholde :

The gome graythely hym grette,  
 and bade gode morwene ;  
 The kyng lordelye hymselfe,  
 of langage of Rome,  
 Of Latyne corroumppede alle,  
 fulle lovely hym menys,—  
 “ Whedire wilnez thowe, wye,  
 walkande thyne onne ?  
 Qwhy lles this werlde es o werre,  
 a wawhte I it holde !  
 Here es ane enmye with oste,  
 undire zone vynes ;  
 And they see the forsothe,  
 sorowe the betyddes !  
 Bot 3if thow hafe condethe  
 of the kynge selfene,  
 Knaves wille kille the,  
 and keppe at thow haves ;  
 And if thou halde the hey waye,  
 they hente the also,  
 Bot if thow hastyly hafe helpe  
 of his hende knyghttes.”  
 Thane karpes syr Cradoke  
 to the kynge selfene,

“ I salle for-gyffe hym my dede,  
 so me Gode helpe !  
 Onye grome undire Gode,  
 that one this grownde walkes !  
 Latte the keneste come,  
 that to the kyng langes,  
 I salle encountire hyme as knyghte,  
 so Criste hafe my sawle !  
 ffor thou may noghte reche me,  
 ne areste thy selfene,  
 Thoffe thou be richely arayede  
 in fulle riche wedys ;  
 I wille noghte wonde for no werre,  
 to wende whare me likes,  
 Ne for no wy of this werlde,  
 that wroghte es one erthe !  
 Bot I wille passe in pilgremage  
 this pas unto Rome,  
 To purchase me perdonne  
 of the pape selfene ;  
 And of paynes of purgatorie  
 be plenerly assoyllede ;  
 Thane salle I seke sekirly  
 my soverayne lorde,

Sir Arthure of Englande,  
 that avenaunt byerne !  
 ffor he es in this empire,  
 as hathelle men me telles,  
 Oftayande in this oryente  
 with awfulle knyghtes.”  
 “ Fro qwyne come thou, kene mane,”  
 quod the kynge thane,  
 “ That knawes kynge Arthure,  
 and his knyghttes also ?  
 Was thou ever in his courte,  
 qwyllles he in kyth lengede ?  
 Thow karpes so kyndly,  
 it comforthes myne herte !  
 Well wele has thou wente,  
 and wysely thou sechis,  
 ffor thou arte Bretowne bierne,  
 as by thy brode speche.”  
 “ Me awghte to knowe the kynge,  
 he es my kydde lorde,  
 And I calde in his courte  
 a knyghte of his chambire ;  
 Sir Craddoke was I callide,  
 in his courte riche,

Keparé of Karlyone,  
 undir the kynge selfene ;  
 Nowe am I cachede owtt of kyth,  
 with kare at my herte,  
 And that castell es cawghte  
 with uncowthe ledys."  
 Than the comliche kynge  
 kaughte hym in armes,  
 Keste of his ketille-hatte,  
 and kyssede hyme fulle sone,  
 Saide, " welcome, syr Craddoke,  
 so Criste mott me helpe !  
 Dere cosyne of kynde,  
 thowe coldis myne herte !  
 How faris it in Bretaynne,  
 with alle my bolde berynes ?  
 Are they brettenede, or brynte,  
 or broughte owte of lyve ?  
 Kene thou me kyndely  
 whatte caase es befallene ;  
 I kepe no credens to crafe,  
 I knawe the for trewe."  
 " Sir, thi wardane es wikkede,  
 and wilde of his dedys ;

ffor he wandreth has wroghte,  
     sen thou away passede ;  
 He has castelles encrochede,  
     and corownde hym selvene,  
 Kaughte in alle the rentis  
     of the rownde tabille !  
 He devisede the rewme,  
     and delte as hym likes ;  
 Dubbede of the Danmarkes,  
     dukes and erlles,  
 Disseveride theme sondirwise,  
     and cites distroyede ;  
 To Sarazenes and Sessoynes,  
     appone sere halves,  
 He has semblede a sorte  
     of selcouthe berynes,  
 Soveraynes of Surgenale,  
     and sowdeours many,  
 Of Peyghtes and Paynnymys,  
     and provede knyghttes,  
 Of Irelande and Orgaile,  
     owtlawede berynes ;  
 Alle thaa laddes are knyghttes  
     that lange to the mowntes,

And ledynge and lordechipe has all,  
 alles theme selfe likes ;  
 And there es syr Childrike  
 a cheftayne holdyne,  
 That ilke chevalrous mane,  
 he chargges thy pople ;  
 They robbe thy religeous,  
 and ravichse thi nonnes,  
 And redy ryddis with his rowtte  
 to rawnsone the povere ;  
 ffro Humbyre to Hawyke  
 he haldys his awene,  
 And alle the cowntré of Kentt  
 be covenawnte entayllide ;  
 The comliche castelles  
 that to the corowne langede,  
 The holtes, and the hare wode,  
 and the harde bankkes,  
 Alle that Henguste and Hors  
 hent in their tyme ;  
 Att Southamptone on the see  
 es sevene skore chippes,  
 ffrawghte fulle of ferse folke,  
 owt of ferre landes,



ffor to fyghte with thy ffrappe,  
     whenne thow theme assailles !  
 Bot zitt a worde witterly,  
     thowe watte noghte the werste !  
 He has weddede Waynore,  
     and hir his wieffe holdis,  
 And wounnys in the wilde bowndis  
     of the weste marches,  
 And has wroghte hire with childe,  
     as wittnesse telles !  
 Off alle the wyes of this worlde,  
     woo motte hym worthe,  
 Alles wardayne unworthye  
     womene to zeme !  
 Thus has syr Modrede  
     merrede us alle !  
 ffor-thy I merkede over thees mowntes,  
     to mene the the sothe."  
 Than the burliche kynge,  
     for brethe at his herte,  
 And for this botelesse bale  
     alle his ble chaungide !  
 "By the rode," sais the roye,  
     "I salle it revenge !

Hym ~~salle~~ repente fulle rathe  
 alle his rewthe werkes !”  
 Alle wepande for woo  
 he went to his tentis ;  
 Unwynly this wyesse kyng,  
 he wakkenysse his berynes,  
 Clepid in a clarioune  
 kynges and othire,  
 Callys theme to concelle,  
 and of this ~~cas~~ tellys,—  
 “ I am with tresone be-trayede,  
 for alle my trewe dedis !  
 And alle my travayle es tynt,  
 me tydis no bettire !  
 Hym ~~salle~~ torfere betyde,  
 this tresone has wroghte,  
 And I may traistely hym take,  
 as I am trew lorde !  
 This es Modrede, the mane  
 that I moste traystede,  
 Has my castelles encrochede,  
 and corownde hyme selvene,  
 With renttes and reches  
 of the rownde table ;

Has made alle hys retenewys  
 of renayede wrechis,  
 And devysed my rewme  
 to dyverse lordes,  
 To sowdeours and Sarazenes  
 owtte of sere londes !  
 He has weddyde Waynore,  
 and hyr to wyefe holdes,  
 And a childe es eschapede,  
 the chaunce es no bettire !  
 They hafe semblede on the see  
 sevene schore chippis,  
 ffulle of ferrome folke,  
 to feghte with myne one !  
 ffor-thy to Bretayne the brode  
 buske us by-hovys,  
 ffor to brettyne the berynne  
 that has this bale raysede !  
 Thare salle no freke men fare,  
 bott alle one fresche horses,  
 That are fraistede in fyghte,  
 and floure of my knyghttez :  
 Sir Howelle and syr Hardolfe  
 here salle be-leve,

To be lordes of the ledis  
     that here to me lenges ;  
 Lokes into Lombardye,  
     that thare no lede chaunge,  
 And tendirly to Tuskayne  
     take tente alles I byde ;  
 Resaywe the rentis of Rome,  
     qwenne thay are rekkenede ;  
 Take sesyne the same daye,  
     that laste was assygnede,  
 Or elles alle the ostage,  
     withowttyne the wallys,  
 Be hynggyde hye appone hyghte  
     alle holly at ones !”  
 Nowe bownes the bolde kynge  
     with beste knyghtes,  
 Gers trome and trusse,  
     and trynes forth aftyre ;  
 Turnys thorowe Tuskayne,  
     taries bot littille,  
 Lyghte noghte in Lombarddye  
     bot whenne the lyghte failede ;  
 Merkes over the mowntaynes  
     fulle mervaylous wayes,

Ayres thurghe Almaygne  
     evyne at the gayneste ;  
 fferkes evynne into fflawndresche,  
     with hys ferse knyghttes ;  
 Within fyftene dayes  
     his flete es assemblede,  
 And thane he schoupe hym to chippe,  
     and schownnes no lengere,  
 Scherys with a charpe wynde  
     over the schyre waters ;  
 By the roche with ropes  
     he rydes one ankkere,  
 Thare the false mene fletyde,  
     and one flode lengede,  
 With chefe chaynes of chare  
     chokkode to-gedyrs,  
 Charggede evyne cheke-fulle  
     of chevalrous knyghtes ;  
 And in the hyntes one heghte,  
     helmes and crestes,  
 Hatches with haythene mene  
     hillyd ware thare undyre,  
 Prowdliche prutrayed  
     with payntede clothys,

Iche a pece by pece  
 prykkyde tylle other,  
 Dubbyde with dagswaynnes  
 dowblede they seme ;  
 And thus the derfe Danamarkes  
 had dyghte alle theyre chippys,  
 That no dynte of no darte  
 dere theme ne schoulde :  
 Than the roye and the renkes  
 of the rownde table  
 Alle ryally in rede  
 arrayes his chippis ;  
 That daye ducheryes he delte,  
 and doubbyde knyghttes,  
 Dresses dromowndes and dragges,  
 and drawene upe stonys ;  
 The toppe-castelles he stuffede  
 with toyelys, as hyme lykyde,  
 Bendys bowes of vys  
 brothly thare aftyre,  
 Tolowris tentyly  
 takelle they ryghttene,  
 Brasene hedys fulle brode  
 buskede one flones,

Graythes for garnysones  
     gomes arrayes ;  
 Gryme gaddes of stele,  
     ghywes of iryne,  
 Stirttelys steryne one steryne,  
     with styffe mene of armes ;  
 Mony luffiche launce  
     appone lofte stoundys,  
 Ledys one leburde,  
     lordys and other,  
 Pyghte payvese one porte,  
     payntede scheldes,  
 One hyndire hurdace  
     one highte helmede knyghtez.  
 Thus they scheften fore schotys  
     one thas schire strandys,  
 Ilke schalke in his schrowde,  
     fulle scheene ware theire wedys.  
 The bolde kynge es in a barge,  
     and abowtte rowes,  
 Alle bare-hevvede for besye,  
     with beveryne lokkes ;  
 And a beryne with his bronde,  
     and ane helme betyne,

Mengede with a mawncelet  
     of maylis of silver,  
 Compaste with a coronalle,  
     and coverde fulle ryche ;  
 Kayris to yche a cogge,  
     to comfurthe his knyghttes :  
 To Clegys and Cleremownde  
     he cryes one lowde,—  
 “ O Gawayne ! O Galyrane !  
     thies gud mens bodyes.”  
 To Loth and to Lyonelle  
     fulle lovefly he melys,  
 And to syr Lawncelot de Lake  
     lordliche wordys,—  
 “ Lat us covere the kyth,  
     the coste es owre ownne !  
 And gere theme brotheliche blenke,  
     alle 3one blod-hondes !  
 Bryttyne them within bourde,  
     and brynne theme thare aftyre !  
 Hewe downe hertly  
     3one heythene tykes !  
 Thay are harlotes halfe,  
     I hette 3ow myne honnde !”



Than he coveres his cogge,  
     and caches one ankere,  
 Kaughte his comliche helme  
     with the clere maylis ;  
 Buskes baners one brode,  
     betyne of gowles,  
 With corowns of clere golde  
     clenliche arraiede ;  
 Bot thare was chosene in the chefe  
     a chalke-whitte maydene,  
 And a childe in hir arme,  
     that chefe es of hevynne :  
 Withowttene changyng in chace,  
     thies ware the cheefe armes  
 Of Arthure the avenaunt,  
     qwhylls he in erthe lengede.  
 Thane the marynerse mellys,  
     and maysters of chippis,  
 Merily iche a mate  
     menys tille other ;  
 Of theire termys they talke,  
     how they ware tydd,  
 Towyne tresselle one trete,  
     trussene upe sailes,

Bot bonettez one brede,  
     bettrede hatches ;  
 Brawndeste browne stele,  
     braggede in trompes ;  
 Standis styffe one the stamyne,  
     steris one aftyre ;  
 Strekyne over the streme,  
     thare stryvynge begynnes.  
 ffro the wagande wynde  
     owte of the weste rysses,  
 Brethly bessomes with byrre  
     in berynes sailles ;  
 With hir bryngges one burde  
     burliche cogges,  
 Qwhyyles the bilynge and the beme  
     brestys in sondyre ;  
 So stowttly the forsterne  
     one the stam hyttis,  
 That stokkes of the stere-burde  
     strykkys in peces !  
 Be thane cogge appone cogge,  
     krayers and other,  
 Castys crapers one crosse,  
     als to the crafte langes :

Thane was hede-rapys hewene,  
 that helde upe the mastes ;  
 Thare was conteke fulle kene,  
 and crachynge of chippys !  
 Grett cogges of kampe  
 crasseches in sondyre !  
 Mony kabane clevede,  
 cabilles destroyede !  
 Knyghtes and kene mene  
 killide the braynes !  
 Kidd castelles were corvene,  
 with alle theire kene wapene,  
 Castelles fulle comliche,  
 that coloured ware faire !  
 Upcynes eghelyng  
 thlay ochene thare aftyre,  
 With the swynge of the swerde  
 sweys the mastys ;  
 Ovyre-fallys in the firste  
 frekis and othire,  
 ffrekke in the forchipe  
 fey es bylevede !  
 Than brothely they bekyre  
 with boustouse tacle,

Bruschese boldlye one burde,  
     brynyede knyghtes  
 Owt of botes one burd  
     was buskede witt stonys,  
 Bett downe of the beste,  
     brystis the hetches ;  
 Som gomys thourghe gyrde  
     with gaddys of yryne,  
 Comys gayliche clede  
     englaymous wapene !  
 Archers of Englande  
     fulle egerly schottes,  
 Hittis thourghe the harde stele  
     fulle hertly dynnttis !  
 Sonne hotchene in holle  
     the hethenne knyghtes,  
 Hurte thourghe the harde stele,  
     hele they never !  
 Than they falle to the fyghte,  
     ffoynes with sperys,  
 Alle the frekkeste one frownte  
     that to the fyghte langes ;  
 And ilkone frechely  
     fraystez their strengthes,

Were to fyghte in the flete  
 with their felle wapyne :  
 Thus they dalte that daye  
 thire dubbide knyghtes,  
 Tille alle the Danes ware dede,  
 and in the depe throwene !  
 Than Bretones brothely  
 with brondis they hewene,  
 Lepys in up one lofte  
 lordeliche berynes ;  
 When ledys of owt londys  
 leppyne in waters,  
 Alle oure lordes one lowde  
 laughene at ones !  
 Be thane speris whare spronngene,  
 spalddyd chippys,  
 Spanyolis spedily  
 sprentyde over burdez ;  
 Alle the kene mene of kampe,  
 knyghtes and other,  
 Killyd are colde dede,  
 and castyne over burdez !  
 Their swyers sweyftly  
 has the swete levyde,

Hethene hevande on hatche  
 in ther hawe ryses,  
 Synkande in the salte see  
 sevene hundrethe at ones!  
 Thane syr Gawayne the gude  
 he has the gree wonnene,  
 And alle the cogges grete  
 he gafe to his knyghtes,  
 Sir Geryne, and syr Grisswolde,  
 and othir gret lordes;  
 Garte Galuth a gud gome  
 girde of thaire hedys!  
 Thus of the false flete  
 appone the flode happenede,  
 And thus theis feryne folke  
 fey are belevede!  
 3itt es the traytour one londe  
 with tryede knyghttes,  
 And alle trompede they trippe  
 one trappede stedys;  
 Schewes theme undir schilde  
 one the schire bankkes;  
 He ne schownttes for no schame,  
 bot schewes fulle heghe!

Sir Arthure and Gawayne  
 avyede theme bothene  
 To sixty thosandez of mene,  
 that in their fyghte hovede ;  
 Be this the folke was fellyde,  
 thane was the flode passede ;  
 Thane was it slyke a slowde  
 in slakkes fulle hugge,  
 That let the kyng for to lande,  
 and the lawe watyre ;  
 ffor-thy he lengede one laye  
 for lesynng of horsesys,  
 To loke of his lege mene,  
 and of his lele knyghtes,  
 3if any ware lamede or loste,  
 life 3ife they scholde.  
 Thane syr Gawayne the gude  
 a galaye he takys,  
 And glides up at a gole  
 with gud mene of armes ;  
 Whenne he growndide for grefe,  
 he gyrdis in the watere,  
 That to the girdylle he gos  
 in alle his gylte wedys :

Schottis upe appone the sonde  
 in syghte of the lordes,  
 Sengly with hys soppe,  
 my sorowe es the more !  
 With baners of his bagys  
 beste of his armes,  
 He braydes upon the banke  
 in his bryghte wedys ;  
 He byddys his baneoure,  
 “ buske thow belyfe  
 To zone brode batayle,  
 that one zone banke hoves ;  
 And I ensure zow sothe,  
 I salle zowe sewe aftyre ;  
 Loke ze blenke for no bronde,  
 ne for no bryghte wapyne,  
 Bot beris downe of the beste,  
 and bryng theme o-dawe !  
 Bees noghte abayste of their boste,  
 abyde one the erthe ;  
 ze have my baneres borne  
 in batailles fulle hugge ;  
 We salle felle zone false,  
 the fende hafe their saules !



ffightes faste with the frape,  
 the felde salle be oures !  
 May I that traytoure overtake,  
 torfere hyme tyddes,  
 'That this tresone has tymbyrde  
 to my trewe lorde !  
 Of siche a engendure  
 fulle littyll joye happyns,  
 And that salle in this journee  
 be juggede fulle evene !"  
 Now they seke over the sonde  
 this soppe at the gayneste,  
 Sembles one the sowdeours,  
 and settys theire dyntys ;  
 Thourghe the scheldys so schene  
 schalkes they towche,  
 With schaftes scheveride schorte  
 of thas schene launces ;  
 Derfe dynttys they dalte  
 with daggande sperys ;  
 One the danke of the dewe  
 many dede lyggys,  
 Dukes, and duszeperis,  
 and dubbide knyghttys ;

The doughttyeste of Danemarke  
 undone are for ever!  
 Thus thas renkes in rewthe  
 rittis theire brenyes,  
 And rechis of the richeste  
 unrekene dynttis ;  
 Thare they thronge in the thikke,  
 and thristis to the erthe  
 Of the thraeste men  
 thre hundrethe at ones !  
 Bot syr Gawayne for grefe  
 myghte noghte agayne-stande,  
 Umbegrippys a spere,  
 and to a gome rynnys,  
 That bare of gowles fulle gaye,  
 with gowces of sylvere ;  
 He gyrdes hym in at the gorge  
 with his gryme launce,  
 That the growndene glayfe  
 graythes in sondyre !  
 With that boystous brayde  
 he bownes hym to dye !  
 The kyng of Gutlande it was,  
 a gude mane of armes.

Thayre avawwarde than  
     alle voydes thare aftyre,  
 Alles venqueste verrayely  
     with valyant berynes;  
 Metis with medilwarde,  
     that Modrede ledys;  
 Oure mene merkes thene to,  
     as theme myshappenede;  
 ffor hade syr Gawayne hade grace  
     to halde the grene hille,  
 He had wirchipe i-wys  
     wonnene for ever!  
 Bot thane syr Gawayne i-wysse,  
     he waytes hym wele  
 To wreke hyme on this werlaughe,  
     that this werre movede;  
 And merkes to syr Modrede  
     amonge alle his beryns,  
 With the Mownttagus,  
     and other gret lordys.  
 Than syr Gawayne was grevede,  
     and with a gret wylle  
 ffewters a faire spere,  
     and freschely askryes,—

“ ffals fosterde foode,  
 the fende have thy bonys !  
 ffy one the, felone,  
 and thy false werkys !  
 Thow salle be dede  
 and undone for thy derfe dedys,  
 Or I sall dy this daye,  
 3if destanye worthe !”  
 Than his enmye, with oste  
 of owtlawede berynes,  
 Alle enangylles abowte  
 oure excellente knyghttez,  
 That the traytoure be tresone  
 had tryede hym selvene ;  
 Dukes of Danemarke  
 he dyghttes fulle sone,  
 And leders of Lettowe,  
 with legyons inewe,  
 Umbylappyde oure mene  
 with launcez fulle kene,  
 Sowdeours and Sarazenes  
 owte of sere landys,  
 Sexty thosande mene  
 semlyly arrayede,

Sekerly assembles thare  
     one sevenschore knyghtes,  
 Sodaynly in dischayte  
     by tha salte strandes.  
 Thane syr Gawayne grette  
     with his gray eghene,  
 ffor grefe of his gud mene,  
     that he gyde schulde ;  
 He wyste that thay wondyde ware,  
     and wery for-foughttene,  
 And what for wondire and woo,  
     alle his witte faylede !  
 And thane syghande he saide,  
     with sylande terys,—  
 “ We are with Sarazenes besett  
     appone sere halfes !  
 I syghe noghte for myselfe,  
     sa helpe oure Lorde !  
 Bot for to us supprysede,  
     my sorowe es the more !  
 Bes dowghtty to-daye,  
     3one dukes schalle be 3oures !  
 ffor dere Dryghttyne this daye  
     dredys no wapyne !

We salle ende this daye  
 alle excellent knyghttes,  
 Ayere to endelesse joye  
 with angelles unwommyde !  
 Thofe we hafe unwittly  
 wastede oure selfene,  
 We salle wirke alle wele  
 in the wirchipe of Cryste !  
 We salle for zone Sarazenes,  
 I sekire zow my trowhe,  
 Souppe with oure Saveoure  
 solemply in hevene,  
 In presence of that precious  
 prynce of alle other,  
 With prophetes, and patriarkes,  
 and apostlys fulle nobille,  
 Before his freliche face  
 that fourmede us alle !  
 Zondire to zone zaldsones,  
 he that zeldes hyme ever,  
 Qwhylls he es qwykke and in qwerte  
 unquellyde with handis ;  
 Be he never mo savede,  
 ne socourede with Cryste,

Bot Satan ase his sawle,  
     mowe synke into helle !”  
 Than grymly syr Gawayne  
     gryppis hys wapyne,  
 Agayne that gret bataille  
     he graythes hyme sone ;  
 Radly of his riche swerde  
     he reghttes the cheynys,  
 In he schokkes his schelde,  
     schountes he no lengare ;  
 Bot alles unwyse wodewyse  
     he wente at the gayneste,  
 Wondis of thas werdirwyns  
     with wrakfulle dynttys,  
 Alle wellys fulle of blode,  
     thare he awaye passes ;  
 And thofe hym ware fulle woo,  
     he wondys bot lyttile,  
 Bot wrekyng at his wirchipe  
     the wrethe of hys lorde !  
 He stekys stedes in stoure,  
     and sterenefulle knyghttes,  
 That steryne mene in their sterapes  
     stone dede thay lygge !

He rybys the ranke stele,  
 he rittes the mayles ;  
 Thare myghte no renke hym areste,  
 his resone was passede !  
 He felle in a fransye  
 for fersenesse of herte,  
 He feghttis and fellis downe  
 that hyme before standis !  
 ffelle never fay mane  
 sicke fortune in erthe !  
 Into the hale bataile  
 hedlynge he rynnys,  
 And hurtes of the hardieste  
 that one the erthe lenges !  
 Letande alles a lyone,  
 he lawnches theme thorowe,  
 Lordes and ledars,  
 that one the launde hoves !  
 3it syr Gawayne for wo  
 wondis bot lyttile,  
 Bot woundis of thas wedirwynes .  
 with wondirfulle dyntes,  
 Alls he that wold wilfully  
 wastene hyme selfene ;



And for wondrousome and wille  
     alle his wit failede,  
 That wode alles a wylde beste  
     he wente at the gayneste ;  
 Alle walewede one blode,  
     thare he awaye passede !  
 Iche a wy may be-warre,  
     be wreke of another !  
 Than he moves to syr Modrede  
     amange alle his knyghttes,  
 And mett hyme in the myde schelde,  
     and mallis hym thorowe ;  
 Bot the schalke for the scharpe  
     he schownttes a littille,  
 He schare hyme one the schorterybbys  
     a schaftmonde large !  
 The schafte schoderede and schotte  
     in the schire beryne,  
 That the schadande blode  
     over his schanke rynnys,  
 And schewede one his schynbawde,  
     that was schire burneste !  
 And so they schyfte and schove,  
     he schotte to the erthe ;

With the lussche of the launce  
     he lyghte one hys schuldyrs,  
 Ane akere lenghe one a launde,  
     fulle lothely wondide.  
 Than Gawayne gyrde to the gome,  
     and one the groffe fallis ;  
 Alles his grefe was graythede,  
     his grace was no bettyre !  
 He schokkes owtte a schorte knyfe  
     schethede with silvere,  
 And scholde have slottede hyme in,  
     bot no slytte happenede :  
 His hand sleppid and slode  
     o-slante one the mayles,  
 And the tother slely  
     slynges hym undire :  
 With a trenchande knyfe  
     the traytoure hym hyttes,  
 Thorowe the helme and the hede,  
     one heyghe one the brayne :  
 And thus syr Gawayne es gone,  
     the gude man of armes,  
 Withowttyne rescewe of renke,  
     and rewghe es the more !

Thus syr Gawaynne es gone,  
 that gyede many othire ;  
 ffro Gower to Gernesay,  
 alle the gret lordys  
 Of Glamour, of Galys londe,  
 this galyarde knyghtes,  
 ffor glent of gloppynyng  
 glade be they never !  
 Kyng ffroderike offres  
 fraythely thare aftyre,  
 ffraynes at the false mane  
 of owre ferse knyghte ;  
 “ Knew thou ever this knyghte  
 in the kithe ryche,  
 Of whate kynde he was comene,  
 be-knowe now the sothe ;  
 Qwat gome was he this  
 with the gaye armes,  
 With this gryffoune of golde,  
 that es one growffe fallyne ;  
 He has grettly greffede us,  
 sa me Gode helpe !  
 Gyrde downe oure gude mene,  
 and grevede us sore !

He was the sterynneste in stoure  
 that ever stele werryde,  
 ffore he has stonayede oure stale,  
 and stroyede for ever !”  
 Than syr Mordrede with mouthe  
 melis fulle faire ;  
 “ He was makles one molde,  
 mane be my trowhe ;  
 This was syr Gawayne the gude,  
 the gladdeste of othire,  
 And the graciouseste gome  
 that undire God lyffede,  
 Mane hardyeste of hande,  
 happyeste in armes,  
 And the hendeste in hawle  
 undire hevene riche ;  
 The lordelieste of ledyng,  
 qwhylles he lyffe myghte,  
 ffore he was lyone allossede  
 in londes i-newe ;  
 Had thow knawene hym, syr kyng  
 in kythe thare he lengede,  
 His konynge, his knyghthode,  
 his kyndly werkes,

His doyng, his doughtynesse,  
 his dedis of armes,  
 Thow wolde hafe dole for his dede  
 the dayes of thy life !”  
 3it that traytour alles tite  
 teris lete he falle,  
 Turnes hym furthe tite,  
 and talkes no more,  
 Went wepand awaye  
 and weries the stowndys,  
 That ever his werdes ware wroghte  
 siche wandrethe to wyrke :  
 Whene he thoghte on this thyng,  
 it thirllede his herte ;  
 ffor sake of his sybb blode  
 sygheande he rydys ;  
 When that renayede renke  
 remembirde hym selvene,  
 Of reverence and ryotes  
 of the rownde table,  
 He rennyd and repent hyme  
 of alle his rewthe werkes,  
 Rode awaye with his rowte,  
 ristys he no lengere,

ffor rade of oure riche kyng,  
 ryve that he scholde';  
 Thane kayres he to Cornewaile,  
 carefulle in herte,  
 Because of his kynsemane  
 that one the coste ligges:  
 He taries tremlande ay,  
 tydandis to herkene.  
 Than the traytoure treunted  
 the Tyseday thar aftyre,  
 Trynnys in with a trayne  
 tresone to wirke,  
 And by the Tambire that tide  
 his tentis he reris,  
 And thane in a mette-while  
 a messangere he sendes,  
 And wraite unto Waynor  
 how the worlde chaungede,  
 And what comliche coste  
 the kyng was aryvede,  
 One floode foughtene with his fleete,  
 and fellyd theme olyfe;  
 Bade hir ferkene so ferre,  
 and fflee with hir childire,

Whills he myghte wile hyme awaye,  
 and wyne to hir speche,  
 Ayere into Irelande,  
 into thas owte mowntes,  
 And wonne thare in wildernesse  
 within tha wast landys ;  
 Than cho 3ermys and 3ee  
 at 3orke in hir chambire,  
 Gronys fulle grysely  
 with gretand teres,  
 Passes owte of the palesse  
 with alle hir pryce maydenys,  
 Towarde Chestyre in a charre  
 thay chese hir the wayes,  
 Dighte hir ewyne for to dye  
 with dule at hir herte ;  
 Scho kayres to Karelyone,  
 and kawghte hir a vaile,  
 Askes thare the habite  
 in the honoure of Criste,  
 And alle for falsede, and frawde,  
 and fere of hir loverde !  
 Bot whene oure wiese kyng  
 wiste that Gawayne was landede,

He al to-wrythes for woo,  
     and wryngande his handes,  
 Gers lawnche his botes  
     appone a lawe watire,  
 Londis ales a lyone  
     with lordliche knyghtes,  
 Slippes in in the sloppes  
     o-slante to the girdylle,  
 Swalters upe swyftly  
     with his swerde drawene,  
 Bownnys his bataile  
     and baners displayes,  
 Buskes over the brode sandes  
     with breth at his herte,  
 fferkes frekkly one felde  
     thare the feye lygges ;  
 Of the traytours mene  
     one trappede stedis,  
 Ten thosandez ware tynte,  
     the trewghe to acownt,  
 And certane on owre syde  
     sevene score knyghtes  
 In soyte with their soverayne  
     unsownde are belevede !



The kyng comly over-keste  
     knyghtes and othire,  
 Erles of Awfrike,  
     and estriche berynes  
 Of Orgaile and Orekenay,  
     the Iresche kynges,  
 The nobileste of Norwaye,  
     nowmbirs fulle hugge,  
 Dukes of Danamarke,  
     and dubbid knyghtes ;  
 And the enchede kynge  
     in the gay armes  
 Lys gronande one the grownde,  
     and girde thorowe evene !  
 The riche kynge ransakes  
     with rewthe at his herte,  
 And up-rypes the renkes  
     of alle the rownde tabylle ;  
 Ses theme alle in a soppe  
     in sowte by theme one,  
 With the Sarazenes unsownde  
     enserchede abowte ;  
 And syr Gawayne the gude  
     in his gaye armes,

Umbegrippede the girse,  
 and one grouffe fallene,  
 His baners braydene downe,  
 betyne of gowlles,  
 His brand and his brade schelde  
 al bloody be rovene ;  
 Was never oure semliche kynge  
 so sorowfulle in herte,  
 Ne that sanke hyme so sade,  
 bot that sighte one.  
 Than gliftis the gud kynge,  
 and glapyns in herte,  
 Gronys fulle grisely  
 with gretande teris ;  
 Knelis downe to the cors,  
 and kaught it in armes,  
 Kastys upe his umbrere,  
 and kysses hyme sone !  
 Lokes one his eye-liddis,  
 that lowkkide ware faire,  
 His lippis like to the lede,  
 and his lire falowede !  
 Than the corownde kyng  
 cryes fulle lowde,--

“ Dere kosyne o kynde,  
     in kare am I levede !  
 ffor nowe my wirchipe es wente,  
     and my were endide !  
 Here es the hope of my hele,  
     my happynge of armes !  
 My herte and my hardynes  
     hale one hym lengede !  
 My concelle, my comforthe,  
     that kepide myne herte !  
 Of alle knyghtes the kynge  
     that undir Criste lifede !  
 Thou was worthy to be kyng,  
     thofe I the corowne bare !  
 My wele and my wirchipe  
     of alle the werlde riche  
 Was wonnene thourghe syr Gawayne,  
     and thourghe his witte one !  
 Allas !” saide syr Arthure,  
     “ nowe ekys my sorowe !  
 I am uttirly undone  
     in myne awene landes !  
 A doughtouse derfe dede,  
     thou duellis to longe !

Why drawes thou so one dreghe,  
 thow drownnes myne herte!"  
 Than swetes the swete kyng,  
 and in swoune fallis,  
 Swafres up swiftly,  
 and swetly hym kysses,  
 Tille his burliche berde  
 was bloody be-rowne,  
 Alls he had beste britenede,  
 and broghte owt of life;  
 Ne had syr Ewayne comene,  
 and othire grete lordys,  
 His bolde herte had broustene  
 for bale at that stownde!  
 "Blyve," sais thies bolde mene!  
 "thow blondirs thi selfene,  
 This es botles bale,  
 for bettir bees it never!  
 It es no wirchipe i-wysse  
 to wryng thyne hondes,  
 To wepe ales a womane  
 it es no witt holdene!  
 Be knyghtly of contenaunce,  
 als a kyng scholde,

And leve siche clamoure,  
 for Cristes lufe of hevene !”  
 “ ffor blode,” said the bolde kyng,  
 “ blyne salle I never,  
 Or my brayne to-briste,  
 or my breste other !  
 Was never sorowe so softe  
 that sanke to my herte !  
 Itt es fulle sibb to myselfe,  
 my sorowe es the more !  
 Was never so sorowfulle a syghte  
 seyne with myne eghene !  
 He es sakles supprysede  
 for syne of myne one !”  
 Downe knelis the kyng,  
 and kryes fulle lowde ;  
 With carefulle contenaunce  
 he karpes thes wordes,—  
 “ O rightwis riche Gode,  
 this rewthe thow be-holde !  
 This ryalle rede blode  
 ryne appone erthe ;  
 It ware worthy to be schrede  
 and schrynede in golde,

ffor it es sakles of syne,  
     sa helpe me oure Lorde !"  
 Downe knelis the kyng  
     with kare at his herte,  
 Kaughte it upe kyndly  
     with his clene handis,  
 Keste it in a ketill-hatte,  
     and coverde it faire,  
 And kayres furthe with the cors  
     in kyghte thare he lenges.  
 " Here I make myn avowe,"  
     quod the kynge thane,  
 " To Messie, and to Marie,  
     the mylde qwene of hevene,  
 I salle never ryvaye,  
     ne racches uncowpylle  
 At roo ne rayne dere,  
     that rynnes apponne erthe ;  
 Never grewhownde late glyde,  
     ne gossehawke latt flye,  
 Ne never fowle see fellide,  
     that fliegges with wenge ;  
 ffawkone ne formaylle  
     appone fiste handille,

Ne 3itt with gerefawcone  
     rejoyse me in erthe ;  
 Ne regnne in my royaltez,  
     ne halde my rownde table,  
 Tille thi dede, my dere,  
     be dewly revengede !  
 Bot ever droupe and dare,  
     qwylles my lyfe lastez,  
 Tille Drightene and derfe dede  
     hafe done qwate theme likes !”  
 Than kaughte they upe the cors  
     with kare at their hertes,  
 Karyed [it] one a coursere  
     with the kynge selfene ;  
 The waye unto Wynchestre  
     thay wente at the gayneste,  
 Wery and wandsomdly,  
     with wondide knyghtes ;  
 Thare come the prior of the plas,  
     and professide monnkes,  
 Apas in processione,  
     and with the prynce metys ;  
 And he be-tuke thame the cors  
     of the knyghte noble,—

“ Lokis it be clenly kepyd,” he said,  
 “ and in the kirke holdene,  
 Done for derygese,  
     as to the ded fallys ;  
 Menskede with messes,  
     for mede of the saule :  
 Loke it wante no waxe,  
     ne no wirchipe elles,  
 And at the body be bawmede,  
     and one erthe holdene.  
 3iff thou kepe thi covent,  
     encroche any wirchipe  
 At my comyng agayne,  
     3if Crist wille it thole ;  
 Abyde of the beryeng,  
     tille they be broughte undire,  
 That has wroghte us this woo,  
     and this werre movede.”  
 Than sais syr Wywhere the wy,  
     a wyese mane of armes,  
 “ I rede 3e warely wende,  
     and wirkes the beste ;  
 Sojorne in this cete,  
     and semble thi berynes,



And bidde with thi bolde men  
 in thi burghe riche :  
 Get owt knyghttez of contres,  
 that castells holdes,  
 And owt of garysons grete  
 gude mene of armes,  
 ffor we are faithely to fewe  
 to feghte with them all,  
 That we see in his sorte  
 appone the see bankes."  
 With krewelle contenance thane  
 the kyng karpis theis wordes,—  
 "I praye the kare noghte, syr knyghte,  
 ne caste thou no dredis !  
 Hadde I no segge bot myselfe  
 one undir sone,  
 And I may hym see with sighte,  
 or one hym sette hondis,  
 I salle evene amange his mene  
 malle hym to dede,  
 Are I of the stede styre  
 halfe a stede lenghe !  
 I salle hym in his stowre,  
 and stroye hyme for ever,

And thare-to make I myne avowe  
     devottly to Cryste,  
 And to hys modyre Marie,  
     the mylde qwene of hevene !  
 I salle never sojourne sounde,  
     ne sawghte at myne herte,  
 In ceté ne in subarbe  
     sette appone erthe,  
 Ne zitt slomyre ne slepe  
     with my slawe eyghne,  
 Till he be slayne that hym slowghe,  
     zif any sleyghte happene :  
 Bot ever pursue the Paygany  
     that my pople distroyede,  
 Qwylles I may pare theme and pynne,  
     in place thare me likes."  
 Thare durste no renke hym areste  
     of alle the rownde table,  
 Ne none paye that prynce  
     with plesande wordes,  
 Ne none of his lige-mene  
     luke hym in the eyghne,  
 So lordely he lukes  
     for losse of his knyghttes !

Thane drawes he to Dorsett,  
 and dreches no langere,  
 Derefulle dredlesse  
 with drowppande teris;  
 Kayeris into Kornewayle  
 with kare at his herte,  
 The trays of the traytoure  
 he trynys fulle evenne :  
 And turnys in be the Treynte  
 the traytoure to seche,  
 ffyndis hym in a foreste  
 the Frydaye there aftire;  
 The kyng lyghttes one fott,  
 and freschely askryes,  
 And with his freliche folke  
 he has the folde nommene !  
 Now isschewis his enmye  
 undire the wode eynys,  
 With ostes of alynes  
 fulle horrebille to schewe !  
 Sir Mordrede the malebranche,  
 with his myche pople,  
 ffoundes owt of the foreste  
 appone fele halfes,

In sevene grett batailles  
     semliche arrayede,  
 Sexty thowsande mene,  
     the syghte was fulle hugge,  
 Alle fyghtande folke  
     of the ferre laundes,  
 ffaire fettede one frownte  
     be tha fresche strondes !  
 And alle Arthurs oste  
     was amede with knyghtes  
 Bot awghtene hundrethe of alle,  
     entrede in rolles ;  
 This was a mache un-mete,  
     bot myghttis of Criste,  
 To melle with that multitude  
     in thase man londis.  
 Than the royalle roy  
     of the rownde table  
 Rydes one a riche stede,  
     arrayes his beryns,  
 Buskes his avawmwarde,  
     als hym beste likes ;  
 Sir Ewayne, and syr Errake,  
     and othire gret lordes,

Demenys the medilwarde  
     menskefully thare aftyre,  
 With Merrake and Menyduke,  
     myghty of strengthes;  
 Idirous and Alymere,  
     thire avenaunt childrene,  
 Ayers with Arthure,  
     with sevene score of knyghtes;  
 He rewlis the rerewarde  
     redyly thare aftyre,  
 The rekeneste redy mene  
     of the rownde table,  
 And thus he fittis his folke,  
     and freschely askryes,  
 And syene comforthes his mene  
     with knyghtlyche wordes—  
 “ I beseke 3ow, sirs,  
     for sake of oure Lorde,  
 That 3e doo wele to daye,  
     and dredis no wapene!  
 ffighttes fersely nowe,  
     and fendis 3oure selvene,  
 ffellis downe 3one feye folke,  
     the felde salle be owrs!

They are Sarazenes 3one sorte,  
 unsownde motte they worthe !  
 Sett one theme sadlye,  
 for sake of oure Lorde !  
 3if us be destaynede to dy  
 to daye one this erthe,  
 We salle be hewede unto hevene,  
 or we be halfe colde !  
 Loke 3e lett for no lede  
 lordly to wirche ;  
 Layes 3one laddes lowe  
 be the layke ende !  
 Take no tente unto me,  
 ne tale of me rekke,  
 Bes besy one my baners  
 with 3oure brighte wapyns,  
 That they be strenghely stuffede  
 with steryne knyghtes,  
 And holdene lordly one lofte  
 ledys to schewe ;  
 3if any renke them arase,  
 reschowe theme sone !  
 Wirkes now my wirchipe,  
 to daye my werre endys !

3e wotte my wele and my wo,  
 wirrkys as 3ow likys !  
 Crist comly with crowne  
 comforthe 3ow alle,  
 ffor the kyndeste creatours  
 that ever kynge ledde !  
 I gyffe 3ow all my blyssyng  
 with a blithe wille,  
 And all Bretowns bolde,  
 blythe mote 3e worthe !”  
 They pype up at pryme tyme  
 approches theme nere,  
 Pris mene and priste  
 proves theire strengthes ;  
 Bremly the brethemen  
 bragges in troumppes,  
 In cornettes comlyly,  
 whenne knyghttes assembles,  
 And thane jolyly enjoynys  
 this jentylle knyghttes ;  
 A jolyere journé  
 a-juggede was never,  
 Whene Bretones boldly  
 embraces theire scheldes,

And cristyne encroyssede theme,  
     and castis in fewtire !  
 Than syr Arthure oste  
     his enmye askryes,  
 And in they schokke their scheldes,  
     schontes no lengare ;  
 Schotte to the schiltrones,  
     and schowttes fulle heghe,  
 Thorowe scheldis fulle schene  
     schalkes they touche !  
 Redily thas rydde mene  
     of the rownde table  
 With ryalle raunke stele  
     rittys their mayles ;  
 Bryneys browddene they briste,  
     and burneste helmys,  
 Hewes haythene mene downe,  
     halses in sondre !  
 ffyghtande with fyne stele,  
     the feye blod rynnys  
 Of the frekkeste of frounte,  
     unfers ere belevede ;  
 Ethyns of Argayle  
     and Irische kynges



Enverounes oure avawmwarde  
     with venymmos berynes ;  
 Peghttes and paynymes,  
     with perilous wapyns,  
 With speres disspetously  
     disspoylles oure knyghttes,  
 And hewede downe the hendeste  
     with hertly dynttys !  
 Thorow the holle batayle  
     they holdene theire wayes !  
 Thus fersly they fyghte  
     appone sere halfes,  
 That of the bolde Bretones  
     myche blode spillis !  
 Thare durste non rescowe theme,  
     for reches in erthe,  
 The steryne ware thare so stedde,  
     and stuffede wit othire :  
 He durste noghte stire a steppe,  
     bot stodde for hyme selvene,  
 Tille thre stalis ware stroyede  
     be strenghe of hyme one !  
 “ Idrous,” quod Arthure,  
     “ ayre the byhoves !

I see syr Ewayne oversette  
 with Sarazenes kene !  
 Redy the for rescows,  
 arraye thee sone !  
 Hye the with hardy mene  
 in helpe of thy ffadire !  
 Sett in one the syde,  
 and socoure 3one lordes ;  
 Bot they be socourrede and sownde,  
 unsawghte be I never !”  
 Idrous hyme ansuers  
 earnestly thare aftyre,—  
 “ He es my fadire in faithe,  
 forsake salle I never !  
 He has me fosterde and fedde,  
 and my faire bretherene,  
 Bot I for-sake this gate,  
 so me Gode helpe,  
 And sothely alle sybredyne  
 bot thyselfe one ;  
 I breke never his biddyng  
 for beryne one lyfe,  
 Bot ever bouxome as beste  
 blethely to wyrke !

He commande me kyndly,  
 with knyghtly wordes,  
 That I schulde lelely one the lenge,  
 and one noo lede elles ;  
 I salle hys commandement holde,  
 3if Criste wil me thole !  
 He es eldare than I,  
 and gude salle we bothene ;  
 He salle ferkke before,  
 and I salle come aftyre :  
 3if hyme be destaynede to dy  
 to daye one this erthe,  
 Criste comly with crowne  
 take kepe to hys saule !"  
 Than remys the riche kyng  
 with rewthe at his herte,  
 Hewys hys handys one heghte,  
 and to the hevene lokes,—  
 " Qwythene hade Dryghttyne destaynede  
 at his dere wille,  
 That he hade demyd me to daye  
 to dy for 3ow alle,  
 That had I lever than be lorde  
 alle my lyfe tyme,

Off alle that Alexandere aughte  
 qwhilles he in erthe lengede."  
 Sir Ewayne, and syr Errake,  
 thes excellent beryns,  
 Enters in one the oste,  
 and egerly strykes ;  
 The ethenys of Orkkenaye  
 and Irische kynges,  
 Thay gobone of the grettete  
 with growndone swerdes,  
 Hewes one thas hulkes  
 with their harde wapyns,  
 Layed downe thas ledes  
 with lothely dynttys ;  
 Schuldurs and scheldys  
 thay schrede to the hawnches,  
 And medilles thourghe mayles,  
 thay merkene in sondire !  
 Siche honoure never aughte  
 none erthely kyng  
 At their endyng daye,  
 bot Arthure hyme selvene !  
 So the droughte of the daye  
 dryede their hertes,

That bothe drynkles they dye,  
 dole was the more !  
 Now mellys oure medille-warde,  
 and mengene to-gedire.  
 Sir Mordrede the Malebranche  
 with his myche pople,  
 He had hide hym behynde  
 within thas holte eynys,  
 With halle bataile one hethe,  
 harme es the more !  
 He hade sene the conteke  
 al clene to the ende,  
 How oure chevalrye chevyde  
 be chaunces of armes !  
 He wiste oure folke was for-foughttene,  
 that thare was feye levede ;  
 To encowntere the kyng  
 he castes hyme sone,  
 Bot the churles chekyne  
 hade chaungyde his armes ;  
 He had sothely forsakene  
 the sawturore engrelede,  
 And laughte upe thre lyons  
 alle of whitte silvyre,

Passande in purple  
 of perrie fulle ryche,  
 ffor the kyng sulde noghte knawe  
 the cawtelous wriche !  
 Because of his cowardys  
 he keste of his atyre ;  
 Bot the comliche kyng  
 knewe hym fulle swythe,  
 Karpis to syr Cadors  
 thes kyndly wordez,—  
 “ I see the traytoure come zondyr  
 trynande full zerne ;  
 zone ladde with the lyones  
 es like to hymselfene !  
 Hym salle torfere betyde,  
 may I touche ones,  
 ffor alle his tresone and trayne,  
 alles I am trew lorde !  
 To day Clarente and Caliburne  
 salle kythe theme to-gedirs,  
 Whilke es kevere of kerse,  
 or hardare of eghge !  
 ffraiste salle we fyne stele  
 appone fyne wedis :

Itt was my derlyng dayntevous,  
 and fulle dere holdene,  
 Kepede fore encorownmentes  
 of kynges enoynttede  
 One dayes when I dubbyde  
 dukkes and erlles ;  
 It was burliche borne  
 be the bryghte hiltes ;  
 I durste never dere it  
 in dedis of armes,  
 Bot ever kepide clene,  
 because of myselvene ;  
 ffor I see Clarent unclede,  
 that crowne es of swerdes :  
 My wardrop of Walyngfordhe  
 I wate es distroyede ;  
 Wist no wy of wone  
 bot Waynor hirselve,ne,  
 Scho hade the kepynge hirselfe  
 of that kydde wapyne,  
 Off cofres enclosede  
 that to the crowne lengede,  
 With rynges and relikkes,  
 and the regale of ffraunce,

That was ffowndene one syr ffrolle,  
 whenne he was feye levyde."  
 Than syr Marrike in malyncoly  
 metys hyme sone,  
 With a mellyd mace  
 myghtyly hym strykes ;  
 The bordoure of his bacenett  
 he bristes in sondire,  
 That the schire rede blode  
 over his brene rynnys !  
 The beryne blenkes for bale,  
 and alle his ble chaunges,  
 Bot zitt he byddys as a bore,  
 and brymly he strykes !  
 He braydes owte a brande bryghte  
 als ever ony sylver,  
 That was syr Arthure awene,  
 and Utere his fadirs,  
 In the wardrop of Walyngfordhe  
 was wonte to be kepede ;  
 Thare with the derfe dogge  
 syche dynttes he rechede,  
 The tother withdrewe one dreghe  
 and durste do none other ;



ffor syr Marrake was mane  
     merrede in elde,  
 And syr Mordrede was myghty,  
     and his moste strengthes ;  
 Come none within the compas,  
     knyghte ne none other,  
 Within the swyng of swerde,  
     that ne he the swete levyd :  
 That persayfes oure prynce,  
     and presses to faste,  
 Strykes into the stowre  
     by strenghe of hys handis ;  
 Metis with syr Mordrede,  
     he melis unfaire,—  
 “Turne, traytoure untrewes,  
     the tydys no bettyre !  
 Be gret Gode thow salle dy  
     with dynt of my handys !  
 The schalle rescowe no renke  
     ne reches in erthe !”  
 The kyng with Calaburne  
     knyghtly hym strykes,  
 The cantelle of the clere schelde  
     he kerfes in sondyre,

Into the schuldyre of the schalke  
     a schaftmonde large,  
 That the schire rede blode  
     schwede one the maylys !  
 He schodirde and schrenkys,  
     and schontes bott lyttile,  
 Bott schokkes in scharpely  
     in his schene wedys ;  
 The ffelonne with the ffyne swerde  
     freschely he strykes,  
 The ffelettes of the fferrere syde  
     he flassches in sondyre,  
 Thorowe jopowne and jesserawnte  
     of gentille mailes !  
 The freke fichede in the flesche  
     an halfe fotte large,  
 That derfe dynt was his dede,  
     and dole was the more  
 That ever that doughtty sulde dy,  
     bot at Dryghttyns wylle !  
 3itt with Calyburne his swerde  
     fulle knyghttly he strykes,  
 Kastes in his clere schelde,  
     and coveres hym full faire ;

Swappes of the swerde hande,  
     als he by glenttis,  
 Ane inche fro the elbowe  
     he ochede it in sondyre,  
 That he swounnes one the swrathe,  
     and one swym fallis ;  
 Thorowe brater of browne stele,  
     and the bryghte mayles,  
 That the hilde and the hande  
     appone the hethe ligges !  
 Thane frescheliche the freke  
     the ffente upe rererys,  
 Brochis hym in with the bronde  
     to the bryghte hiltys,  
 And he brawles one the bronde,  
     and bownes to dye.  
 “ In faye,” says the feye kynge,  
     “ sore me for-thynkkes  
 That ever siche a false theefe  
     so faire an ende haves.”  
 Qwenne they had ffenyste this feghte,  
     thane was the felde wonnene,  
 And the false folke in the felde  
     feye are bylevede !

Tille a fforeste they fledde,  
 and felle in the grevys,  
 And fers foghtande folke  
 folowes theme aftyre ;  
 Howntes and hewes downe  
 the heythene tykes,  
 Mourtherys in the mowntaygnes  
 syr Mordrede knyghtes ;  
 Thare chapyde never no childe,  
 cheftayne ne other,  
 Bot choppes theme downe in the chace,  
 it chargys bot littylle !  
 Bot whenne syr Arthure anone  
 syr Ewayne he fyndys,  
 And Errake the avenaunt,  
 and other grett lordes,  
 He kawghte up syr Cador  
 with care at his herte,  
 Sir Clegis, syr Cleremonde,  
 thes clere mene of armes,  
 Sir Lothe, and syr Lyonelle,  
 syr Lawncelott and Lowes,  
 Marrake and Meneduke,  
 • that myghty ware ever ;

With langoure in the launde thare  
     he layes theme to-gedire,  
 Lokede one theyre lighames,  
     and with a lowde stevene,  
 Alles lede that liste noghte lyfe  
     and loste had his myrthis ;  
 Than he stotays for made,  
     and alle his strenghe faylez,  
 Lokes upe to the lyfte,  
     and alle his lyre chaunges !  
 Downne he sweys fulle swythe,  
     and in a swoune fallys !  
 Upe he coueris one kneys,  
     and kryes fulle oftene,—  
 “ Kyng comly with crowne,  
     in care am I levyde !  
 Alle my lordchipe lawe  
     in lande es layde undyre !  
 That me has gyfene gwerdones,  
     be grace of hym selvene,  
 Mayntenyde my manhede  
     be myghte of their handes,  
 Made me manly one molde,  
     and mayster in erthe ;

In a tenefulle tyme  
 this torfere was rereryde,  
 That for a traytoure has tynte  
 alle my trewe lordys !  
 Here rystys the riche blude  
 of the rownde table,  
 Rebukked with a rebawde,  
 and rewthe es the more !  
 I may helples one hethe  
 house be myne one,  
 Alles a wafulle wedowe  
 that wanttes hir beryne !  
 I may werye and wepe,  
 and wrynge myne handys,  
 ffor my wytt and my wyrchipe  
 awaye es for ever !  
 Off alle lordchips I take leve  
 to myne ende !  
 Here es the Bretones blode  
 broughte owt of lyfe,  
 And now in this journee  
 alle my joy endys !"  
 Thane relyes the renkes  
 of alle the rownde table,

To the ryalle roy  
     thay ride tham alle ;  
 Than assembles fulle sone  
     sevene score knyghtes,  
 In sighte to thaire soverayne,  
     that was unsownde levede ;  
 Than knelis the crownede kynge,  
     and kryes one lowde,—  
 “ I thanke the, Gode, of thy grace,  
     with a gud wylle ;  
 That gafe us vertue and witt  
     to vencows this beryns ;  
 And us has grauntede the gree  
     of theis gret lordes !  
 He sent us never no schame,  
     ne schenchipe in erthe,  
 Bot ever 3it the overhande  
     of alle other kynges :  
 We hafe no laysere now  
     these lordys to seke,  
 ffor 3one laythely ladde  
     me lamede so sore !  
 Graythe us to Glaschenbery,  
     us gaynes none other ;

Thare we may ryste us with roo,  
 and raunsake oure wondys  
 Of this dere day werke,  
 the Dryghttene belovede,  
 That us has destaynede and demyd  
 to dye in oure awene."  
 Thane they holde at his heste  
 hally at ones,  
 And graythes to Glasschenberye  
 the gate at the gayneste ;  
 Entres the Ile of Aveloyne,  
 and Arthure he lyghttes,  
 Merkes to a manere there,  
 for myghte he no forthire :  
 A surgyne of Salerne  
 enserches his wondes,  
 The kyng sees be asaye  
 that sownde bese he never,  
 And sone to his sekire mene  
 he said theis wordes,—  
 "Doo calle me a confessour,  
 with Criste in his armes ;  
 I wille be howselde in haste,  
 whate happe so be-tyddys !



Constantyne my cosyne  
 he salle the corowne bere,  
 Alles be-commys hym of kynde,  
 3ife Criste wille hym thole !  
 Beryne, fore my benysone,  
 thowe berye 3one lordys,  
 That in baytaille with brondez  
 are broghte owte of lyfe ;  
 And sythene merke manly  
 to Mordrede childrene,  
 That they bee sleyghely slayne,  
 and slongene in watyrs ;  
 Latt no wykkyde wede waxe,  
 ne wrythe one this erthe ;  
 I warne fore thy wirchipe,  
 wirke alles I bydde !  
 I foregyffe alle greffe,  
 for Cristez lufe of hevene !  
 3ife Waynor hafe wele wroghte,  
 wele hir betydde !”  
 He saide *In manus* with mayne  
 one molde whare he ligges,  
 And thus passes his speryt,  
 and spekes he no more !

The baronage of Bretayne  
     thane, bechopes and othire,  
 Graythes theme to Glaschenbery  
     with gloppynnande hertes,  
 To bery thare the bolde kynge,  
     and bryng to the erthe,  
 With alle wirchipe and welthe  
     that any wy scholde.  
 Throly belles thay rynge,  
     and *Requiem* syngys,  
 Dosse messes and matyns  
     with mournande notes :  
 Relygeous reveste  
     in their riche copes,  
 Pontyficalles and prelates  
     in precyouse wedys,  
 Dukes and dusszeperis  
     in their dule cotes,  
 Cowntasses knelande  
     and claspande their handes,  
 Ladys languessande  
     and lowrande to schewe ;  
 Alle was buskede in blake,  
     birdes and othire,

That schewede at the sepulture,  
 with sylande teris ;  
 Whas never so sorowfulle a syghte  
 seene in theire tyme !  
 Thus endis kyng Arthure,  
 as auctors alegges,  
 That was of Ectores blude  
 the kyng sone of Troye,  
 And of syr Pryamous the prynce  
 praysede in erthe ;  
 ffro thythene broghte the Bretons  
 alle his bolde eldyrs  
 Into Bretayne the brode,  
 as the Bruytte tellys.  
 Etc. explicit.

*Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus.*

**Here endes Morte Arthure, writene by  
 Robert of Thorntone.**

R. Thornton dictus qui scripsit sit benedictus.  
 Amen !



## NOTES.

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Page 2, line 18. *The rowunde table.*

This celebrated table of a hundred knights was originally the property of Uther Pendragon, for whom it had been made by the sorcerer Merlin; it afterwards belonged to Leodegrance, king of Camelard, and came to Arthur as the portion of his wife Guenever, daughter of that monarch. (See Ritson's 'Metrical Romances,' vol. iii. p. 255.) It was said to have been made in imitation of one established by Joseph of Arimathea, in the name of that which Jesus had made at the supper of the twelve apostles. Every knight had his seat with his name inscribed on it in letters of gold. The "perilous seat" was assigned to Galade, the son of Lancelot du Lake, and frequently mentioned. According to the prose *Mort d'Arthur*, "King Arthur stablished all his knights, and gave them lands that were not rich of land, and charged them never to do outrage nor murder, and alway to fle treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked mercy upon paine of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore, and alway to do ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen, succour, upon paine of death. Also, that no man take no battailes in a wrong quarell for no law, nor for worldly goods. Unto this were all the knights sworne of the round table, both old and young."

Page 15, line 7. *In chambyrs with chympnes.*

Chimneys were long in use before this was written, but they do not appear to have been by any means general in England before the fifteenth century. They are mentioned in the text as if they were uncommon, almost a luxury. In halls, the fire was often made on an open hearth in the middle, the smoke escaping through a louvre; and the custom has been retained in some colleges, charcoal being substituted, so as to prevent the necessity of the last-mentioned expedient.

Page 48, line 4. *A garette be rerede.*

A garette was a watch-tower. (See Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 392.) The term was more latterly applied to a room at the top of a building. "Garytte, hey solere," Pr. Parv. p. 187.

Page 76, line 11. *In a actone.*

The actone was a quilted leather jacket worn under the mail armour. The term was sometimes applied to the armour itself. The next line refers to the embroidery or small ornaments.

Hys fomen were well boun  
To perce hys acketoun. *Lybeaus Disconus*, 1175.

His acton it was all of black,  
His hewberke, and his sheelde,  
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
When they came from the feelde.

*Sir Cauline, printed in Percy's Reliques.*

Page 184, line 23. *Malycoly.*

That is, evil or severe disposition or inclination. In later writers this word occurs as a corruption of *melancholy*, as in one of Middleton's plays. I have probably

erred elsewhere in explaining it according to the later acceptance of the term.

And prey hym pur charyté  
That he wyll forgeve me  
Hys yre and hys *malecolye*.

*MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 163.*

My sone, schryve the now forthi;  
Hast thou ben *malencolien*?

*Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 84. (Dict. in v.)*

Page 354, line 13. *Jopowne and jesserawnte.*

The jopowne or jepun was the pourpoint or doublet; and the jesserawnte, according to Mr. Planché, was a sort of jacket without sleeves, composed of small oblong plates of iron or steel, overlapping each other, and sometimes covered with velvet. The latter term was, however, used in different senses. A chain of small gold or silver plates worn round the neck, and also a kind of cuirass, were so called. (See my Notes to the Thornton Romances, p. 312.)

The doughty knyght sure Degrevant  
Leys the lordes one the laund,  
*Thorw jepun and jesseraund,*

And lames the ledes. *Sir Degrevant, 291.*

Page 360, line 1. *Roo.*

Peace; quietness.

I shal mit this ilke gin  
Gar hire love to ben al thin;  
Ne shal ich never have reste ne ro,  
Til ich have told hou thou shalt do.

*MS. Digby, 86.*

Page 360, line 11. *The Ile of Aveloyne.*

The ancient name of Glastonbury. According to an account in MS. Ashm. 802, Arthur "slue fifty knyghtes with his own handes that dai he was slaine. He had five thousand and more men in his last batell, and

Murdred had four thousand, and all were slaine ner Glassenbury. And he was buried by Morgan le Fay in the Vale of Avalen. He was buried fifteen foote depe."

Page 363, line 16. *Hic jacet Arthurus.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Arthur was to return again to earth, and win the Holy Cross. Hence the designation *rex quondam reaque futurus*. An interpolator of the *Scotichronicon* says, "it is believed by the common people that he still lives, and, as is sung in romance, is to come hereafter to restore the dispersed and exiled Britons to their own." This tradition is also mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis. The supposititious discovery of the bones of Arthur and his queen, some centuries afterwards, is noticed by several old writers.

"Memorandum quod anno Domini millesimo trecentesimo sexagesimo octavo, et regni regis Edwardi tertii post conquestum quadagesimo secundo, tempore reverendi in Christo patris dompni Walteri de Moncton, Dei gratia tunc abbatis monasterii beatæ Mariæ Glastoniæ, qui novum opus chori feliciter consummavit, nono Maii amotus fuit tumulus incliti regis Arthuri ab inferiore parte chori versus magnum altare, propter ampliacionem chori et honorem regis ejusdem; in cujus tumulo inventæ fuerunt duæ cistæ, ossa regis ejusdem et Gwinaveræ uxoris suæ continentes, sigillis regis Edwardi, avi regis Edwardi tertii post conquestum, et Alienoris uxoris suæ, filiæ domini Ferandi regis Hispaniæ, consignatæ, cedula testimoniali supposita super cistam regis Arthuri, cujus tenor sequitur in hac forma;

"Hæc sunt ossa nobilissimi regis Arthuri et Gweneveræ reginæ uxoris ejusdem, quæ anno Incarnationis Dominicæ millesimo ducentesimo septuagesimo octavo, xij. kalendis Maii, per dominum Edwardum regem Angliæ illustrem, hic fuerunt sic locata, præsentibus domina Alienora ejusdem domini regis consorte et filia domini Ferandi regis Hispaniæ, domino Amadeo comite Sabaudiæ, domino Henrico de Lacye comite Lincolnæ, domino Wilhelmo de Midilton, Thoma Norwicensi electo, magistro Thoma Beck tunc archidiacono Dorsetiæ et prædicti regis thesaurario, et multis aliis magnatibus Angliæ."

*MS. Ashmole 826, f. 107.*











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